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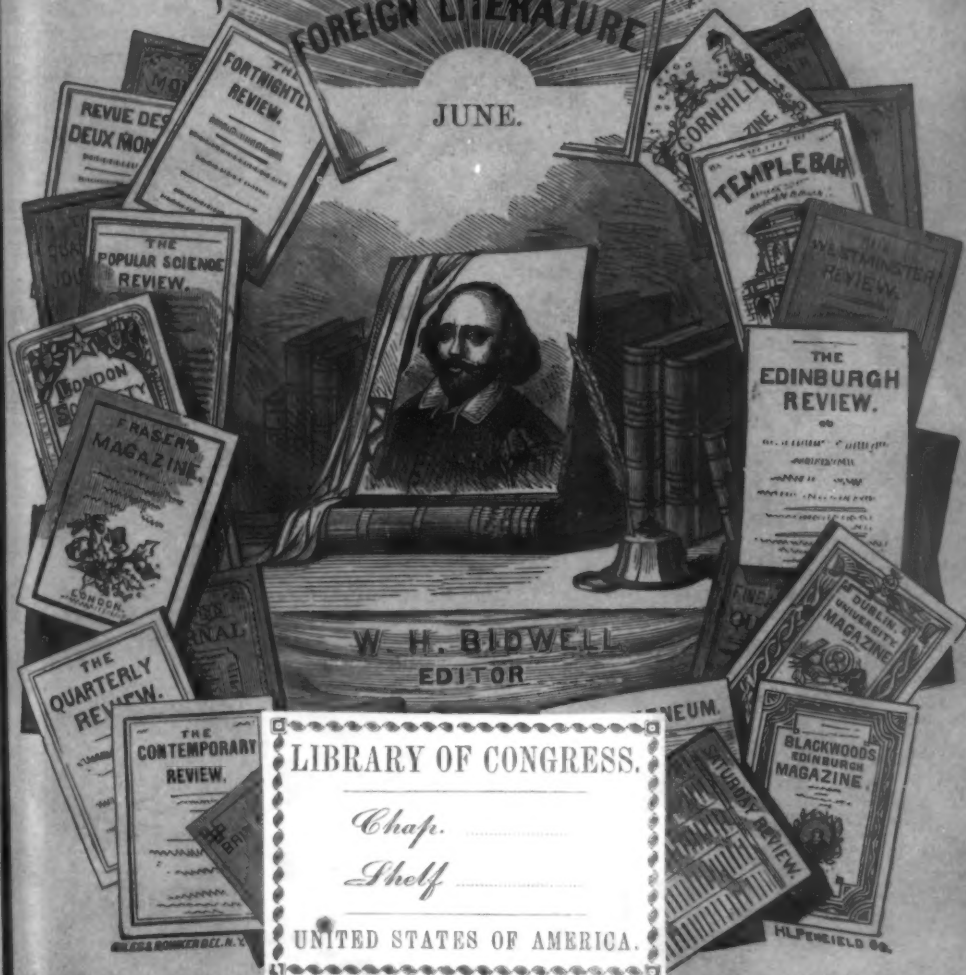
New Series.

Vol. XXIX.—No. 6.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF
FOREIGN LITERATURE

JUNE.



W. H. BIDWELL
EDITOR

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.



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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series,
Vol. XXIX., No. 6.

JUNE, 1879.

Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols.

ON THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.*

BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

It is the fashion for those who have any connection with letters, in the presence of thoughtful men and women, eager for knowledge, and anxious after all that can be gotten from books, to expatiate on the infinite blessings of literature, and the miraculous achievements of the press: to extol, as a gift above price, the taste for study and the love of reading. Far be it from me to gainsay the inestimable value of good books, or to discourage any man from reading the best; but I often think that we forget that other side to this glorious view of literature:—the misuse of books, the debilitating waste of life in aimless promiscuous vapid reading, or even, it may be, in the poisonous inhalation of mere literary garbage and bad men's worst thoughts.

For what can a book be more than the

man who wrote it? The brightest genius, perhaps, never puts the best of his own soul into his printed page; and some of the most famous men have certainly put the worst of theirs. Yet are all men desirable companions, much less teachers, fit to be listened to, able to give us advice, even of those who get reputation and command a hearing? Or, to put out of the question that writing which is positively bad, are we not, amidst the multiplicity of books and of writers, in continual danger of being drawn off by what is stimulating rather than solid, by curiosity after something accidentally notorious, by what has no intelligible thing to recommend it, except that it is new? Now, to stuff our minds with what is simply trivial, simply curious, or that which at best has but a low nutritive power, this is to close our minds to what is solid and enlarging, and spiritually sustaining. Whether our

* A Lecture given at the London Institution.
NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXIX., No. 6

neglect of the great books comes from our not reading at all, or from an incorrigible habit of reading the little books, it ends in just the same thing. And that thing is ignorance of all the greater literature of the world. To neglect all the abiding parts of knowledge for the sake of the evanescent parts is really to know nothing worth knowing. It is in the end the same thing, whether we do not use our minds for serious study at all, or whether we exhaust them by an impotent voracity for idle and desultory "information," as it is called—a thing as fruitful as whistling. Of the two plans I prefer the former. At least, in that case, the mind is healthy and open. It is not gorged and enfeebled by excess in that which cannot nourish, much less enlarge and beautify our nature.

But there is much more than this. Even to those who resolutely avoid the idleness of reading what is trivial, a difficulty is presented, a difficulty every day increasing by virtue even of our abundance of books. What are the subjects, what are the class of books we are to read, in what order, with what connection, to what ultimate use or object? Even those who are resolved to read the better books are embarrassed by a field of choice practically boundless. The longest life, the greatest industry, the most powerful memory, would not suffice to make us profit from a hundredth part of the world of books before us. If the great Newton said that he seemed to have been all his life gathering a few shells on the shore, whilst a boundless ocean of truth still lay beyond and unknown to him, how much more to each of us must the sea of literature be a pathless immensity beyond our powers of vision or of reach—an immensity in which industry itself is useless without judgment, method, discipline; where it is of infinite importance what we can learn and remember, and of utterly no importance what we may have once looked at or heard of. Alas! the most of our reading leaves as little mark even in our own education as the foam that gathers round the keel of a passing boat! For myself, I am inclined to think the most useful part of reading is to know what we should not read, what we can keep out from that small cleared spot in the overgrown jungle of "information," the cor-

ner which we can call our ordered patch of fruit-bearing knowledge. Is not the accumulation of fresh books a fresh hindrance to our real knowledge of the old? Does not the multiplicity of volumes become a bar upon our use of any? In literature especially does it hold—that we cannot see the wood for the trees.

A man of power, who has got more from books than most of his contemporaries, has lately said: "Form a habit of reading, do not mind what you read, the reading of better books will come when you have a habit of reading the inferior." I cannot agree with him. I think a habit of reading idly debilitates and corrupts the mind for all wholesome reading; I think the habit of reading wisely is one of the most difficult habits to acquire, needing strong resolution and infinite pains; and I hold the habit of reading for mere reading's sake, instead of for the sake of the stuff we gain from reading, to be one of the worst and commonest and most unwholesome habits we have. Why do we still suffer the traditional hypocrisy about the dignity of literature, literature I mean, in the gross, which includes about equal parts of what is useful and what is useless? Why are books as books, writers as writers, readers as readers, meritorious and honorable, apart from any good in them, or anything that we can get from them? Why do we pride ourselves on our powers of absorbing print, as our grandfathers did on their gifts in imbibing port, when we know that there is a mode of absorbing print which makes it impossible we can ever learn anything good out of books?

Our stately Milton said in a passage which is one of the watchwords of the English race, "as good almost kill a Man as kill a good Book." But has he not also said that he would "have a vigilant eye how Bookes demean themselves, as well as men; and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors"? . . . Yes! they do kill the good book who deliver up their few and precious hours of reading to the trivial book; they make it dead for them; they do what lies in them to destroy "the precious life-blood of a master spirit, imbalm'd and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life;" they "spill that season'd life of man preserv'd and stor'd up in Bookes." For

in the wilderness of books most men, certainly all busy men, *must* strictly choose. If they saturate their minds with the idler books, the "good book," which Milton calls "an immortality rather than a life," is dead to them: it is a book sealed up and buried.

It is most right that in the great republic of letters there should be a freedom of intercourse and a spirit of equality. Every reader who holds a book in his hand, is free of the inmost minds of men past and present; their lives both within and without the pale of their uttered thoughts are unveiled to him; he needs no introduction to the greatest; he stands on no ceremony with them; he may, if he be so minded, scribble "dog-grel" on his Shelley, or he may kick Lord Byron, if he please, into a corner. He hears Burke perorate, and Johnson dogmatise, and Scott tell his border tales, and Wordsworth muse on the hill-side, without the leave of any man, or the payment of any toll. In the republic of letters there are no privileged orders or places reserved. Every man who has written a book, even the diligent Mr. Whitaker, is in one sense an author; "a book's a book although there's nothing in't;" and every man who can decipher a penny journal is in one sense a reader. And your "general reader," like the gravedigger in Hamlet, is hail-fellow with all the mighty dead; he pats the skull of the jester; batters the cheek of lord, lady, or courtier; and uses "imperious Cæsar" to teach boys the Latin declensions.

But this noble equality of all writers—of all writers and of all readers—has a perilous side to it. It is apt to make us indiscriminate in the books we read, and somewhat contemptuous of the mighty men of the past. Men who are most observant as to the friends they make, or the conversation they join in, are carelessness itself as to the books to whom they entrust themselves, and the printed language with which they saturate their minds. Yet can any friendship or society be more important to us than that of the books which form so large a part of our minds and even of our characters? Do we in real life take any pleasant fellow to our homes and chat with some agreeable rascal by our firesides, we who will take up any pleas-

ant fellow's printed memoirs, we who delight in the agreeable rascal when he is cut up into pages and bound in calf?

I have no intention to moralise or to indulge in a homily against the reading of what is deliberately evil. There is not so much need for this now, and I am not discoursing on the whole duty of man. I take that part of our reading which is by itself no doubt harmless, entertaining, and even gently instructive. But of this enormous mass of literature how much deserves to be chosen out, to be preferred to all the great books of the world, to be set apart for those precious hours which are all that the most of us can give to solid reading? The vast proportion of books are books that we shall never be able to read. A serious percentage of books are not worth reading at all. The really vital books for us we also know to be a very trifling portion of the whole. And yet we act as if every book were as good as any other, as if it were merely a question of order which we take up first, as if any book were good enough for us, and as if all were alike honorable, precious, and satisfying. Alas! books cannot be more than the men who write them; and as a large proportion of the human race now write books, with motives and objects as various as human activity, books, as books, are entitled *à priori*, until their value is proved, to the same attention and respect as houses, steam-engines, pictures, fiddles, bonnets, and other thoughtful or ornamental products of human industry. In the shelves of those libraries which are our pride, libraries public or private, circulating or very stationary, are to be found those great books of the world *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, those books which are truly "the precious life-blood of a master spirit." But the very familiarity which their mighty fame has bred in us makes us indifferent; we grow weary of what every one is supposed to have read; and we take down something which looks a little eccentric, or some author on the mere ground that we never heard of him before.

Thus the difficulties of literature are in their way as great as those of the world, the obstacles to finding the right friends are as great, the peril is as great of being lost in a Babel of voices and an

ever-changing mass of beings. Books are not wiser than men, the true books are not easier to find than the true men, the bad books or the vulgar books are not less obtrusive and not less ubiquitous than the bad or vulgar everywhere; the art of right reading is as long and difficult to learn as the art of right living. Those who are on good terms with the first author they meet, run as much risk as men who surrender their time to the first passer in the street; for to be open to every book is for the most part to gain as little as possible from any. A man aimlessly wandering about in a crowded city is of all men the most lonely; so he who takes up only the books that he "comes across," is pretty certain to meet but few that are worth knowing.

Now this danger is one to which we are especially exposed in this age. Our high-pressure life of emergencies, our whirling industrial organization or disorganization, have brought us in this (as in most things) their peculiar difficulties and drawbacks. In almost everything vast opportunities and gigantic means of multiplying our products bring with them new perils and troubles which are often at first neglected. Our huge cities where wealth is piled up and the requirements and appliances of life extended beyond the dreams of our forefathers, seem to breed in themselves new forms of squalor, disease, blights, or risks to life such as we are yet unable to cope with. So the enormous multiplicity of modern books is not altogether favorable to the knowing of the best. I listen with mixed satisfaction to the pæans that they chant over the works that issue from the press each day, how the books poured forth from Paternoster Row might in a few years be built into a pyramid that would fill the dome of St. Paul's. How in this mountain of literature am I to find the really useful book? How, when I have found it, and found its value, am I to get others to read it? How am I to keep my head clear in the torrent and din of works, all of which distract my attention, most of which promise me something, whilst so few fulfil that promise? The Nile is the source of the Egyptian's bread, and without it he perishes of hunger. But the Nile may be rather too liberal in his flood, and

then the Egyptian runs imminent risk of drowning.

And thus there never was a time, at least during the last two hundred years, when the difficulties in the way of making an efficient use of books were greater than they are to-day, when the obstacles were more real between readers and the right books to read, when it was practically so troublesome to find out that which it is of vital importance to know; and that not by the dearth, but by the plethora of printed matter. For it comes to nearly the same thing whether we are actually debarred by physical impossibility from getting the right book into our hand, or whether we are choked off from the right book by the obtrusive crowd of the wrong books; so that it needs a strong character and a resolute system of reading to keep the head cool in the storm of literature around us. We read nowadays in the market-place—I would rather say in some large steam factory of letter-press, where damp sheets of new print whirl round as perpetually—if it be not rather some noisy book-fair where literary showmen tempt us with performing dolls, and the gongs of rival booths are stunning our ears from morn till night. Contrast with this pandemonium of Leipsic and Paternoster Row the sublime picture of our Milton in his early retirement at Horton, when, musing over his coming flight to the epic heaven, practising his pinions, as he tells Diodati, he consumed five years of solitude in reading over the whole of the ancient writers:—

"Et totum rapiunt, me, mea vita, libri."

Who now reads the whole of the ancient writers? Who systematically reads the great writers, be they ancient or modern, whom the consent of ages has marked out as classics: typical, immortal, peculiar teachers of our race? Alas! the *Paradise Lost* is lost again to us beneath an inundation of graceful academic verse, sugary stanzas of ladylike prettiness, and ceaseless explanations in more or less readable prose of what John Milton meant or did not mean, or what he saw or did not see, or why Adam or Satan is like that, or unlike the other. We read a perfect library about the *Paradise Lost*, but the *Paradise Lost* itself we do not read.

I am not presumptuous enough to assert that the larger part of modern literature is not worth reading in itself, that the prose is not readable, entertaining, one may say highly instructive. Nor do I pretend that the verses which we read so zealously in place of Milton's are not good verses. On the contrary I think them sweetly conceived, as musical and as graceful as the verse of any age in our history. I say it emphatically, a great deal of our modern literature is such that it is exceedingly difficult to resist it, and it is undeniable that it gives us real information. It seems perhaps unreasonable to many, to assert that a decent readable book which gives us actual instruction can be otherwise than a useful companion, and a solid gain. I dare say many people are ready to cry out upon me as an obscurantist for venturing to doubt a genial confidence in all literature simply as such. But the question which weighs upon me with such really crushing urgency is this:—what are the books that in our little remnant of reading time it is most vital for us to know? For the true use of books is of such sacred value to us that to be simply entertained is to cease to be taught, elevated, inspired by books; merely to gather information of a chance kind is to close the mind to knowledge of the urgent kind. Every book that we take up without a purpose is an opportunity lost of taking up a book with a purpose—every bit of stray information which we cram into our heads without any sense of its importance, is for the most part a bit of the most useful information driven out of our heads and choked off from our minds. It is so certain that information, *i.e.* the knowledge, the stored thoughts and observations of mankind, is now grown to proportions so utterly incalculable and prodigious, that even the learned whose lives are given to study can but pick up some crumbs that fall from the table of truth. They delve and tend but a plot in that vast and teeming kingdom, whilst those, whom active life leaves with but a few cramped hours of study, can hardly come to know the very vastness of the field before them, or how infinitesimally small is the corner they can traverse at the best. We know all is not of equal value. We know that books differ in value as much

as diamonds differ from the sand on the seashore, as much as our living friend differs from a dead rat. We know that much in the myriad-peopled world of books—very much in all kinds—is trivial, enervating, inane, even noxious. And thus, where we have infinite opportunities of wasting our efforts to no end, of fatiguing our minds without enriching them, of clogging the spirit without satisfying it, there, I cannot but think, the very infinity of opportunities is robbing us of the actual power of using them. And thus I come often, in my less hopeful moods, to watch the remorseless cataract of daily literature which thunders over the remnants of the past, as if it were a fresh impediment to the men of our day in the way of systematic knowledge and consistent powers of thought: as if it were destined one day to overwhelm the great inheritance of mankind in prose and verse.

I remember, when I was a very young man at college, that a youth, in no spirit of paradox but out of plenary conviction, undertook to maintain before a body of serious students, the astounding proposition that the invention of printing had been one of the greatest misfortunes that had ever befallen mankind. He argued that exclusive reliance on printed matter had destroyed the higher method of oral teaching, the dissemination of thought by the spoken word to the attentive ear. He insisted that the formation of a vast literary class looking to the making of books as a means of making money, rather than as a social duty, had multiplied books for the sake of the writers rather than for the sake of the readers; that the reliance on books as a cheap and common resource had done much to weaken the powers of memory; that it destroyed the craving for a general culture of taste, and the need of artistic expression in all the surroundings of life. And he argued, lastly, that the sudden multiplication of all kinds of printed matter had been fatal to the orderly arrangement of thought, and had hindered a system of knowledge and a scheme of education.

I am far from sharing this immature view. Of course I hold the invention of printing to have been one of the most momentous facts in the whole history of man. Without its universal social pro-

gress, true democratic enlightenment, and the education of the people would have been impossible, or very slow, even if the cultured few, as is likely, could have advanced the knowledge of mankind without it. We place Gutenberg amongst the small list of the unique and special benefactors of mankind, in the sacred choir of those whose work transformed the conditions of life, whose work, once done, could never be repeated. And no doubt the things which our ardent friend regarded as so fatal a disturbance of society were all inevitable and necessary, part of the great revolution of mind through which men grew out of the mediæval incompleteness to a richer conception of life and of the world.

Yet there is a sense in which this boyish anathema against printing may be true to us by our own fault. We may create for ourselves these very evils. For this I hold, that the art of printing has not been a gift wholly unmixed with evils; that it must be used wisely if it is to be a boon to man at all; that it entails on us heavy responsibilities, resolution to use it with judgment and self-control, and the will to resist its temptations and its perils. Indeed we may easily so act that we may make it a clog on the progress of the human mind, a real curse and not a boon. The power of flying at will through space would probably extinguish civilisation and society, for it would release us from the wholesome bondage of localities. The power of hearing every word that had ever been uttered on this planet would annihilate thought, as the power of knowing all recorded facts by the process of turning a handle would annihilate true science. Our human faculties and our mental forces are not enlarged simply by multiplying our materials of knowledge and our facilities for communication. Telephones, microphones, pantoscopes, steam-presses, and ubiquity-engines in general, may, after all, leave the poor human brain panting and throbbing under the strain of its appliances, and get no bigger and no stronger than the brains of the men who heard Moses speak, and saw Aristotle and Archimedes pondering over a few worn rolls of crabbed manuscript. Until some new Newton or Watt can invent a

machine for magnifying the human mind, every fresh apparatus for multiplying its work is a fresh strain on the mind, a new realm for it to order and to rule.

And so, I say it most confidently, the first intellectual task of our age is rightly to order and make serviceable the vast realm of printed material which four centuries have swept across our path. To organize our knowledge, to systematise our reading, to save, out of the relentless cataract of ink, the immortal thoughts of the greatest—this is a necessity, unless the productive ingenuity of man is to lead us at last to a measureless and pathless chaos. To know anything that turns up is, in the infinity of knowledge, to know nothing. To read the first book we come across, in the wilderness of books, is to learn nothing. To turn over the pages of ten thousand volumes is to be practically indifferent to all that is good.

But this warns me that I am entering on a subject which is far too big and solemn for us to touch to-night. I have no pretension to deal with it as it needs. It is plain, I think, that to organize our knowledge, even to systematise our reading, to make a working selection of books for general study, really implies a complete scheme of education. A scheme of education ultimately implies a system of philosophy, a view of man's duty and powers as a moral and social being—a religion, in fact. Before a problem so great as this, on which a general audience has such different ideas and wants, and differs so profoundly on the very premises from which we start, before such a problem as a general theory of education, I prefer to retire. I will keep silence even from good words. I have chosen my own part, and adopted my own teacher. But to ask men to adopt the education of Auguste Comte, is almost to ask them to adopt Positivism itself.

Nor will I enlarge on the matter for thought, for foreboding, almost for despair, that is presented to us by the fact of our familiar literary ways and our recognised literary profession. That things infinitely trifling in themselves: men, events, societies, phenomena, in no way otherwise more valuable than the myriad other things which flit around us like the sparrows on the housetop, should

be glorified, magnified, and perpetuated, set under a literary microscope and focussed in the blaze of a literary magic-lantern—not for what they are in themselves, but solely to amuse and excite the world by showing how it can be done—all this is to me so amazing, so heart-breaking, that I forbear now to treat it, as I cannot say all that I would.

I pass from all systems of education—from thought of social duty, from meditation on the profession of letters—to more general and lighter topics. I will deal now only with the easier side of reading, with matter on which there is some common agreement in the world. I am very far from meaning that our whole time spent with books is to be given to study. Far from it. I put the poetic and emotional side of literature as the most needed for daily use. I take the books that seek to rouse the imagination, to stir up feeling, touch the heart: the books of art, of fancy, of ideals, such as reflect the delight and aroma of life. And here how does the trivial, provided it is the new, that which stares at us in the advertising columns of the day, crowd out the immortal poetry and pathos of the human race, vitiating our taste for those exquisite pieces which are a household word, and weakening our mental relish for the eternal works of genius! Old Homer is the very fountain-head of pure poetic enjoyment, of all that is spontaneous, simple, native, and dignified in life. He takes us into the ambrosial world of heroes, of human vigor, of purity, of grace. Now Homer is one of the few poets the life of whom can be fairly preserved in a translation. Most men and women can say that they have read Homer, just as most of us can say that we have studied Johnson's Dictionary. But how few of us take him up, time after time, with fresh delight! How few have even read the entire Iliad and Odyssey through! Whether in the resounding lines of the old Greek, as fresh and ever-stirring as the waves that tumble on the seashore, filling the soul with satisfying silent wonder at its restless unison; whether in the quaint lines of Chapman, or the clarion couplets of Pope, or the closer versions of Cowper, Lord Derby, of Philip Worsley, or even in the new prose version of the Odyssey, Homer is

always fresh and rich. And yet how seldom does one find a friend spell-bound over the Greek Bible of antiquity, whilst they wade through torrents of magazine quotations from a petty versifier of to-day, and in an idle vacation will graze, as contentedly as cattle in a fresh meadow, through the chopped straw of a circulating library. A generation which will listen to *Pinafore* for three hundred nights, and will read M. Zola's seventeenth romance, can no more read Homer than it could read a cuneiform inscription. It will read about Homer just as it will read about a cuneiform inscription, and will crowd to see a few pots which probably came from the neighborhood of Troy. But to Homer and the primeval type of heroic man in his beauty, and his simpleness, and joyousness, the cultured generation is really dead, as completely as some spoiled beauty of the ball-room is dead to the bloom of the heather or the waving of the daffodils in a glade.

It is a true psychological problem, this nausea which idle culture seems to produce for all that is manly and pure in heroic poetry. One knows—at least every schoolboy has known—that a passage of Homer, rolling along in the hexameter or trumpeted out by Pope, will give one a hot glow of pleasure and raise a finer throb in the pulse; one knows that Homer is the easiest, most artless, most diverting of all poets; that the fiftieth reading rouses the spirit even more than the first—and yet we find ourselves (we all are alike) painfully psh-ing over some new and uncut barley-sugar in rhyme, which a man in the street asked us if we had read, or it may be some learned lucubration about the site of Troy by some one we chanced to meet at dinner. It is an unwritten chapter in the history of the human mind, how this literary prurience after new print unmans us for the enjoyment of the old songs chanted forth in the sunrise of human imagination. To ask a man or woman who spends half a lifetime in sucking magazines and new poems to read a book of Homer, would be like asking a butcher's boy to whistle "*Ade-laida*." The noises and sights and talk, the whirl and volatility of life around us, are too strong for us. A society which is for ever gossiping in a sort of perpetual

"drum," loses the very faculty of caring for anything but "early copies" and the last tale out. Thus, like the tares in the noble parable of the Sower, a perpetual chatter about books chokes the seed which is sown in the greatest books of the world.

I speak of Homer, but fifty other great poets and creators of eternal beauty would serve my argument as well. Take the latest perhaps in the series of the world-wide and immortal poets of the whole human race—Walter Scott. We all read Scott's romances, as we have all read Hume's History of England, but how often do we read them, how zealously, with what sympathy and understanding? I am told that the last discovery of modern culture is that Scott's prose is commonplace; that the young men at our universities are far too critical to care for his artless sentences and flowing descriptions. They prefer Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Mallock, and the Euphuism of young Oxford, just as some people prefer a Dresden Shepherdess to the Caryatides of the Erictheum, pronounce Fielding to be low, and Mozart to be *passé*. As boys love lollypops, so these juvenile fops love to roll phrases about under the tongue, as if phrases in themselves had a value apart from thoughts, feelings, great conceptions, or human sympathy. For Scott is just one of the poets (we may call poets all the great creators in prose or in verse) of whom one never wearies, just as one can listen to Beethoven or watch the sunrise or the sunset day by day with new delight. I think I can read the *Antiquary*, or the *Bride of Lammermoor*, *Ivanhoe*, *Quentin Durward*, and *Old Mortality*, at least once a year afresh. Now Scott is a perfect library in himself. A constant reader of romances would find that it needed months to go through even the best pieces of the inexhaustible painter of eight full centuries and every type of man; and he might repeat the process of reading him ten times in a lifetime without a sense of fatigue or sameness. The poetic beauty of Scott's creations is almost the least of his great qualities. It is the universality of his sympathy that is so truly great, the justice of his estimates, the insight into the spirit of each age, his intense absorption of self in the vast epic of human civilisation.

What are the old almanacs that they so often given us as histories beside these living pictures of the ordered succession of ages? As in Homer himself, we see in this prose Iliad of modern history, the battle of the old and the new, the heroic defence of ancient strongholds, the long impending and inevitable doom of mediæval life. Strong men and proud women struggle against the destiny of modern society, unconsciously working out its ways, undauntedly defying its power. How just is our island Homer! Neither Greek nor Trojan sways him; Achilles is his hero; Hector is his favorite; he loves the councils of chiefs, and the palace of Priam; but the swine-herd, the charioteer, the slave-girl, the hound, the beggar, and the herdsman all glow alike in the harmonious coloring of his peopled epic. We see the dawn of our English nation, the defence of Christendom against the Koran, the grace and the terror of feudalism, the rise of monarchy out of baronies, the rise of parliaments out of monarchy, the rise of industry out of serfage, the pathetic ruin of chivalry, the splendid death-struggle of Catholicism, the sylvan tribes of the mountain (remnants of our pre-historic forefathers) beating themselves to pieces against the hard advance of modern industry; we see the grim heroism of the Bible-martyrs, the catastrophe of feudalism overwhelmed by a practical age which knew little of its graces and almost nothing of its virtues. Such is Scott, who we may say has done for the various phases of modern history, what Shakespeare has done for the manifold types of human character. And this glorious and most human and most historical of poets, without whom our very conception of human development would have ever been imperfect, this manliest, and truest, and widest of romancers we neglect for some hothouse hybrid of psychological analysis, for the wretched imitators of Balzac, and the jackanapes phrasemongering of some Osric of the day, who assures us that Scott is an absolute Philistine.

In speaking with enthusiasm of Scott, as of Homer, or of Shakespeare, or of Milton, or of any of the accepted masters of the world, I have no wish to insist dogmatically upon any single name,

or two or three in particular. Our enjoyment and reverence of the great poets of the world is seriously injured nowadays by the habit we get of singling out some particular quality, some particular school of art, for intemperate praise, or, still worse, for intemperate abuse. Mr. Ruskin, I suppose, is answerable for the taste for this one-sided and spasmodic criticism; and every young gentleman who has the trick of a few adjectives will languidly vow that Marlowe is supreme, or Murillo foul. It is the mark of rational criticism, as well as of healthy thought, to maintain an evenness of mind in judging of great works, to recognise great qualities in due proportion, to feel that defects are made up by beauties, and beauties are often balanced by weakness. The true judgment implies a weighing of each work and each workman as a whole, in relation to the sum of human cultivation and the gradual advance of the movement of ages. And in this matter we shall usually find that the world is right, the world of the modern centuries and the nations of Europe together. It is unlikely, to say the least of it, that a young person who has hardly ceased making Latin verses will be able to reverse the decisions of the civilised world; and it is even more unlikely that Milton and Molière, Fielding and Scott, will ever be displaced by a poet who has unaccountably lain hid for one or two centuries. I know, that in the style of to-day, I ought hardly to venture to address you about poetry unless I am prepared to unfold to you the mysterious beauties of some unknown genius who has recently been unearthed by the Children of Light and Sweetness. I confess I have no such discovery to announce. I prefer to dwell in Gath and to pitch my tents in Ashdod; and I doubt the use of the sling as a weapon in modern war. I decline to go into hyperbolic eccentricities over unknown geniuses, and a single quality or power is not enough to rouse my enthusiasm. It is possible that no master ever painted a buttercup like this one, or the fringe of a robe like that one; that this poet has a unique subtlety, and that an undefinable music. I am still unconvinced, though the man who cannot see it, we are told, should at once retire to the

place where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth.

I am against all gnashing of teeth, whether for or against a particular idol. I stand by the men, and by all the men, who have moved mankind to the depths of their souls, who have taught generations, and formed our life. If I say of Scott, that to have drunk in the whole of his glorious spirit is a liberal education in itself, I am asking for no exclusive devotion to Scott, to any poet, or any school of poets, or any age, or any country, to any style or any order of poet, one more than another. They are as various, fortunately, and as many-sided as human nature itself. If I delight in Scott, I love Fielding, and Richardson, and Sterne, and Goldsmith, and Defoe. Yes, and I will add Cooper and Marryat, Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen—to confine myself to those who are already classics, to our own country, and to one form of art alone, and not to venture on the ground of contemporary romance in general. What I have said of Homer, I would say in a degree but somewhat lower, of those great ancients who are the most accessible to us in English—Æschylus, Aristophanes, Virgil, and Horace. What I have said of Shakespeare I would say of Calderon, of Molière, of Corneille, of Racine, of Voltaire, of Alfieri, of Goethe, of those dramatists, in many forms, and with genius the most diverse, who have so steadily set themselves to idealise the great types of public life and of the phases of human history. Let us all beware lest worship of the idiosyncrasy of our peerless Shakespeare blind us to the value of the great masters who in a different world and with different aims have presented the development of civilisation in a series of dramas, where the unity of a few great types of man and of society is made paramount to subtlety of character or brilliancy of language. What I have said of Milton, I would say of Dante, of Ariosto, of Petrarch, and of Tasso; nor less would I say it of Boccaccio and Chaucer, of Camoens and Spenser, of Rabelais and of Cervantes, of Gil Blas and the Vicar of Wakefield, of Byron and of Shelley, of Goethe and of Schiller. Nor let us forget those wonderful idealisations of

awakening thought and primitive societies, the pictures of other races and types of life removed from our own : all those primæval legends, ballads, songs, and tales, those proverbs, apologues, and maxims, which have come down to us from distant ages of man's history—the old idylls and myths of the Hebrew race ; the tales of Greece, of the Middle Ages, of the East ; the fables of the old and the new world ; the songs of the Nibelungs ; the romances of early feudalism ; the *Morte d'Arthur* ; the *Arabian Nights* ; the Ballads of the early nations of Europe.

I protest that I am devoted to no school in particular : I condemn no school, I reject none. I am for the school of all the great men ; and I am against the school of the smaller men. I care for Wordsworth as well as for Byron, for Burns as well as Shelley, for Boccaccio as well as for Milton, for Bunyan as well as Rabelais, for Cervantes as much as for Dante, for Corneille as well as for Shakespeare, for Goldsmith as well Goethe. I stand by the sentence of the world ; and I hold that in a matter so human and so broad as the highest poetry the judgment of the nations of Europe is pretty well settled, at any rate after a century or two of continuous reading and discussing. Let those who will assure us that no one can pretend to culture, unless he swear by Fra Angelico and Sandro Botticelli, by Arnolphi the son of Lapo, or the Lombardic bricklayers, by Martini and Galuppi (all, by the way, admirable men of the second rank) ; and so, in literature and poetry, there are some who will hear of nothing but Webster or Marlowe ; Blake, Herrick, or Keats ; William Langland or the Earl of Surrey ; Heine or Omar Kayam. All of these are men of genius, and each with a special and inimitable gift of his own. But the busy world, which does not hunt poets as collectors hunt for curios, may fairly reserve these lesser lights for the time when they know the greatest well.

So, I say, think mainly of the greatest, of the best known, of those who cover the largest area of human history and man's common nature. Now when we come to count up these names accepted by the unanimous voice of

Europe, we have some thirty or forty names, and amongst them are some of the most voluminous of writers. I have been running over but one department of literature alone, the poetic. I have been naming those only, whose names are household words with us, and the poets for the most part of modern Europe. Yet even here we have a list which is usually found in not less than a hundred volumes at least. Now poetry and the highest kind of romance are exactly that order of literature, which not only will bear to be read many times, but that of which the true value can only be gained by frequent, and indeed habitual, reading. A man can hardly be said to know the 12th Mass or the 9th Symphony, by virtue of having once heard them played ten years ago ; he can hardly be said to take air and exercise because he took a country-walk once last autumn. And so, he can hardly be said to know Scott, or Shakespeare, Molière, or Cervantes, when he once read them since the close of his school days, or amidst the daily grind of his professional life. The immortal and universal poets of our race are to be read and re-read till their music and their spirit are a part of our nature ; they are to be thought over and digested till we live in the world they created for us ; they are to be read devoutly, as devout men read their Bible and fortify their hearts with psalms. For as the old Hebrew singer heard the heavens declare the glory of their maker, and the firmament showing his handiwork, so in the long roll of poetry we see transfigured the strength and beauty of humanity, the joys and sorrows, the dignity and struggles, the long life-history of our common kind.

I have said but little of the more difficult poetry, and the religious meditations of the great idealists in prose and verse, whom it needs a concentrated study to master. Some of these are hard to all men, and at all seasons. The *Divine Comedy*, in its way, reaches as deep in its thoughtfulness as Descartes himself. But these books, if they are difficult to all, are impossible to the gluttings of the circulating library. To these munchers of vapid memoirs and monotonous tales such books are closed indeed. The power of enjoyment and

of understanding is withered up within them. To the besotted gambler on the turf the lonely hillside glowing with heather grows to be as dreary as a prison; and so too, a man may listen nightly to burlesques, till *Fidelio* inflicts on him intolerable fatigue. One may be a devourer of books, and be actually incapable of reading a hundred lines of the wisest and the most beautiful. To read one of such books comes only by habit, as prayer is impossible to one who habitually dreads to be alone.

In an age of steam it seems almost idle to speak of Dante, the most profound, the most meditative, the most prophetic of all poets, in whose epic the panorama of mediæval life, of feudalism at its best and Christianity at its best, stands, as in a microcosm, transfigured, judged, and measured. To most men, the *Paradise Lost*, with all its mighty music and its idyllic pictures of human nature, of our first child-parents in their naked purity and their awakening thought, is a serious and ungrateful task—not to be ranked with the simple enjoyments: it is a possession to be acquired only by habit. The great religious poets, the imaginative teachers of the heart, are never easy reading. But the reading of them is a religious habit, rather than an intellectual effort. I pretend not to-night to be dealing with a matter so deep and high as religion, or indeed with education in the fuller sense. I will say nothing of that side of reading which is really hard study, an effort of duty, matter of meditation and reverential thought. I need speak not to-night of such reading as that of the Bible; the moral reflections of Socrates, of Aristotle, of Confucius; the Confessions of St. Augustine and the City of God; the discourses of St. Bernard, of Bossuet, of Bishop Butler, of Jeremy Taylor; the vast philosophical visions that were opened to the eyes of Bacon and Descartes; the thoughts of Pascal and Vauvenargues, of Diderot and Hume, of Condorcet and de Maistre; the problem of man's nature as it is told in the *Excursion*, or in *Faust*, in *Cain*, or in the *Pilgrim's Progress*; the unsearchable outpouring of the heart in the great mystics, of many ages and many races; be the mysticism that of

David or of John; of Mohamet or of Bouddha; of Fénelon or of Shelley.

I pass by all these. For I am speaking now of the use of books in our leisure hours. I will take the books of simple enjoyment, books that one can laugh over and weep over; and learn from, and laugh or weep again; which have in them humor, truth, human nature in all its sides, pictures of the great phases of human history; and withal sound teaching in honesty, manliness, gentleness, patience. Of such books, I say, books accepted by the voice of all mankind as matchless and immortal, there is a complete library at hand for every man, in his every mood, whatever his tastes or his acquirements. To know merely the hundred volumes or so of which I have spoken would involve the study of years. But who can say that these books are read as they might be, that we do not neglect them for something in a new cover, or which catches our eye in a library? It is not merely to the idle and unreading world that this complaint holds good. It is the insatiable readers themselves who so often read to the least profit. Of course they have read all these household books many years ago, read them, and judged them, and put them away forever. They will read infinite dissertations about these authors; they will write you essays on their works; they will talk most learned criticism about them. But it never occurs to them that such books have a daily and perpetual value, such as the devout Christian finds in his morning and evening psalm; that the music of them has to sink into the soul by continual renewal; that we have to live with them and in them, till their ideal world habitually surrounds us in the midst of the real world; that their great thoughts have to stir us daily anew, and their generous passion has to warm us hour by hour: just as we need each day to have our eyes filled by the light of heaven, and our blood warmed by the glow of the sun. I vow that, when I see men, forgetful of the perennial poetry of the world, muck-raking in a litter of fugitive refuse, I think of that wonderful scene in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, where the Interpreter shows the wayfarers the

old man raking in the straw and dust, whilst he will not see the Angel who offers him a crown of gold and precious stones.

This gold, refined beyond the standard of the goldsmith, these pearls of great price, the united voice of mankind has assured us are found in those immortal works of every age and of every race whose names are household words throughout the world. And we shut our eyes to them for the sake of the straw and litter of the nearest library or bookshop. A lifetime will hardly suffice to know, as they ought to be known, these great masterpieces of man's genius. How many of us can name ten men who may be said entirely to know (in the sense in which a thoughtful Christian knows the Psalms and the Epistles) even a few of the greatest poets? I take them almost at random, and I name Homer, Æschylus, Aristophanes, Virgil, Dante, Ariosto, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Calderon, Corneille, Molière, Milton, Fielding, Goethe, Scott. Of course every one has read these poets, but who really knows them, the whole of them, the whole meaning of them? They are too often taken "as read," as they say in the railway meetings.

Take of this immortal choir the liveliest, the easiest, the most familiar, take for the moment the three—Cervantes, Molière, Fielding. Here we have three poets who unite the profoundest insight into human nature with the most inimitable wit: *Penseroso* and *L'Allegro* in one; "sober, steadfast, and demure," and yet with "Laughter holding both his sides." And in all three, different as they are, is an unfathomable pathos, a brotherly pity for all human weakness, spontaneous sympathy with all human goodness. To know *Don Quixote*, that is to follow out the whole history of its double world, is to know the very tragi-comedy of human life, the contrast of the ideal with the real, of chivalry with good sense, of heroic failure with vulgar utility, of the past with the present, of the impossible sublime with the possible commonplace. And yet to how many reading men is *Don Quixote* little more than a book to laugh over in boyhood! So Molière is read or witnessed; we laugh and we praise.

But how little do we study with insight that elaborate gallery of human character; those consummate types of almost every social phenomenon; that genial and just judge of imposture, folly, vanity, affectation, and insincerity; that tragic picture of the brave man born out of his time, too proud and too just to be of use in his age! Was ever truer word said than that about Fielding as "the prose Homer of human nature?" And yet how often do we forget in *Tom Jones* the beauty of unselfishness, the well-spring of goodness, the tenderness, the manly healthiness and heartiness underlying its frolic and its satire, because we are absorbed, it may be, in laughing at its humor, or are simply irritated by its grossness! Nay, *Robinson Crusoe* contains (not for boys but for men) more religion, more philosophy, more psychology, more political economy, more anthropology, than are found in many elaborate treatises on these special subjects. And yet, I imagine, grown men do not often read *Robinson Crusoe* as the article has it, "for instruction of life and ensample of manners." The great books of the world we have once read; we take them as read; we believe that we read them; at least, we believe that we know them. But to how few of us are they the daily mental food! For once that we take down our Milton, and read a book of that "voice," as Wordsworth says, "whose sound is like the sea," we take up fifty times a magazine with something about Milton, or about Milton's grandmother, or a book stuffed with curious facts about the houses in which he lived, and the juvenile ailments of his first wife.

And whilst the roll of the great men yet unread is to all of us so long, whilst years are not enough to master the very least of them, we are incessantly searching the earth for something new or strangely forgotten. Brilliant essays are for ever extolling some minor light. It becomes the fashion to grow rapturous about the obscure Elizabethan dramatists; about the note of refinement in the lesser men of Queen Anne; it is pretty to swear by Lyly's *Euphues* and Sidney's *Arcadia*; to vaunt Lovelace and Herrick, Marvell and Donne, Robert Burton and Sir Thomas Browne. All of them are excellent men, who

have written delightful things, that may very well be enjoyed when we have utterly exhausted the best. But when one meets bevvies of hyper-aesthetic young maidens, in lack-a-daisical gowns, who simper about Greene and John Ford (authors, let us trust, that they never have read) one wonders if they all know *Lear* or ever heard of *Alceste*. Since to nine out of ten of the "general readers," the very best is as yet more than they have managed to assimilate, this fidgeting after something curious is a little premature and perhaps artificial.

For this reason I stand amazed at the lengths of fantastic curiosity to which persons, far from learned, have pushed the mania for collecting rare books, or prying into out-of-the-way holes and corners of literature. They conduct themselves as if all the works attainable by ordinary diligence were to them sucked as dry as an orange. Says one, "I came across a very curious book, mentioned in a parenthesis in the *Religio Medici*: only one other copy exists in this country." I will not mention the work to-night, because I know that, if I did, to-morrow morning at least fifty libraries would be ransacked for it, which would be unpardonable waste of time. "I am bringing out," says another quite simply, "the lives of the washer-women of the Queens of England." And when it comes out we shall have a copious collection of washing-books some centuries old, and at length understand the mode of ironing a ruff in the early mediæval period. A very learned friend of mine thinks it perfectly monstrous that a public library should be without an adequate collection of works in Dutch, though I believe he is the only frequenter of it who can read that language. Not long ago I procured for a Russian scholar a manuscript copy of a very rare work by Greene, the contemporary of Shakespeare. Greene's *Funerals* is, I think, as dismal and worthless a set of lines as one often sees; and as it has slumbered for nearly three hundred years, I should be willing to let it be its own undertaker. But this unsavory carrion is at last to be dug out of its grave; for it is now translated into Russian and published in Moscow (to the honor and glory of the Russian

professor) in order to delight and inform the Muscovite public, where perhaps not ten in a million can as much as read Shakespeare. This or that collector again, with the labor of half a lifetime and by means of half his fortune, has amassed a library of old plays, every one of them worthless in diction, in plot, in sentiment, and in purpose; a collection far more stupid and uninteresting in fact than the burlesques and pantomimes of the last fifty years. And yet this insatiable student of old plays will probably know less of Molière and Alfieri than Molière's housekeeper or Alfieri's valet; and possibly he has never looked into such poets as Calderon and Vondel.

Collecting rare books and forgotten authors is perhaps of all the collecting manias the most foolish in our day. There is much to be said for rare china and curious beetles. The china is occasionally beautiful; and the beetles at least are droll. But rare books now are, by the nature of the case, worthless books; and their rarity usually consists in this, that the printer made a blunder in the text, or that they contain something exceptionally nasty or silly. To affect a profound interest in neglected authors and uncommon books, is a sign for the most part—not that a man has exhausted the resources of ordinary literature—but that he has no real respect for the greatest productions of the greatest men of the world. This bibliomania seizes hold of rational beings and so perverts them, that in the sufferer's mind the human race exists for the sake of the books, and not the books for the sake of the human race. There is one book they might read to good purpose, the doings of a great book collector—who once lived in La Mancha. To the collector, and sometimes to the scholar, the book becomes a fetich or idol, and is worthy of the worship of mankind, even if it cannot be the slightest use to anybody. As the book exists, it must have the compliment paid it of being invited to the shelves. The "library is imperfect without it," although the library will, so to speak, stink when it has got it. The great books are of course the common books; and these are treated by collectors and librarians with sovereign contempt. The more

dreadful an abortion of a book the rare volume may be, the more desperate is the struggle of libraries to possess it. Civilisation in fact has evolved a complete apparatus, an order of men, and a code of ideas, for the express purpose one may say of degrading the great books. It suffocates them under mountains of little books, and gives the place of honor to that which is plainly literary carrion.

Now I suppose, at the bottom of all this, lies that rattle and restlessness of life which belongs to the industrial Maelström wherein we ever revolve. And connected therewith comes also that literary dandyism, which results from the pursuit of letters without any social purpose or any systematic faith. To read from the pricking of some cerebral itch rather than from a desire of forming judgments; to get, like an Alpine club stripling, to the top of some unscaled pinnacle of culture; to use books as a sedative, as a means of exciting a mild intellectual titillation, instead of as a means of elevating the nature; to drible on in a perpetual literary gossip, in order to avoid the effort of bracing the mind to think—such is our habit in an age of utterly chaotic education. We read, as the bereaved poet made rhymes—

"For the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain."

We, for whom steam and electricity have done almost everything except give us bigger brains and hearts, who have a new invention ready for every meeting of the Royal Institution, who want new things to talk about faster than children want new toys to break, we cannot take up the books we have seen about us since our childhood: Milton, or Molière, or Scott. It feels like donning knee-breeches and buckles, to read what everybody has read, that everybody can read, and which our very fathers thought good entertainment scores of years ago. Hard-worked men and over-wrought women crave an occupation which shall free them from their thoughts and yet not take them from their world. And thus it comes that we need at least a thousand new books every season, whilst we have rarely a spare

hour left for the greatest of all. But I am getting into a vein too serious for our purpose: education is a long and thorny topic. I will cite but the words on this head of the great Bishop Butler. "The great number of books and papers of amusement which, of one kind or another, daily come in one's way, have in part occasioned, and most perfectly fall in with and humor, this idle way of reading and considering things. By this means time, even in solitude, is happily got rid of, without the pain of attention; neither is any part of it more put to the account of idleness, one can scarce forbear saying, is spent with less thought, than great part of that which is spent in reading." But this was written exactly a century and a half ago, in 1729; since which date, let us trust, the multiplicity of print and the habits of desultory reading have considerably abated.

A philosopher with whom I hold (but with whose opinions I have no present intention of troubling you) has proposed a method of dealing with this indiscriminate use of books, which I think is worthy of attention. He has framed a short collection of books for constant and general reading. He put it forward "with the view of guiding the more thoughtful minds among the people in their choice for constant use." He declares that, "both the intellect and the moral character suffer grievously at the present time from irregular reading." It was not intended to put a bar upon other reading, or to supersede special study. It is designed as a type of a healthy and rational syllabus of essential books, fit for common teaching and daily use. It presents a working epitome of what is best and most enduring in the literature of the world. The entire collection would form in the shape in which books now exist in modern libraries, something like five hundred volumes. They embrace books both of ancient and modern times, in all the five principal languages of modern Europe. It is divided into four sections:—Poetry, Science, History, Religion.

The principles on which it is framed are these: First it collects the best in all the great departments of human thought, so that no part of education

shall be wholly wanting. Next it puts together the greatest books, of universal and permanent value, and the greatest and the most enduring only. Next it measures the greatness of books not by their brilliancy, or even their learning, but by their power of presenting some typical chapter in thought, some dominant phase of history; or else it measures them by their power of idealising man and nature, or of giving harmony to our moral and intellectual activity. Lastly, the test of the general value of books is the permanent relation they bear to the common civilisation of Europe.

Some such firm foot-hold in the vast and increasing torrent of literature it is certainly urgent to find, unless all that is great in literature is to be borne away in the flood of books. With this, we may avoid an interminable wandering over a pathless waste of waters. Without it, we may read everything and know nothing; we may be curious about anything that chances, and indifferent to everything that profits. Having such a catalogue before our eyes, with its perpetual warning—*non multa sed multum*—we shall see how, with our insatiable consumption of print we wander, like unclassed spirits, round the outskirts only of those Elysian fields where the great dead dwell and hold high converse. As it is we hear but in a faint echo that voice which cries:—

"Onorate l'altissimo Poeta:
L'ombra sua torna, ch'era dipartita.

We need to be reminded every day, how many are the books of inimitable glory, which, with all our eagerness after reading, we have never taken

in our hands. It will astonish most of us to find how much of our very industry is given to the books which leave no mark, how often we rake in the litter of the printing-press, whilst a crown of gold and rubies is offered us in vain.

POSTSCRIPT.—I shall take the earliest opportunity of presenting, with some explanation or introduction, the library of Auguste Comte, which forms the basis of the whole of my lecture above. The catalogue is to be found in many of his publications, as the *Catechism*, Trübner & Co. (translated. London, 1858); and also in the fourth volume of the *Positive Polity* (translated. London, 1877), pp. 352, 483, where its use and meaning are explained. Those who may take an erroneous idea of its purpose, and may think that such a catalogue would serve in the way of an ordinary circulating library, may need to be reminded that it is designed as the basis of a scheme of education, for one particular system of philosophy, and as the manual of an organized form of religion. It is, in fact, the literary resumé of Positivist teaching; and as such alone can it be used. It is, moreover, designed to be of common use to all Western Europe, and to be ultimately extended to all classes. It is essentially a people's library for popular instruction; it is of permanent use only; and it is intended to serve as a type. Taken in connection with the *Calendar*, which contains the names of nearly two hundred and fifty authors, it may serve as a guide of the books "that the world would not willingly let die." But it must be remembered that it has no special relation to current views of education, to English literature, much less to the literature of the day. It was drawn up nearly thirty years ago by a French philosopher, who passed his life in Paris, and who had read no new books for twenty years. And it was designedly limited by him to such a compass that hard-worked men might hope to master it; in order to give them an *aperçu* of what the ancient and the modern world had left of most great in each language and in each department of thought. To attempt to use it, or to judge it, from any point of view but this, would be entirely to mistake its character and object.—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE EGYPTIAN CRISIS.

BY EDWARD DICEY.

IN order to understand the true significance of the crisis which has recently occurred in Egypt, it is necessary to realise the conditions by which the crisis was preceded, and under which it took place. Having resided at Cairo, with brief intervals, throughout the period embraced between the final formation of the new Ministry by Mr. Rivers Wil-

son's arrival in Egypt, and its disruption by the dismissal of Nubar Pasha, and having from personal relations been in a position to know more than ordinary residents of what was going on in the world of Egyptian politics, I can perhaps throw some light on a chapter of Anglo-Oriental history which is worth studying, not only from its intrinsic im-

portance, but from its bearing on a number of similar issues, of far greater gravity, with which England, at no distant period, must be called to deal. I see that in many quarters the crisis is regarded as a proof of the arbitrary and unaccountable caprice which is the characteristic of Eastern despotisms. The assumption is plausible, but erroneous. If my view is correct, the abrupt dismissal of the Prime Minister of the Egyptian Cabinet was a deliberate act, pursued in accordance with a settled policy; a long foreseen move in the game which is being played out between the European Powers on the one hand and the Khedive on the other. How this came to pass it is my object, if possible, to explain.

I am not going to repeat once more the weary tale of the causes which have brought Egypt into her present embarrassments. I intend to assume that the general history of England's relations with Egypt during the last five years is, in the main, familiar to my readers. It is enough for my purpose to say that with the appointment of the Commission of Inquiry in the spring of 1878, England finally abandoned the attitude of non-intervention in the affairs of Egypt to which she had adhered so pertinaciously, and, as I have long held, so ill-advisedly. It is true that this Commission was in theory established at the instance, and in the name, of the Khedive. But, as a matter of fact, it was forced upon his Highness, sorely against his will, by the direct pressure of the French and English Governments, and was only accepted by him in virtue of a belief, whether well or ill-founded, that the security of his throne would be endangered by continued resistance to their demands. From the date, therefore, when the Commission was appointed, the era of direct European, or, more strictly speaking, Anglo-French, intervention may be said to have commenced. The Commission eventuated in the establishment of the existing Egyptian régime. The true character of this régime, difficult as it is of explanation in any case, is utterly unintelligible unless we bear in mind the origin of the anomalous investigation to which it owes its existence. At the close of 1876, the Khedive, being then

apparently on the verge of bankruptcy, concluded an arrangement with his European creditors, as represented by Mr. Goschen and M. Joubert, in accordance with which he consolidated his debts, and pledged himself to pay an annual sum as interest and sinking fund, which, for present purposes, may be stated as being in round numbers seven per cent. upon a capital of a hundred millions. Before, however, twelve months had elapsed, the Khedive alleged that the above arrangement had been concluded on the faith of erroneous, if not fraudulent, returns; that the country was utterly unable to meet the drain upon its resources caused by the payment of the interest on its debt, and that this debt must be reduced if Egypt was not to be ruined by the burden of taxation. His Highness further proposed that a fresh Commission should be appointed to investigate the resources of Egypt. In itself the request was not, *primâ facie*, an unreasonable one: and it would, under the circumstances of the case, have been acceded to without serious objection, if any confidence had been, or could have been, reposed in the good faith of its author. But after the endless conflicting representations which had been made at various times, on the authority of the Khedive himself, as to the resources and liabilities of Egypt, no such confidence was forthcoming. At the time the proposal for a reduction of the debt interest was thus mooted by his Highness, Nubar Pasha was residing in Paris in exile, and was in close communication with parties by whom Egyptian securities were largely held in France. If I am not mistaken, the ex-Minister was the first to advise that no demand for a reduction of interest should be entertained, till steps had been taken to ascertain, independently, not only what the Khedive really owed, and what he could pay, but how his embarrassments had been brought about. Great distrust of the Egyptian Government (or, more truly speaking, of the Khedive, for up to this time the Khedive and the Egyptian Government were identical) had long been entertained by its European creditors. This distrust assumed a more distinct form after the publication, in these pages, of an article

professing to give an explanation of the true causes which had led to the financial difficulties of Egypt under the personal administration of Ismail Pasha. The importance of this article—as a link in the chain of events I am endeavoring to explain—lay not so much in the attention it excited as in the fact that it was understood, and rightly so, to express the views of Nubar Pasha, that is of the man who, next to the Khedive himself, was best qualified to know the truth as to the relations between Egypt and the Viceroy. The gist, I may add, of the article in question was to show that the Khedive had, during the thirteen years of his reign, possessed himself of one-fifth of the whole cultivated soil of Egypt; that he had established a gigantic monopoly, supported by measures absolutely fatal to the industrial development of the country; and that no settlement of the financial difficulties of Egypt could be of any permanent value which failed to overthrow this monopoly, and to destroy the iniquitous system by which it was maintained.

In accordance with, if not in consequence of, these disclosures, a demand was raised to the effect that the inquiry proposed by the Khedive must extend its investigations to the causes which had brought about the embarrassments of Egypt, and should not confine its labors, as the Khedive proposed, to ascertaining the actual capabilities of Egyptian revenue. This demand was vigorously supported by the French Government, at the instance of the *Crédit Foncier* and of other French financial associations which were interested in Egyptian securities. Our own Government hesitated at first about endorsing a proposal hardly consistent with the traditional principle of our State policy, that the interests of individual creditors who have lent money to foreign countries are not matters of public concern. In the end, however, a well-grounded reluctance to allow France to interfere single-handed in the affairs of Egypt, and a perhaps exaggerated estimate of the importance of co-operation with France on the eve of the Congress then expected to assemble at Baden-Baden, induced our Ministry to forego their original objections. In

consequence, France and England together compelled the Khedive to submit to an inquiry, notwithstanding his protest that an investigation of this kind, if conducted in the manner proposed, was a direct infraction of his sovereign authority. The Commission having been appointed, the Khedive suggested that the intended presidency should devolve upon the Egyptian Commissioner. This suggestion was rejected on the avowed ground that a native nominee of the Khedive would be disposed to stifle disclosures which might be inconvenient to his royal master; and the Khedive, again under pressure, was forced to allow the duty of directing the inquiry to devolve upon Mr. Rivers Wilson, in the absence of the President, M. de Lesseps. The importance of this incident is that it illustrates the true character of the inquiry, which was in fact, though not in name, a Court appointed to place the Viceroy upon his trial.

Theory, however, and facts did not correspond together. Nominally the Commission of Inquiry was an investigation undertaken at the wish and by the authority of the Khedive, to provide certain information for the benefit of his creditors. Its *raison d'être* was to ascertain how far Egypt could continue to pay the present rate of interest on her debt; and if not, what amount she could reasonably afford to contribute. The inquiry into the system under which this debt had been incurred was only of a subsidiary character. This distinction between the two branches of the inquiry must not be lost sight of, as it forms the key to the whole existing situation. The Commission met in the March of last year, and forthwith set to work to ascertain the causes which had led to the sudden and gigantic indebtedness of Egypt during the present reign. It was found that the disclosures contained in the article to which reference has been made, were substantially, if not literally, correct. It was elicited, on indisputable evidence, that since 1864 the Khedive had, under his own name or that of his family, become the owner of one million of acres out of the five millions that constitute the land under cultivation in Egypt; that this colossal estate had

been farmed by forced labor exacted in the most oppressive and ruinous manner; that the interests of the population had been wilfully and deliberately sacrificed to the individual advantage of the Khedive, as the owner of a gigantic monopoly obtained in the main by aid of the loans he had contracted abroad; and that this monopoly had been so miserably administered as to result in a loss not only to the country at large, but to the Khedive himself.

At a very early stage of the inquiry it became manifest that the Commission would report the charges brought against the Khedive to be substantially proved. Before, however, the Commission was in a position to make any definite report, an incident occurred which has a remarkable bearing upon subsequent events. The half-yearly coupon on the Unified Debt, which is the Egyptian stock chiefly held in France, falls due in May. During the early months of the year the receipts of the treasury had been suspiciously small, and, shortly before the date when the coupon became due, the Khedive announced that it would be impossible to pay the interest in full. The effect of any default made at such a time would have been to cause a heavy depreciation in the Unified Stock, and would therefore have been greatly detrimental to the interests of the *Crédit Foncier*, who had some 6,000,000*l.* locked up in its security. For reasons into which I need not enter, the Government of the French Republic espoused the interests of the *Crédit Foncier* as being matters of national concern, and intimated to the Khedive that the interest on the Unified Debt must be provided for. I am not concerned now with the equity of this action, though I admit there was more to be said in its favor than might be thought at first sight; I am simply narrating what occurred. If I am rightly informed, the Khedive was given to understand that persistence in his alleged inability to provide the coupon would lead to decisive steps on the part of France, though I am by no means sure that the exact nature of these steps was explicitly indicated. Upon this, his Highness asked for advice from England as to the course he should pursue. Our Consul-General at Cairo was, I believe, personally

of opinion that the payment of the coupon ought not to be insisted upon in the interest of Egypt. But his opinion was overruled from home. The Congress was at last about to meet at Berlin. For the success of our policy the support of France was deemed all important; and in order to secure this support it was thought essential to avoid any conflict with the action of the French Foreign Office in Egypt. Such, at least, is the only plausible explanation of the attitude adopted by our Government on the coupon question. Our consul at Cairo was instructed to impress upon his Highness the importance of making no default in his payments while the Commission of Inquiry was conducting its investigations. Upon finding that France and England were prepared to act together, the Khedive, as usual, gave way at once. The impossible was accomplished. Whether the funds required to make good the deficiency were provided by putting the screw once more upon the long-suffering fellahs, or by a loan contracted under the form of a fictitious sale of produce, or by advances from the private hoards of the Viceroy, has never yet been clearly ascertained. All that can be said is, that somehow or other the funds were found, and the coupon paid.

The result of this enforced payment of the May coupon, however objectionable on other grounds, was to impress the Khedive with a conviction that the era of non-intervention was at an end, and that he could only hope to retain his throne by very large concessions. After sitting for four months, the Commission found themselves justified in coming to the conclusion, that no real reform could effect in the finances of Egypt so long as the Khedive remained in possession of the vast estates which he had acquired. It was therefore intimated to his Highness that he must surrender his private estates to the public treasury. No demand could have been more unwelcome; and for some time it was met with a point-blank refusal. As soon, however, as the Khedive saw reason to believe that unless he gave way the Commissioners would return home, and would report to their respective Governments that their mission had been rendered nugatory by his action, he yielded the point at issue. His sub-

mission was doubtless accelerated by the fact that his uncle Halim Pasha, residing in exile at Constantinople, had put himself forward as a candidate for the throne, and that his son and heir, Prince Teufik, had anticipated his decision by offering to give up the estates settled on the heir apparent. But, though these ominous incidents shook the Khedive in his determination, it was only when direct pressure was applied from abroad that he agreed to surrender the monster estates he had accumulated with such patience and at such a cost. The surrender was doubtless made with the hope that it might be cancelled hereafter. But, be this as it may, the Daira lands, amounting to little short of a million of acres, were given over to the State, or, more truly speaking, to its creditors; and with this, act the second of the two investigations which the Commission of Inquiry had been appointed to conduct was brought to a successful close.

The first and chief object, however, of the inquiry still remained unfulfilled. According to the theory of its mandate, the Commission having now ascertained, and remedied, the fundamental causes to which the financial embarrassment of Egypt was due, should have proceeded by rights to examine what amount the country could afford to pay annually in respect of its debts without detriment to its own personal interests and to those of its creditors. But at this juncture the course of the inquiry was suddenly interrupted by one of the strangest acts of statecraft which have ever been known even in Oriental history. The Commission may be fairly said to have owed its existence to Nubar Pasha and its success to Mr. Rivers Wilson. If there were two men in the world whom the Khedive might reasonably regard as the direct authors of the policy by which he had been forced to disgorge the accumulations of a lifetime, those men were Nubar Pasha and Mr. Rivers Wilson. It was not in human nature for his Highness not to resent bitterly the sacrifice thus imposed; and the peculiarities of his character caused him to feel the loss of his estates with exceptional acuteness. It would be a mistake to ascribe Ismail Pasha's greed of land simply and solely to a passion for adding acre to acre.

His heart was set not only on increasing his rent-roll, but on extending the area of his personal administration. The restless activity, as well as the intense acquisitiveness, of his nature found satisfaction in the gigantic speculations in which his position as the owner of a huge land monopoly enabled him to embark. To manage his estates himself, to have everything under his own hand, to be master everywhere, was his ambition and his occupation. To paraphrase Louis the Fourteenth's well-known saying, if Ismail Pasha could have realised his dream, 'not a blade of grass would have grown in Egypt without his permission.'

Indeed, the ill success which attended all the Khedive's industrial speculations was due in no small degree to his blind desire to manage everything for himself, to his invincible repugnance to delegating any portion of his authority even to his own subordinates. Thus, when the Khedive was bidden to give up his estates, he was asked to surrender not only his fortune, but the occupation and gratification of his existence. By the enforced surrender he was wounded cruelly alike in his pocket and his pride; and yet his first instinct was apparently to follow the Gospel precept, and having been smitten on one cheek, to turn the other to the smiter. Nubar Pasha and Mr. Rivers Wilson were, as I have said, the men the Khedive had most cause to hold responsible for his humiliation; and yet it was to them that he turned in the crisis of his fortunes. Nubar Pasha was recalled from exile, and requested to form a Ministry, in which the portfolio of Finance was to be entrusted to Mr. Rivers Wilson; and at the same time a proclamation was issued announcing that from this time forward the old system of arbitrary rule was at an end, and that Egypt was to be governed by responsible Ministers on European principles.

It would take me too long to dwell at all fully on the negotiations which attended the formation of the new Ministry. Nor would such a recital possess any special interest at this moment. All I am concerned with are the aspects of these negotiations which bear upon the present situation. The overtures made by the Khedive to Nubar Pasha

were favorably received; and after paying a visit to London, and to Kissingen, where Prince Bismarck was then staying, the Minister returned to Egypt. I have been told by one who was in close relations with the Cairene Court at the time, that the Khedive's anxiety for the arrival of the exiled Minister was like that of a young man awaiting the coming of his affianced bride. He was perpetually telegraphing to learn what day Nubar would arrive, and seemed to be in a fever of impatience at any delay in his progress homewards. What representations were exchanged between the Viceroy and the Minister, or what engagements, if any, were entered into between them, is only known to themselves. But I think there is little difficulty in realising the ends and aims which the Khedive had in view when he threw himself into the arms of the Minister whose active mind and intellectual ascendancy he had long bitterly resented, and whom he regarded as the main author of his undoing. In the first place, it was all important to his Highness to suspend the progress of the Commission of Inquiry. If the Commissioners had gone on with their work, had brought publicly to light the full truth as to the origin and character of the Khedive's liabilities, and had then ascertained officially what the country had paid as taxes in the past and what it could pay in the future, they must infallibly have reported in favor of some arrangement by which the Khedive would have been reduced to the position of the owner of an estate in liquidation and restricted to an allowance provided by his creditors. To avert, or at any rate postpone, this consummation was the object of the Khedive's policy; and the best, if not the only, way to effect this object was to place the government in the hands of the very men who had been the leading spirits of the inquiry, and thus to induce a belief that the further prosecution of this inquiry had become unnecessary. The nomination of Nubar Pasha was intended to be taken—and was taken—by the European public as a guarantee that the old system of arbitrary personal rule had been definitively abandoned, and this conviction being once created, the Governments of Europe, as well as the financial interests

which they represented, were much less disposed to push matters to extremities than they would have been otherwise. Thus the immediate result of the Khedive's sudden and ostentatious abdication of authority was to gain a reprieve; and in his then position a reprieve was morally, if not literally, a matter of life or death. I believe also—though here I quite admit I am entering on the domain of conjecture—that his Highness had a still deeper motive in selecting Nubar Pasha as the head of his new government. According to his notion, if my supposition is right, Nubar Pasha was to prove a sort of Egyptian Balaam the son of Beor, who being sent to curse would remain to bless. In other words, he relied on Nubar's assistance to render nugatory the guarantee which he was prepared to give. Such a calculation was not in itself inadmissible. If once the *entente cordiale* between France and England in Egyptian affairs could be broken up, the danger of any joint intervention would be at an end, and the Khedive could recover his freedom of action. From his long experience, his intimate acquaintance with foreign affairs, his great diplomatic ability, and his high reputation abroad, Nubar Pasha was eminently qualified to carry out with success the traditional policy of Egypt—to play off one foreign Power against the other, and to take advantage of international jealousies, conflicting interests, and rival ambitions, in order to paralyse any common action on the part of the European Powers. With the close of the war England had lost her opportunity of settling the Egyptian question by herself and for herself; and the danger to be most dreaded was the continuance of the good understanding between France and England. The Khedive, with a very slight alteration, might choose for his device the motto of Belgium, reading it, *La disunion fait la force*. To stimulate this disunion no better instrument could be found than Nubar Pasha, and it is not strange to anybody who knows the two men that his Highness should have believed he could induce Nubar to act as his instrument.

Whatever his other failings may be, Ismail Pasha possesses a singular insight into the weak side of human na-

ture. No man understands better how to work upon the flaws which are to be found in even the strongest characters. His mistake, in common with most experts in the art of appealing to the lower instincts of humanity, is that he fails to realise the existence in others of qualities in which he himself is wanting. From the Khedive's point of view, Nubar's interest lay in identifying himself with his own cause. It was notorious that Nubar was weary of his long exile; that he had been wearing his heart out, not only at his enforced absence from his home, but still more at his compulsory condemnation to inactivity; and that, quite apart from any consideration of dignity or emolument, the mere exercise of power had a singular attraction for that active and teeming brain. It was therefore antecedently probable that the dread of being once more placed upon the shelf would render Nubar Pasha reluctant to encounter the Khedive's hostility. Moreover, it was no unreasonable assumption that the very independence of his character might easily be manipulated, so as to render him amenable to the Khedive's influence. The same impatience of control, the same dislike of interference, the same determination not to be thwarted in the execution of his policy, which had led in no small degree to his original rupture with the Khedive, might, it was thought, be relied upon to make him the opponent of the system of international supervision which was about to be introduced. In order to shake off the control of the consuls, and of his European colleagues, the Premier, it was thought, would soon find it for his advantage to play into the hands of the Khedive.

Some such calculation as the above lay, I am convinced, at the bottom of the Khedive's resolution to recall to power a statesman to whom he had the strongest personal antipathy. At the very outset, however, circumstances occurred which materially modified the conditions upon which this calculation was based. According to the original idea of the Khedive, the new Ministry was to have been of the old Egyptian type, with the exception that the department of Finance was to be entrusted to an Englishman. It was on this basis that Nubar Pasha and Mr. Rivers Wil-

son responded favorably in the first instance to the overtures made to them by the Khedive. The definite formation, however, of the Ministry was delayed for some months, owing to an incident which complicated the whole question. Mr. Rivers Wilson, being most naturally and reasonably reluctant to relinquish his position as Controller of the National Debt in England for a very uncertain and arduous post abroad, refused to take office under the Khedive, unless he was allowed at the same time not to vacate his Controllorship. This demand was undoubtedly an unusual one, but the circumstances under which it was made were unusual also, and our Government decided—and, as I think, most rightly—to grant Mr. Rivers Wilson the prolonged leave of absence on which he insisted. I am revealing no secret in saying that the permission thus accorded was only given after considerable hesitation, and was not due in the remotest degree to the initiative of our Government. Still, the fact remained that a British official of very high standing was allowed, contrary to all the traditions of our public service, to undertake a leading post abroad under a foreign Government while still retaining his appointment at home. It is not to be wondered at if this fact was regarded on the Continent, and especially in France, as being proof of an elaborate intrigue on the part of England to establish her supremacy in Egypt. In my former articles on this subject I have given reasons for my belief that the French, as a nation, were in 1877 perfectly prepared to acquiesce in the annexation of Egypt by England without entertaining any serious or widespread resentment towards us on account of our action; and subsequent events have confirmed my original conviction. But this assumption of mine, whether correct or incorrect, is perfectly consistent with the admission that Mr. Rivers Wilson's appointment to the Chancellorship of the Egyptian Exchequer gave grave umbrage to public opinion in France. Our Government had deliberately gone out of their way to assure the French Ministry that England entertained no idea whatever of establishing her ascendancy in Egypt to the detriment of France. Notwithstanding these explicit assur-

ances, which to French apprehension appeared inconsistent with the traditional interests of Great Britain, England now seemed about to effect by occult and indirect means the very end she had repudiated all intention of effecting openly and directly. France was apparently about to be left out in the cold in Egypt, as she had been in the Levant; and this rebuff, coming immediately after the subordinate part her diplomacy had been compelled to play at Berlin, excited considerable irritation across the Channel. This irritation was made the most of by the opponents of the Government, who lost no opportunity of pointing out how insignificant France was deemed abroad under the Republic; and M. Waddington, who, in virtue of his English name, parentage, and education, is compelled to be more French than a genuine Frenchman, took up the matter very warmly. A formal demand therefore was addressed to the Egyptian Government from Paris to the effect that, in order to counterbalance the weight given to England in the administration of Egypt by Mr. Rivers Wilson's appointment, a prominent position in the Nubar Ministry must be entrusted to a Frenchman, nominated by the French Government, and invested with an authority at least as great as that of his English colleague. From a French point of view, this demand was not altogether unreasonable. But its acceptance was utterly inconsistent with the idea—entertained alike, though with different objects, by the Khedive and Nubar Pasha—that the native element was still to retain the foremost place in the administration of Egypt. In consequence the demand for the appointment of a French Minister met with the most decided opposition at Cairo, and would never have been acceded to, except under absolute compulsion, if it had not been for the financial embarrassments of Egypt. It so happened, however, that, in order to meet pressing liabilities and to consolidate the floating debt, whose burden paralysed all attempts to reorganise the finances, the Egyptian Government found it absolutely necessary to raise a fresh loan. This loan was negotiated on very favorable terms through the agency of the new Chancellor of the Egyptian Exchequer.

But the great Anglo-French banking firm by whom the loan was advanced stipulated, as a condition of their acting in the matter at all, that the approval of the French Government should be forthcoming. Such a stipulation made at such a moment was imperative. After much discussion, an arrangement was concluded, by which the French and English Governments agreed to sanction the suspension of the system of international control over the finances of Egypt, established two years before by the Goschen-Joubert settlement. This sanction, however, was only given on a distinct engagement, on the part of the Egyptian Government, that the Ministries of Finance and Public Works were to be filled respectively by Mr. Rivers Wilson and M. de Blignières, who had represented England and France on the Commission of Inquiry; that these European Ministers were not to be dismissed by the Khedive, except after consultation with their own Governments; and that in the event of their dismissal the authority of the suspended control of the National Debt was to revive of itself.

Upon these conditions the Nubar Ministry came into being at last. It would puzzle the most profound student of constitutional lore to define the exact category, or even any approximate category, under which the existing constitution of Egypt could be classified. The Khedive, in announcing his intended reforms to the consular body, laid especial stress upon the fact—if fact it was—that henceforth Egypt, by virtue of her new institutions, had passed into the domain of Europe from that of Africa; and that for the future personal rule was to be replaced by the authority of responsible ministers. What the precise meaning of this statement might be, nobody yet has been able to explain. The Khedive is still in principle the absolute master of the country over which he reigns. His Ministers are in theory appointed and dismissed at his own great will and pleasure, and his subjects have not the power, even if they had the will, to interfere in any way with his freedom of appointment or dismissal. Nor in any intelligible sense of the word 'responsibility' can these Ministers be called responsible, except in as far as

they have to answer for their acts to the Khedive. They do not even recognise any direct allegiance to foreign Powers. In a confused sort of way there is a general understanding that they are to administer the affairs of Egypt in accordance with European ideas of government. But towards whom this obligation was ever contracted, and by what agency its performance is to be enforced, are questions to which it is impossible to furnish an answer.

To add to this conflict of authority, while the Prime Minister is liable to be dismissed whenever the autocratic ruler of the State sees fit to dispense with his services, his two principal colleagues hold their offices under a tenure which can only be upset with the knowledge and sanction of two independent foreign Governments. What, then, is the constitution of Egypt as at present established? It is not an autocracy, for the autocrat cannot even dismiss his own Ministers without the permission of foreign Powers. It is not a democracy, for the people have absolutely no voice in the selection of their rulers, or the administration of their own affairs. It is not a constitutional monarchy, for there is not a constitution or a Parliament. It is not an oligarchy, for there is no aristocracy of any kind in the country. The nearest approach to a definition I can find is to say that Egypt is administered by a mixed Board, some of whose members are directly amenable to the authority of the Khedive, and others are practically responsible to foreign Governments, while all are under the general supervision of the creditors of the State.

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to devise a system which offered greater anomalies in theory. Still anomalous systems sometimes work well in practice; and the Board, under which Egypt was placed, got on better than could reasonably have been expected. The delay caused by the negotiations between Paris and Cairo was unfortunate at the outset. It was in June that Nubar Pasha accepted the duty of forming a Ministry. It was only in the very last days of November that the Ministry was placed in a position to commence its work in earnest by the final arrival of Mr. Rivers Wilson in Egypt

as Chancellor of the Exchequer. This delay was due to causes over which the Ministry had no control, but it was none the less unfortunate. On the one hand, the population of Egypt, seeing months go by without any practical change in the administration of affairs, began to lose faith in the reality of the new reforms; on the other, the Khedive, finding that the seizure of his estates had not been followed up by the action he had cause to fear, began to recover his courage, to regret the precipitancy with which he had yielded, and to look about for means of recovering the authority he had lost. During this interval, too, if I am not mistaken, the Khedive discovered that Nubar Pasha was not disposed to aid him in throwing off the European Protectorate to which he had virtually been subjected. If Ismail Pasha had been out of the way, the Premier would possibly have been ready enough to assist in any effort to realise the avowed aim of his own policy, which has always been to preserve Egypt to the Egyptians. But according to the view he expressed in season and out of season, no fate would be so disastrous for Egypt as the re-establishment of the personal rule of the Khedive. This fate, in his way of thinking, could only be averted by upholding the European intervention; and therefore, contrary to the hopes that the Khedive had built upon Nubar Pasha's ambition and impatience of control, the Minister turned a deaf ear to the overtures of co-operation which were undoubtedly made to him from the Court.

Such was the state of things when Mr. Rivers Wilson and M. de Blignières arrived in Egypt, and the work of reorganisation was commenced in earnest. Up to this time nothing had been done, or could have been done; and in estimating the merits or demerits of the Nubar administration, it is only fair to remember how very short-lived it was. The Ministry did not begin its functions till after the Bafram holidays, that is about the end of the first week in December; and it was broken up by violence in the middle of February. Thus the experiment was allowed only about ten weeks in which to justify its existence. Mr. Rivers Wilson and M. de Blignières were practically new to their work.

Without any knowledge of the language, or any intimate acquaintance with the customs and habits of the country, they had to organise their offices, to arrange the machinery of their departments, and to impress upon their subordinates the *modus operandi* they desired to introduce. Besides this, they and their Egyptian colleagues had, if I may use the word, to shake down together, before it was possible for them to work to any useful result. Under these circumstances, even if everything else had been favorable, if they had received cordial and loyal support from without as well as from within, if they had only had to contend with the difficulties inseparable from the introduction of an European administration into an Oriental country, they could hardly have made much way in their work by the time at which it was interrupted. As it was, not only did events fight against the progress of the Nubar Ministry, but these events were deliberately assisted and created by outward agency.

Let me speak first of the obstacles which were the results of accident, not of design. It had been hoped that the Rothschild loan would have provided for all the immediate necessities of the treasury, and given the Ministers a breathing time during which they would be able to ascertain the exact condition of the revenue, and to reorganise the administration at their leisure. This hope was unfortunately not realised. Without going into details, it is enough for my purpose to say that the holders of the floating debt in Alexandria endeavored to secure payment of their claims in full by obtaining judgment against the Government in the international tribunals, and then proceeding to sequester properties which had been mortgaged as security for the Rothschild loan. In consequence, the payment of the instalments due from the loan were suspended till an arrangement could be concluded with the local creditors of the Government, and the treasury was deprived of the funds on which it had counted. The result was, that the action of the Government was perpetually hampered, thwarted, and even arrested by the want of what I may call the petty cash of administration. The difficulty might be, and was, temporary; but its

effects were permanent. Creditors were put off; promises not fulfilled; reasonable offers of compromise refused; reductions made precipitately; and salaries left unpaid, simply and solely because the treasury was empty. Any amount of ill-will and discontent was thus created by causes for which the new Government was assuredly not responsible, but of which it bore the odium. Meanwhile the permanent revenue of the country fell off in a sudden and unaccountable manner. Egypt, according to the present arrangement, has to pay between seven and eight millions a year as interest to her foreign creditors. In order, therefore, to meet her liabilities, before a penny is available for the home expenditure, the returns to the treasury must average about 650,000*l.* a month. Owing to the economical conditions of the country, this revenue comes in very unequally; and the period during which the Nubar Ministry started on its career was that of the financial slack tide. But making every allowance for this fact, for the temporary scarcity caused by the overflow of the Nile, and for the delays in collection arising out of the change of government, the monthly returns were meagre beyond all explanation. The effect of this falling off in the revenue was disastrous. It depreciated the value of Egyptian securities, alarmed the creditors of the State, and furnished a excuse for the various interests hostile to the new order of things to throw discredit upon the efforts of the new Government to introduce an honest and efficient administration. Moreover, this state of affairs precipitated the consideration of a question which in the interest of Europe it was most desirable to postpone for a season. The essential question, on which the future of the country hinges, is how far it can afford permanently to pay the enormous charge laid upon its resources in order to provide the interest due on the debts contracted by the Khedive. I myself, in common with every independent and impartial observer, have no doubt there must be a reduction of the debt. But what this reduction should be, or, to put it more simply, what amount Egypt can fairly undertake to pay her creditors without exhausting her resources, or

subjecting her population to ruinous oppression, is a point on which it is impossible to form as yet any trustworthy opinion. Now, according to their original programme, the question of reduction would have been left in abeyance till the Ministry had had time and opportunity to complete for themselves the work which the Commission of Inquiry had left unfinished, and to ascertain on evidence—whose trustworthiness would commend itself to the good sense of the European public—how much or how little Egypt could afford to pay in liquidation of her liabilities. Owing, however, to the causes to which I have referred, this question was forced prematurely upon public notice before the Ministers were, or could be, in a position to deal with it comprehensively or satisfactorily.

Again, there were other difficulties of a personal character with which the Ministry had to contend, and whose nature it is not very easy to explain without indiscretion. To any one who knows Cairo, or indeed any Eastern Court in which the European element is largely represented, the general nature of these difficulties will be obvious enough. It is sufficient to say that national jealousies, consular susceptibilities, mercantile interests, the grievances of displaced officials, social vanities, and personal friendships and animosities, all combined to create an inevitable reaction against the new *régime*. It is no business of mine to defend the proceedings of the Ministry; and I think it possible they might, by greater prudence and patience, have avoided some part of the resentment they undoubtedly incurred. But this much I can safely affirm from my own observation, namely, that the main cause of their unpopularity was their desire to do their duty, to reform abuses, and to substitute law and order for individual caprice and extravagance.

Then, too, it was not in human nature that the Ministers should work at first in perfect harmony. Nubar Pasha, Mr. Rivers Wilson, and M. de Blignières (the other Ministers are of little account) are all men of marked character, of strong individuality, and high position, and alien to each other in race, language, education, interests, and aims. They were practically independent of

each other, responsible to different Powers, and co-equal in authority. Judging by antecedent probability, one would have said beforehand that three such men placed in such positions would be certain to fall out with each other. What renders the fact that they did not so fall out all the more remarkable, is that constant attempts were made from without to breed distrust and ill-feeling between them.

I have described the various difficulties which I have enumerated as being due to the action of natural causes. Yet nobody who knows Egypt can doubt that these causes were stimulated by the initiative of the Khedive. I do not affirm that the judgment creditors were instigated to exert their legal powers, or the tax collectors encouraged to curtail their remittances to the treasury, by the direct action of the Khedive, though in a country, every detail of whose administration had, up to the other day, been under his absolute control, no steps of importance could well be taken without his acquiescence and sanction. But there is no disguising the fact, that his Highness set himself deliberately at work from the beginning to impede the success of the reforms whose introduction he had proclaimed with such a flourish of trumpets. The recall of Nubar and the appointment of a responsible Ministry had averted the danger with which he was threatened by the prosecution of the inquiry; and as these concessions had served their purpose, it was his policy to get rid of them as soon as might be. Supposing my impression to be correct, things would have followed a different course, if, as the Khedive originally hoped, Nubar had proved able and willing to assist him in securing his independence. But when this combination was found to be out of the question, the Viceroy determined to turn Nubar out of office. The Khedive had strong cards in his hands, and nobody knows better how to play a waiting game. The Pashas and the Turkish officials, who had hitherto monopolised almost every important post in the Egyptian administration, held Nubar personally in detestation as a Christian and an Armenian, and still more because he had set his face against the system of favoritism, oppres-

sion, and corruption under which they had enriched themselves at the cost of the native Egyptians. The diplomatic body resident in Cairo was always unfavorable to Nubar, partly by reason of his independence of character, which rendered him less pleasant to have relations with than a Minister of the ordinary Oriental type, partly because one of the great objects of his policy was to curtail the consular jurisdiction, and thereby to deprive the consuls of some portion of the present authority to which, in common with all subordinate authorities on a petty stage, they attach exaggerated value. Then, too, Nubar was viewed with disfavor by the French party in Egypt, which regarded him, though without justice, as devoted to English interests, and which also resented bitterly certain contemptuous remarks with regard to France, which the Premier was reported, whether truly or not, to have uttered in conversation.

At the outset, the Khedive withdrew himself ostentatiously from all participation in public affairs. He took every opportunity of declaring that he was now a constitutional sovereign, that he left everything to his Ministers, that his sole duty consisted in countersigning their decrees, and that he was only too delighted to be relieved of all responsibility. Every application or request addressed to him was referred forthwith to the Ministry. All applicants were informed officially that he had no power or authority to deal with their affairs, and that they must not hold him accountable for any measures the Government might adopt. At the same time persons in the confidence of the Viceroy went about saying publicly that the present system was only a provisional arrangement, and that before long the Khedive would resume his personal rule. The effect of this language was to strengthen the distrust which was popularly felt as to the duration of the new *régime*. The natives saw that the Khedive had still all the outward symbols of sovereignty: the very conception of a constitutional monarchy was unintelligible to their minds; and their natural conviction that the Effendina, as the Viceroy was called, must—so long as he was not deposed—be the real lord and master, was confirmed by the utterances to which I have

alluded; and which were made in quarters where they were sure to be repeated. Thus an impression gained ground that it was safer and wiser to side with the Khedive than with the Ministers of the day, and this impression could not fail to produce a disheartening affect amidst a population so timid and so down-trodden by ages of servitude as that of Egypt.

Meanwhile no effort was spared to create dissension between the Premier and his European colleagues. Compliments were studiously paid to one Minister in a way that could not but be offensive to another; distorted reports were conveyed to and fro of remarks made, or alleged to have been made, which were calculated to shake the confidence of the Ministers in their mutual good faith; and insinuations were current that each Minister was pursuing his own interests to the detriment of his colleagues. These tactics undoubtedly succeeded in creating temporary differences of opinion between the leading Ministers; but they failed in upsetting their good understanding for any length of time. Nubar Pasha, Mr. Rivers Wilson, and M. de Blignières were too loyal and too honorable to be led astray by personal susceptibilities; and even if this had not been so, they were too sensible not to see that they were mutually indispensable to each other. Without the support of his English and French colleagues, the Premier could not hope to hold his place; without the practical experience and ability of the latter, the former could not carry out in practice the ideas upon which their programme was based. The three Ministers were all alive to this truth, and therefore the triple alliance remained unbroken.

The attempt to 'break down the Ministry by internal dissensions having failed, it was necessary to resort to more direct measures. There was no time to be lost, for the new government was beginning to get its authority recognised. The truth is—a truth which cannot be too strongly borne in mind—that, notwithstanding all the defects of its origin, all the difficulties of its position, and all the opposition, both designed and undesigned, which it had to surmount, the Nubar administration had made real

progress during the few weeks of its existence. Mr. Rivers Wilson had set to work with a determination which, if continued, was certain ultimately to insure success. With the able assistance of Mr. Fitzgerald, whose report on the system under which the revenue has been hitherto collected must form the basis of any effective administrative reform in Egypt, the Minister of Finance had laid the groundwork for a thorough land survey, and for the assessment of the taxpayers on a principle which would preclude any gross oppression or favoritism. He had visited the provinces in person, and had impressed upon the native officials that their interest as well as their duty lay henceforward in discharging their functions justly and equitably. He had given orders for the compulsory seizure and sale of the lands of a class of defaulting taxpayers, who, under the name of *hauts personnages*, had hitherto avoided the payment of their taxes; he had endeavored to enforce the liability of foreign residents to contribute towards the expenses of the State, though his efforts in this direction had been retarded by the opposition of the consuls; and, what was more important than all, he had succeeded in securing the punishment and dismissal of several officials who had been detected in flagrant abuses of their authority. All this had been done in the midst of harassing daily cares caused by the pecuniary pressure to which I have referred. Meanwhile, Nubar Pasha had elaborated a scheme for extending the authority of the international tribunals to suits between natives, and to cases in which government officials were implicated. It would be foreign to my present purpose to dwell on the details of this scheme. All I can say is, that Nubar had set himself to solve the difficult problem of reconciling the independence and impartiality of an European code administered by foreign judges with the simplicity of procedure and the latitude of pleading required to render our system of legality a boon, instead of a curse, to an Oriental population. This solution, in the opinion of independent judges of high authority, was, I may state, a very remarkable one; and if ever Western justice is introduced into the East, the principle of

this now abortive project will, I believe, be adopted as its basis. Owing to the emptiness of the treasury, M. de Blignières, as Minister of Public Works, had had but little opportunity of developing his department; but he had shown a determination to put a stop to the jobbery and corruption which had hitherto characterised the conduct of almost all public undertakings in Egypt. Altogether, the native population were beginning to suspect that the government of the country had passed, in fact, out of the hands of the Khedive; and if once this impression became general, his power was at an end.

The time had come for the Khedive to abandon the pretence of indifference he had hitherto assumed. He now came forward in the character of a champion of his people against the oppression of their foreign creditors. Of a sudden an agitation was set on foot against the burden of taxation to which the country was subjected. Though the sums exacted from the taxpayers—or at any rate returned as exacted—were smaller than they had been for years past, the fellahs, who had never complained before, became suddenly clamorous for a reduction of their imposts. Deputations came up to Cairo; inspired articles appeared in the native prints, declaring that foreigners were eating up the country, and inveighing against the salaries paid to the European Ministers; crowds were allowed or encouraged to mob the Ministries; and the Khedive began to press upon the Government the paramount necessity of forthwith satisfying claims which he was perfectly well aware the treasury was not in a position to satisfy at the moment. He also gave publicity to his opinion that an immediate reduction of the debt was essential for the salvation of the country. The ground was thus prepared for the blow which was to arrest the work of the Nubar Ministry.

Having quitted Egypt shortly before the recent *émeute*, I can hardly say how far the demonstration of the disbanded officers was deliberately devised as a plea, or seized upon as an excuse, for insisting upon Nubar's retirement. I incline strongly to the former opinion. But, at all events, the disturbance was of no very grave significance, as it was

suppressed without difficulty and without the loss of a single life. Yet the moment the riot was at an end, the Khedive declared that Nubar must leave the Ministry, and that he himself must in future preside over its councils. On the *Ille fecit cui prodest* principle there can be little doubt who was the real author of this stage insurrection. At any rate, the *émeute* was the Khedive's opportunity. Nubar was called upon to resign. For the reasons I have alluded to, the demand was acceptable to many powerful interests both in and out of Egypt, which on other points would have been opposed to any revival of the Khedive's power. Indeed, the only persons who really stood by the Prime Minister were his European colleagues, and their staunch efforts to have him reinstated in office were frustrated at the last moment by the reluctance of France to insist upon Nubar's return, and by the desire of England to act in harmony with her ally.

The Khedive has undoubtedly won the first move in the campaign he has undertaken to restore his personal rule. Nubar is gone; and already his Highness has demanded the retirement of Riz Pasha, the Minister of the Interior, on the plea that his presence is inconsistent with the preservation of public tranquillity. Riz was a member of the Commission of Inquiry, and, though not a man of the same intellectual calibre as the late Premier, is one of the few honest public servants in Egypt. If Riz goes, the European Ministers will be left without the aid of a single native colleague on whose experience and good faith they can rely for assistance. Little foresight is required to foresee that, if the Khedive is allowed to play out the game, Mr. Rivers Wilson's removal will be the next point at which he will aim. The first steps have been taken. Since the downfall of Nubar, the old system of sudden demands for the payment of taxes in advance, of enforcing compliance by flogging, and of compelling the fellahs to work without wages on the Viceregal estates, has been set on foot once more; and the natives are given to understand that these exactions are committed at the instance and by the orders of Mr. Rivers Wilson, in order to satisfy the rapacity of the foreign

creditors. If these tactics succeed, the natives will soon have to attribute their sufferings to the English *Moufettish*; an outcry will be raised for his dismissal; and the Khedive will avail himself of this outcry to get rid of the Minister whom he has such cause to fear. The success of this intrigue would obviously be greatly facilitated if the good understanding between the English and French Ministers could ever be broken up; and it is clear that the removal of Nubar Pasha, who was wont in familiar conversation to describe himself as the buffer between the representatives of the two Powers, increases the probabilities of such a misunderstanding being brought to pass.

Thus, for the moment, the situation in Cairo wears a most unpromising aspect. Yet, paradoxical as the statement may seem, I regard the crisis which has just commenced as full of hope for the fortunes of Egypt. I hold this opinion because I am confident that the Khedive's campaign must result in his eventual defeat. My confidence is not based merely upon the relative strength of the principal combatants, though in my judgment the good sense, firmness of will, and singleness of purpose possessed by Mr. Rivers Wilson render him more than a match for the superior astuteness of the Viceroy. But my faith is grounded on the fact that the struggle on which he Khedive has entered is not one between himself and Mr. Rivers Wilson, or M. de Blignières, but between Egypt and Europe, between the East and the West. To such a struggle, fought under such conditions, there can only be one ending, whatever may be the vicissitudes of the contest. All experience has shown that if once European Powers obtain a footing in an Oriental country, they eventually become the masters of the situation. England and France, especially the former, have now got a firm hold on Egypt, and the causes which have led to this hold being obtained will secure its retention. Moreover, the Khedive has no power behind him to fall back upon, no support, either in the affection of his people or the identity of his interests with theirs, on which he can rely. There is no country in the world in which dynasties have been, or can be, changed so easily as in

Egypt; and of all the dynasties which have tyrannised over the land of the Pharaohs there has been none which has taken so little root in the soil as that of the Turkish Pashas, of whom Ismail is the present representative. The fight, as I have said, is a losing one. Individual Ministers may be got rid of, but England and France remain; and the Khedive, from the bent of his character, is not the man to fight out a losing battle.

If the Khedive, indeed, could have waited till England and France were at loggerheads on some European question, then he might have played his cards with some chance of success. But the necessities of his position have compelled him to act while the *entente cordiale* remains unbroken. Thus, though the

Khedive might possibly succeed in creating an estrangement between his English and French Ministers, he has no prospect of setting England against France, as the interests which unite the two countries in the West are too powerful for the time to be affected by any divergence of feeling in Egypt. The question, therefore, of the position of the Khedive under the new order of things is likely to be settled while the two great Western Powers are still of one mind in respect of Egypt; and if this question is once settled, Egypt passes definitely under a European Protectorate, from which there is no prospect of her escaping, even though the composition of that Protectorate may easily be modified by the course of future events.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

ON SENSATION AND THE UNITY OF STRUCTURE OF SENSIFEROUS ORGANS.

BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

THE maxim that metaphysical inquiries are barren of result, and that the serious occupation of the mind with them is a mere waste of time and labor, finds much favor in the eyes of the many persons who pride themselves on the possession of sound common sense; and we sometimes hear it enunciated by weighty authorities, as if its natural consequence, the suppression of such studies, had the force of a moral obligation.

In this case, however, as in some others, those who lay down the law seem to forget that a wise legislator will consider, not merely whether his proposed enactment is desirable, but whether obedience to it is possible. For, if the latter question is answered negatively, the former is surely hardly worth debate.

Here, in fact, lies the pith of the reply to those who would make metaphysics contraband of intellect. Whether it is desirable to place a prohibitory duty upon philosophical speculations or not, it is utterly impossible to prevent the importation of them into the mind. And it is not a little curious to observe that those who most loudly profess to abstain from such commodities are all

the while unconscious consumers, on a great scale, of one or other of their multitudinous disguises or adulterations. With mouths full of the particular kind of heavily buttered toast which they affect, they inveigh against the eating of plain bread. In truth, the attempt to nourish the human intellect upon a diet which contains no metaphysics is about as hopeful as that of certain Eastern sages to nourish their bodies without destroying life. Everybody has heard the story of the pitiless microscopist, who ruined the peace of mind of one of these mild enthusiasts by showing him the animals moving in a drop of the water with which, in the innocence of his heart, he slaked his thirst; and the unsuspecting devotee of plain common sense may look for as unexpected a shock when the magnifier of severe logic reveals the germs, if not the full-grown shapes, of lively metaphysical postulates rampant amidst his most positive and matter-of-fact notions.

By way of escape from the metaphysical Will-o'-the-wisps generated in the marshes of literature and theology, the serious student is sometimes bidden to betake himself to the solid ground of physical science. But the fish of im-

mortal memory, who threw himself out of the frying-pan into the fire, was not more ill advised than the man who seeks sanctuary from philosophical persecution within the walls of the observatory or of the laboratory. It is said that 'metaphysics' owe their name to the fact that, in Aristotle's works, questions of pure philosophy are dealt with immediately after those of physics. If so, the accident is happily symbolical of the essential relations of things; for metaphysical speculation follows as closely upon physical theory as black care upon the horseman.

One need but mention such fundamental, and indeed indispensable, conceptions of the natural philosopher as those of atoms and forces; or that of attraction considered as action at a distance; or that of potential energy; or the antinomies of a vacuum and a plenum; to call to mind the metaphysical background of physics and chemistry; while, in the biological sciences, the case is still worse. What is an individual among the lower plants and animals? Are genera and species realities or abstractions? Is there such a thing as Vital Force? or does the name denote a mere relic of metaphysical fetichism? Is the doctrine of final causes legitimate or illegitimate? These are a few of the metaphysical topics which are suggested by the most elementary study of biological facts. But, more than this, it may be truly said that the roots of every system of philosophy lie deep among the facts of physiology. No one can doubt that the organs and the functions of Sensation are as much a part of the province of the physiologist, as are the organs and functions of motion, or those of digestion; and yet it is impossible to gain an acquaintance with even the rudiments of the physiology of sensation without being led straight to one of the most fundamental of all metaphysical problems. In fact, the sensory operations have been, from time immemorial, the battle-ground of philosophers.

I have more than once taken occasion to point out that we are indebted to Descartes, who happened to be a physiologist as well as a philosopher, for the first distinct enunciation of the essential elements of the true theory of sensation. In later times, it is not to

the works of the philosophers, if Hartley and James Mill are excepted, but to those of the physiologists, that we must turn for an adequate account of the sensory process. Haller's luminous, though summary, account of sensation in his admirable *Prima Linea*, the first edition of which was printed in 1747, offers a striking contrast to the prolixity and confusion of thought which pervade Reid's *Inquiry*, of seventeen years' later date.* Even Sir William Hamilton, learned historian and acute critic as he was, not only failed to apprehend the philosophical bearing of long-established physiological truths; but, when he affirmed that there is no reason to deny that the mind feels at the finger points, and none to assert that the brain is the sole organ of thought,† he showed that he had not apprehended the significance of the revolution commenced, two hundred years before his time, by Descartes, and effectively followed up by Haller, Hartley, and Bonnet in the middle of the last century.

In truth, the theory of sensation, except in one point, is, at the present moment, very much where Hartley, led by a hint of Sir Isaac Newton's, left it,

* In justice to Reid, however, it should be stated that the chapters on Sensation in the *Essays on the Intellectual Powers* (1785) exhibit a great improvement. He is, in fact, in advance of his commentator, as the note to Essay II. chap. ii. p. 248 of Hamilton's edition shows.

† Haller, amplifying Descartes, writes in the *Prima Linea*, CCCLXVI.—'Non est adeo obscurum sensum omnem oriri ab objecti sensibilis impressione in nervum quemcumque corporis humani, et eandem per eum nervum ad cerebrum pervenientem tunc demum representari animæ, quando cerebrum adigit. Ut etiam hoc falsum sit animam inproximo per sensoria nervorumque ramos sentire.' . . . DLVII.—'Dum ergo sentimus quinque diversissima entia conjunguntur; corpus quod sentimus: organi sensorii affectio ab eo corpore: cerebri affectio a sensorii percussione nata: in anima nata mutatio: animæ denique conscientia et sensationis adperceptio.' Nevertheless, Sir William Hamilton gravely informs his hearers:—'We have no more right to deny that the mind feels at the finger points, as consciousness assures us, than to assert that it thinks exclusively in the brain.'—*Lecture on Metaphysics and Logic*, ii. p. 128.—'We have no reason whatever to doubt the report of consciousness, that we actually perceive at the external point of sensation, and that we perceive the material reality.'—*Ibid.* p. 129.

when, a hundred and twenty years since, the *Observations on Man: his Frame, his Duty, and his Expectations*, was laid before the world. The whole matter is put in a nutshell in the following passages of this notable book:—

External objects impressed upon the senses occasion, first on the nerves on which they are impressed, and then on the brain, vibrations of the small and, as we may say, infinitesimal medullary particles.

These vibrations are motions backwards and forwards of the small particles; of the same kind with the oscillations of pendulums and the tremblings of the particles of sounding bodies. They must be conceived to be exceedingly short and small, so as not to have the least efficacy to disturb or move the whole bodies of the nerves or brain.*

The white medullary substance of the brain is also the immediate instrument by which ideas are presented to the mind; or, in other words, whatever changes are made in this substance, corresponding changes are made in our ideas; and *vice versa*.†

Hartley, like Haller, had no conception of the nature and functions of the grey matter of the brain. But, if for 'white medullary substance,' in the latter paragraph, we substitute 'grey cellular substance,' Hartley's propositions embody the most probable conclusions which are to be drawn from the latest investigations of physiologists. In order to judge how completely this is the case, it will be well to study some simple case of sensation, and, following the example of Reid and of James Mill, we may begin with the sense of smell. Suppose that I become aware of a musky scent, to which the name of 'muskiness' may be given. I call this an odor, and I class it along with the feelings of light, colors, sounds, tastes, and the like, among those phenomena which are known as sensations. To say that I am aware of this phenomenon, or that I have it, or that it exists, are simply different modes of affirming the same facts. If I am asked how I know that it exists, I can only reply that its existence and my knowledge of it are one and the same thing; in short, that my

knowledge is immediate or intuitive, and, as such, is possessed of the highest conceivable degree of certainty.

The pure sensation of muskiness is almost sure to be followed by a mental state which is not a sensation, but a belief, that there is somewhere close at hand a something on which the existence of the sensation depends. It may be a musk-deer, or a musk-rat, or a musk-plant, or a grain of dry musk, or simply a scented handkerchief; but former experience leads us to believe that the sensation is due to the presence of one or other of these objects, and that it will vanish if the object is removed. In other words, there arises a belief in an external cause of the muskiness, which, in common language, is termed an odorous body.

But the manner in which this belief is usually put into words is strangely misleading. If we are dealing with a musk-plant, for example, we do not confine ourselves to a simple statement of that which we believe, and say that the musk-plant is the cause of the sensation called muskiness; but we say that the plant has a musky smell, and we speak of the odor as a quality, or property, inherent in the plant. And the inevitable reaction of words upon thought has in this case become so complete, and has penetrated so deeply, that when an accurate statement of the case—namely, that muskiness, inasmuch as the term denotes nothing but a sensation, is a mental state and has no existence except as a mental phenomenon—is first brought under the notice of common-sense folks, it is usually regarded by them as what they are pleased to call a mere metaphysical paradox and a patent example of useless subtlety. Yet the slightest reflection must suffice to convince any one possessed of sound reasoning faculties, that it is as absurd to suppose that muskiness is a quality inherent in one plant, as it would be to imagine that pain is a quality inherent in another, because we feel pain when a thorn pricks the finger.

Even the common-sense philosopher, *par excellence*, says of smell: 'It appears to be a simple and original affection or feeling of the mind, altogether inexplicable and unaccountable. It is indeed impossible that it can be in any

* *Observations on Man*, vol. i. p. 11.

† *Ibid.* p. 8. The speculations of Bonnet are remarkably similar to those of Hartley; and they appear to have originated independently, though the *Essai de Psychologie* (1754) is of five years' later date than the *Observations on Man* (1749).

body: it is a sensation, and a sensation can only be in a sentient thing.*

That which is true of muskiness is true of every other odor. Lavender-smell, clove-smell, garlic-smell, are, like 'muskiness,' names of states of consciousness, and have no existence except as such. But, in ordinary language, we speak of all these odors as if they were independent entities residing in lavender, cloves, and garlic; and it is not without a certain struggle that the false metaphysic of common sense, thus ingrained in us, is expelled.

It is unnecessary for the present purpose to inquire into the origin of our belief in external bodies, or into that of the notion of causation. Assuming the existence of an external world, there is no difficulty in obtaining experimental proof that, as a general rule, olfactory sensations are caused by odorous bodies; and we may pass on to the next step of the inquiry—namely, how the odorous body produces the effect attributed to it.

The first point to noted here is another fact revealed by experience; that the appearance of the sensation is governed, not only by the presence of the odorous substance, but by the condition of a certain part of our corporeal structure, the nose. If the nostrils are closed, the presence of the odorous substance does not give rise to the sensation; while, when they are open, the sensation is intensified by the approximation of the odorous substance to them, and by snuffing up the adjacent air in such a manner as to draw it into the nose. On the other hand, looking at an odorous substance, or rubbing it on the skin, or holding it to the ear, does not awaken the sensation. Thus, it can be readily established by experiment that the per-

viousness of the nasal passages is, in some way, essential to the sensory function; in fact, that the organ of that function is lodged somewhere in the nasal passages. And, since odorous bodies give rise to their effects at considerable distances, the suggestion is obvious that something must pass from them into the sense organ. What is this something which plays the part of an intermediary between the odorous body and the sensory organ?

The oldest speculation about the matter dates back to Democritus and the Epicurean School, and it is to be found fully stated in the fourth book of Lucretius. It comes to this: that the surfaces of bodies are constantly throwing off excessively attenuated films of their own substance; and that these films reaching the mind, excite the appropriate sensations in it.

Aristotle did not admit the existence of any such material films, but conceived that it was the form of the substance, and not its matter, which affected sense, as a seal impresses wax, without losing anything in the process. While many, if not the majority, of the Schoolmen took up an intermediate position, and supposed that a something which was not exactly either material or immaterial, and which they called an 'intentional species,' effected the needful communication between the bodily cause of sensation and the mind.

But all these notions, whatever may be said for, or against, them in general, are fundamentally defective, by reason of an oversight which was inevitable, in the state of knowledge at the time in which they were promulgated. What the older philosophers did not know, and could not know, before the anatomist and physiologist had done his work, is that, between the external object and that mind in which they supposed the sensation to inhere, there lies a physical obstacle. The sense organ is not a mere passage by which the 'tenuia simulacra rerum,' or the 'intentional species' cast off by objects, or the 'forms' of sensible things, pass straight to the mind; on the contrary, it stands as a firm and impervious barrier, through which no material particle of the world without can make its way to the world within.

* *An Inquiry into the Human Mind on the Principles of Common Sense*, ch. II. § 2. Reid affirms that 'it is genius and not the want of it that adulterates philosophy, and fills it with error and false theory; and no doubt his own lucubrations are free from the smallest taint of the impurity to which he objects. But for want of something more than that 'common sense' which is very common and a little dull, the contemner of genius did not notice that the admission here made knocks so big a hole in the bottom of 'common sense philosophy,' that nothing can save it from foundering in the dreaded abyss of Idealism.

Let us consider the olfactory sense organ more nearly. Each of the nostrils leads into a passage completely separated from the other by a partition, and these two passages place the nostrils in free communication with the back of the throat, so that they freely transmit the air passing to the lungs when the mouth is shut, as in ordinary breathing. The floor of each passage is flat, but its roof is a high arch, the crown of which is seated between the orbital cavities of the skull, which serve for the lodgment and protection of the eyes; and therefore lies behind the apparent limits of that feature which in ordinary language is called the nose. From the side walls of the upper and back part of these arched chambers, certain delicate plates of bone project, and these, as well as a considerable part of the partition between the two chambers, are covered by a fine, soft, moist membrane. It is to this Schneiderian, or olfactory, membrane that odorous bodies must obtain direct access if they are to give rise to their appropriate sensations; and it is upon the relatively large surface which the olfactory membrane offers that we must seek for the seat of the organ of the olfactory sense. The only essential part of that organ consists of a multitude of minute rod-like bodies, set perpendicularly to the surface of the membrane, and forming a part of the cellular coat, or epithelium, which covers the olfactory membrane, as the epidermis covers the skin. In the case of the olfactory sense, there can be no doubt that the Democratic hypothesis, at any rate for such odorous substances as musk, has a good foundation. Infinitesimal particles of musk fly off from the surface of the odorous body, and, becoming diffused through the air, are carried into the nasal passages, and thence into the olfactory chambers, where they come into contact with the filamentous extremities of the delicate olfactory epithelium.

But this is not all. The 'mind' is not, so to speak, upon the other side of the epithelium. On the contrary, the inner ends of the olfactory cells are connected with nerve fibres, and these nerve fibres, passing into the cavity of the skull, at length end in a part of the brain, the olfactory sensorium. It is certain that the integrity of each, and

the physical inter-connection of all these three structures, the epithelium of the sensory organ, the nerve fibres, and the sensorium, are essential conditions of ordinary sensation. That is to say, the air in the olfactory chambers may be charged with particles of musk; but, if either the epithelium, or the nerve fibres, or the sensorium are injured, or physically disconnected from one another, sensation will not arise. Moreover, the epithelium may be said to be receptive, the nerve fibres transmissive, and the sensorium sensifacient. For, in the act of smelling, the particles of the odorous substance produce a molecular change (which Hartley was in all probability right in terming a vibration) in the epithelium, and this change, being transmitted to the nerve fibres, passes along them with a measurable velocity, and, finally reaching the sensorium, is immediately followed by the sensation.

Thus, modern investigation supplies a representative of the Epicurean simula-cra in the volatile particles of the musk; but it also gives us the stamp of the particles on the olfactory epithelium, without any transmission of matter, as the equivalent of the Aristotelian 'form'; while, finally, the modes of motion of the molecules of the olfactory cell, of the nerve, and of the cerebral sensorium, which are Hartley's vibrations, may stand very well for a double of the 'intentional species' of the Schoolmen. And this last remark is not intended merely to suggest a fanciful parallel; for, if the cause of the sensation is, as analogy suggests, to be sought in the mode of motion of the object of sense, then it is quite possible that the particular mode of motion of the object is reproduced in the sensorium; exactly as the diaphragm of a telephone reproduces the mode of motion taken up at its receiving end. In other words, the secondary 'intentional species' may be, as the Schoolmen thought the primary one was, the last link between matter and mind.

None the less, however, does it remain true that no similarity exists, nor indeed is conceivable, between the cause of the sensation and the sensation. Attend as closely to the sensations of muskiness, or any other odor, as we will, no trace of extension, resistance, or motion is

discernible in them. They have no attribute in common with those which we ascribe to matter; they are, in the strictest sense of the words, immaterial entities.

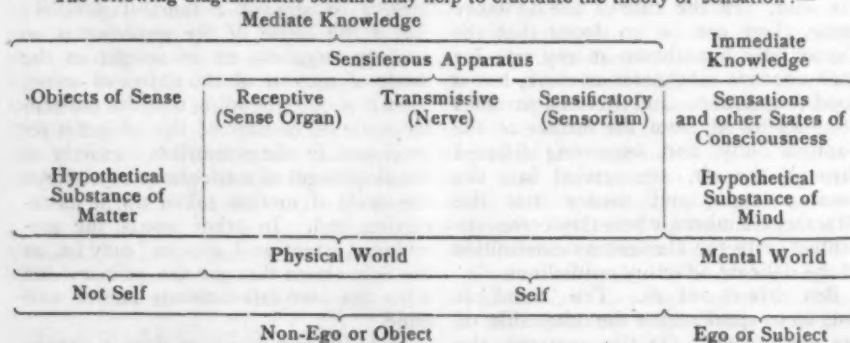
Thus, the most elementary study of sensation justifies Descartes' position, that we know more of mind than we do of body; that the immaterial world is a firmer reality than the material. For the sensation 'muskiness' is known immediately. So long as it persists, it is a part of what we call our thinking selves, and its existence lies beyond the possibility of doubt. The knowledge of an objective or material cause of the sensation, on the other hand, is mediate; it is a belief as contradistinguished from an intuition; and it is a belief which, in any given instance of sensation, may, by possibility, be devoid of foundation. For odors, like other sensations, may arise from the occurrence of the appropriate molecular changes in the nerve or in the sensorium, by the operation of a cause distinct from the affection of the sense organ by an odorous body. Such 'subjective' sensations are as real existences as any others and as distinctly suggest an external odorous object as their cause; but the belief thus generated is a delusion. And, if beliefs are properly termed 'testimonies of consciousness,' then undoubtedly the testimony of consciousness may be, and often is, untrustworthy.

Another very important consideration arises out of the facts as they are now known. That which, in the absence of a knowledge of the physiology of sensation, we call the cause of the smell, and term the odorous object, is only such, mediately, by reason of its emitting particles which give rise to a mode of motion in the sense organ. The sense organ, again, is only a mediate cause by reason of its producing a molecular change in the nerve fibre; while this last change is also only a mediate cause of sensation, depending, as it does, upon the change which it excites in the sensorium.

The sense organ, the nerve, and the sensorium, taken together, constitute the sensiferous apparatus. They make up the thickness of the wall between the mind, as represented by the sensation 'muskiness,' and the object, as represented by the particle of musk in contact with the olfactory epithelium.

It will be observed that the sensiferous wall and the external world are of the same nature; whatever it is that constitutes them both is expressible in terms of matter and motion. Whatever changes take place in the sensiferous apparatus are continuous with, and similar to, those which take place in the external world.* But with the sensorium, matter and motion come to an end; while phenomena of another order, or immaterial states of consciousness, make their ap-

*The following diagrammatic scheme may help to elucidate the theory of sensation:—



Immediate knowledge is confined to states of consciousness, or, in other words, to the phenomena of mind. Knowledge of the physical world, or of one's own body and of objects external to it, is a system of beliefs or judgments based on the sensations. The term 'self' is applied not only to the series of mental phenomena which constitute the ego, but to the fragment of the physical world which is their constant concomitant. The corporeal self, therefore, is part of the non-ego; and is objective in relation to the ego as subject.

pearance. How is the relation between the material and the immaterial phenomena to be conceived? This is the metaphysical problem of problems, and the solutions which have been suggested have been made the corner-stones of systems of philosophy. Three mutually irreconcilable readings of the riddle have been offered.

The first is, that an immaterial substance of mind exists; and that it is affected by the mode of motion of the sensorium in such a way as to give rise to the sensation.

The second is, that the sensation is a direct effect of the mode of motion of the sensorium, brought about without the intervention of any substance of mind.

The third is, that the sensation is neither directly, nor indirectly, an effect of the mode of motion of the sensorium, but that it has an independent cause. Properly speaking, therefore, it is not an effect of the motion of the sensorium, but a concomitant of it.

As none of these hypotheses is capable of even an approximation to demonstration, it is almost needless to remark that they have been severally held with tenacity and advocated with passion. I do not think it can be said of any of the three that it is inconceivable, or that it can be assumed on *à priori* grounds to be impossible.

Consider the first, for example; an immaterial substance is perfectly conceivable. In fact, it is obvious that, if we possessed no sensations but those of smell and hearing, we should be unable to conceive a material substance. We might have a conception of time, but could have none of extension, or of resistance, or of motion. And without the three latter conceptions no idea of matter could be formed. Our whole knowledge would be limited to that of a shifting succession of immaterial phenomena. But, if an immaterial substance may exist, it may have any conceivable properties; and sensation may be one of them. All these propositions may be affirmed with complete dialectic safety, inasmuch as they cannot possibly be disproved; but neither can a particle of demonstrative evidence be offered in favor of them.

As regards the second hypothesis, it

certainly is not inconceivable, and therefore it may be true, that sensation is the direct effect of certain kinds of bodily motion. It is just as easy to suppose this as to suppose, on the former hypothesis, that bodily motion affects an immaterial substance. But neither is it susceptible of proof.

And, as to the third hypothesis, since the logic of induction is in no case competent to prove that events apparently standing in the relation of cause and effect may not both be effects of a common cause—that also is as safe from refutation, if as incapable of demonstration, as the other two.

In my own opinion, neither of these speculations can be regarded seriously as anything but a more or less convenient working hypothesis. But, if I must choose among them, I take the 'law of parcimony' for my guide, and select the simplest—namely, that the sensation is the direct effect of the mode of motion of the sensorium. It may justly be said that this is not the slightest explanation of sensation; but then am I really any the wiser, if I say that a sensation is an activity (of which I know nothing) of a substance of mind (of which also I know nothing)? Or, if I say that the Deity causes the sensation to arise in my mind immediately after He has caused the particles of the sensorium to move in a certain way, is anything gained? In truth, a sensation, as we have already seen, is an intuition—a part of immediate knowledge. As such it is an ultimate fact and inexplicable; and all that we can hope to find out about it, and that indeed is worth finding out, is its relation to other natural facts. That relation appears to me to be sufficiently expressed, for all practical purposes, by saying that sensation is the invariable consequent of certain changes in the sensorium—or, in other words, that, so far as we know, the change in the sensorium is the cause of the sensation.

I permit myself to imagine that the untutored, if noble, savage of common sense who has been misled into reading thus far by the hope of getting positive solid information about sensation, giving way to not unnatural irritation, may here interpellate: 'The upshot of all this long disquisition is that we are profoundly ignorant. We knew that to begin with,

and you have merely furnished another example of the emptiness and uselessness of metaphysics.' But I venture to reply, Pardon me, you were ignorant, but you did not know it. On the contrary, you thought you knew a great deal, and were quite satisfied with the particularly absurd metaphysical notions which you were pleased to call the teachings of common sense. You thought that your sensations were properties of external things, and had an existence outside of yourself. You thought that you knew more about material than you do about immaterial existences. And if, as a wise man has assured us, the knowledge of what we don't know is the next best thing to the knowledge of what we do know, this brief excursion into the province of philosophy has been highly profitable.

Of all the dangerous mental habits, that which schoolboys call 'cocksureness' is probably the most perilous; and the inestimable value of metaphysical discipline is that it furnishes an effectual counterpoise to this evil proclivity. Whoso has mastered the elements of philosophy knows that the attribute of unquestionable certainty appertains only to the existence of a state of consciousness so long as it exists; all other beliefs are mere probabilities of a higher or lower order. Sound metaphysic is an amulet which renders its possessor proof alike against the poison of superstition and the counter-poison of nihilism; by showing that the affirmations of the former and the denials of the latter alike deal with matters about which, for lack of evidence, nothing can be either affirmed or denied.

I have dwelt at length upon the nature and origin of our sensations of smell, on account of the comparative freedom of the olfactory sense from the complications which are met with in most of the other senses.

Sensations of taste, however, are generated in almost as simple a fashion as those of smell. In this case, the sense organ is the epithelium which covers the tongue and the palate; and which sometimes, becoming modified, gives rise to peculiar organs termed 'gustatory bulbs,' in which the epithelial cells elongate and assume a somewhat rod-like form.

Nerve fibres connect the sensory organ with the sensorium, and tastes or flavors are states of consciousness caused by the change of molecular state of the latter. In the case of the sense of touch there is often no sense organ distinct from the general epidermis. But many fishes and amphibia exhibit local modifications of the epidermic cells which are sometimes extraordinarily like the gustatory bulbs; more commonly, both in lower and higher animals, the effect of the contact of external bodies is intensified by the development of hair-like filaments, or of true hairs, the bases of which are in immediate relation with the ends of the sensory nerves. Every one must have noticed the extreme delicacy of the sensations produced by the contact of bodies with the ends of the hairs of the head; and the 'whiskers' of cats owe their functional importance to the abundant supply of nerves to the follicles in which their bases are lodged. What part, if any, the so-called 'tactile corpuscles,' 'end bulbs,' and 'Pacinian bodies' play in the mechanism of touch is unknown. If they are sense organs, they are exceptional in character, in so far as they do not appear to be modifications of the epidermis. Nothing is known respecting the sense organs of those sensations of resistance which are grouped under the head of the muscular sense; nor of the sensations of warmth and cold; nor of that very singular sensation which we call tickling.

In the case of heat and cold, the organism not only becomes affected by external bodies, far more remote than those which affect the sense of smell; but the Democratic hypothesis is obviously no longer permissible. When the direct rays of the sun fall upon the skin, the sensation of heat is certainly not caused by 'attenuated films' thrown off from that luminary, but to a mode of motion which is transmitted to us. In Aristotelian phrase, it is the form without the matter of the sun which stamps the sense organ; and this, translated into modern language, means nearly the same thing as Hartley's vibrations. Thus we are prepared for what happens in the case of the auditory and the visual senses. For neither the ear nor the eye receives anything but the impulses or vibrations originated by sonorous or

luminous bodies. Nevertheless, the receptive apparatus still consists of nothing but specially modified epithelial cells. In the labyrinth of the ear of the higher animals the free ends of these cells terminate in excessively delicate hair-like filaments; while, in the lower forms of auditory organ, its free surface is beset with delicate hairs like those of the surface of the body, and the transmissive nerves are connected with the bases of these hairs. Thus there is an insensible gradation in the forms of the receptive apparatus, from the organ of touch, on the one hand, to those of taste and smell; and, on the other hand, to that of hearing. Even in the case of the most refined of all the sense organs, that of vision, the receptive apparatus departs but little from the general type. The only essential constituent of the visual sense organ is the retina, which forms so small a part of the eyes of the higher animals; and the simplest eyes are nothing but portions of the integument, in which the cells of the epidermis have become converted into glassy rod-like retinal corpuscles. The outer ends of these are turned towards the light; their sides are more or less extensively coated with a dark pigment, and their inner ends are connected with the transmissive nerve fibres. The light impinging on these visual rods produces a change in them which is communicated to the nerve fibres, and, being transmitted to the sensorium, gives rise to the sensation—if indeed all animals which possess eyes are endowed with what we understand as sensation.

In the higher animals, a complicated apparatus of lenses, arranged on the principle of a camera obscura, serves at once to concentrate and to individualise the pencils of light proceeding from external bodies. But the essential part of the organ of vision is still a layer of cells which have the form of rods with truncated or conical ends. By what seems a strange anomaly, however, the glassy ends of these are turned not towards, but away from, the light; and the latter has to traverse the layer of nervous tissues with which their outer ends are connected, before it can affect them. Moreover, the rods and cones of the vertebrate retina are so deeply seated, and in many respects so peculiar in character,

that it appears impossible, at first sight, that they can have anything to do with that epidermis of which gustatory and tactile, and at any rate the lower forms of auditory and visual, organs are obvious modifications.

Whatever be the apparent diversities among the sensiferous apparatuses, however, they share certain common characters. Each consists of a receptive, a transmissive, and a sensificatory portion. The essential part of the first is an epithelium, of the second, nerve fibres, of the third, a part of the brain; the sensation is always the consequence of the mode of motion excited in the receptive, and sent along the transmissive, to the sensorial part of the sensiferous apparatus. And, in all the senses, there is no likeness whatever between the object of sense, which is matter in motion, and the sensation, which is an immaterial phenomenon.

On the hypothesis which appears to me to be the most convenient, sensation is a product of the sensiferous apparatus caused by certain modes of motion which are set up in it by impulses from without. The sensiferous apparatuses are, as it were, factories, all of which at the one end receive raw materials of a similar kind—namely, modes of motion—while, at the other, each turns out a special product, the feeling which constitutes the kind of sensation characteristic of it.

Or, to make use of a closer comparison, each sensiferous apparatus is comparable to a musical-box wound up; with as many tunes as there are separate sensations. The object of a simple sensation is the agent which presses down the stop of one of these tunes, and the more feeble the agent, the more delicate must be the mobility of the stop.*

But if this be the case, if the recipient part of the sensiferous apparatus is, in all cases, merely a mechanism affected by coarser or finer kinds of material motion, we might expect to find that all sense organs are fundamentally alike, and result from the modification of the same morphological elements. And this is exactly what does result from all re-

* 'Chaque fibre est une espèce de touche on de marteau destiné à rendre un certain ton.'—Bonnet, *Essai de Psychologie*, chap. iv.

cent histological and embryological investigations.

It has been seen that the receptive part of the olfactory apparatus is a slightly modified epithelium, which lines an olfactory chamber deeply seated between the orbits in adult human beings. But, if we trace back the nasal chambers to their origin in the embryo, we find that, to begin with, they are mere depressions of the skin of the fore part of the head, lined by a continuation of the general epidermis. These depressions become pits, and the pits, by the growth of the adjacent parts, gradually acquire the position which they finally occupy. The olfactory organ, therefore, is a specially modified part of the general integument.

The human ear would seem to present greater difficulties. For the essential part of the sense organ, in this case, is the membranous labyrinth, a bag of complicated form, which lies buried in the depths of the floor of the skull, and is surrounded by dense and solid bone. Here, however, recourse to the study of development readily unravels the mystery. Shortly after the time when the olfactory organ appears as a depression of the skin on the side of the fore part of the head, the auditory organ appears as a similar depression on the side of its back part. The depression, rapidly deepening, becomes a small pouch, and then, the communication with the exterior becoming shut off, the pouch is converted into a closed bag, the epithelial lining of which is a part of the general epidermis segregated from the rest. The adjacent tissues, changing first into cartilage and then into bone, enclose the auditory sac in a strong case, in which it undergoes its further metamorphoses; while the drum, the ear bones, and the external ear are superadded by no less extraordinary modifications of the adjacent parts. Still more marvellous is the history of the development of the organ of vision. In the place of the eye, as in that of the nose and that of the ear, the young embryo presents a depression of the general integument; but, in man and the higher animals, this does not give rise to the proper sensory organ, but only to part of the accessory structures concerned in vision. In fact, this depression, deepening and becoming con-

verted into a shut sac, produces only the cornea, the aqueous humor, and the crystalline lens of the perfect eye.

The retina is added to this by the outgrowth of the wall of a portion of the brain into a sort of bag or sac with a narrow neck, the convex bottom of which is turned outwards or towards the crystalline lens. As the development of the eye proceeds, the convex bottom of the bag becomes pushed in, so that it gradually obliterates the cavity of the sac, the previously convex wall of which becomes deeply concave. The sac of the brain is now like a double nightcap ready for the head, but the place which the head would occupy is taken by the vitreous humor, while the layer of nightcap next it becomes the retina. The cells of this layer which lie furthest from the vitreous humor, or, in other words, bound the original cavity of the sac, are metamorphosed into the rods and cones. Suppose now that the sac of the brain could be brought back to its original form; then the rods and cones would form part of the lining of a side pouch of the brain. But one of the most wonderful revelations of embryology is the proof of the fact that the brain itself is, at its first beginning, merely an infolding of the epidermic layer of the general integument. Hence it follows that the rods and cones of the vertebrate eye are modified epidermic cells, as much as the crystalline cones of the insect or crustacean eye are; and that the inversion of the position of the former in relation to light arises simply from the roundabout way in which the vertebrate retina is developed.

Thus all the higher sense organs start from one foundation, and the receptive epithelium of the eye, or of the ear, is as much modified epidermis as is that of the nose. The structural unity of the sense organs is the morphological parallel to their identity of physiological function, which, as we have seen, is to be impressed by certain modes of motion; and they are fine or coarse in proportion to the delicacy or the strength of the impulses by which they are to be affected.

In ultimate analysis, then, it appears that a sensation is the equivalent in terms of consciousness for a mode of motion of the matter of the sensorium.

But, if inquiry is pushed a stage further, and the question is asked, What then do we know about matter and motion? there is but one reply possible. All that we know about motion is that it is a name for certain changes in the relations of our visual, tactile, and muscular sensations; and all that we know about matter is that it is the hypothetical substance of physical phenomena—the assumption of the existence of which is as pure a piece of metaphysical speculation as that of the substance of mind.

Our sensations, our pleasures, our pains, and the relations of these make up the sum total of the elements of positive, unquestionable knowledge. We call a large section of these sensations and their relations matter and motion; the rest we term mind and thinking; and experience shows that there is a certain constant order of succession between some of the former and some of the latter.

This is all that just metaphysical criticism leaves of the idols set up by the

spurious metaphysics of vulgar common sense. It is consistent either with pure Materialism, or with pure Idealism, but it is neither. For the Idealist, not content with declaring the truth that our knowledge is limited to facts of consciousness, affirms the wholly unprovable proposition that nothing exists beyond these and the substance of mind. And, on the other hand, the Materialist, holding by the truth that, for anything that appears to the contrary, material phenomena are the causes of mental phenomena, asserts his unprovable dogma, that material phenomena and the substance of matter are the sole primary existences.

Strike out the propositions about which neither controversialist does or can know anything, and there is nothing left for them to quarrel about. Make a desert of the Unknowable, and the divine Astræa of philosophic peace will commence her blessed reign.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

MR. RUSKIN'S SOCIETY.*

MR. RUSKIN'S Guild of St. George has held its first "chapter," and one of the most thoroughly English towns in England has been the scene of it. Perhaps very few, besides readers of "*Fors Clavigera*," have been aware that the great prose-poet to whose genius we owe the debt of a new and noble impulse in Art, and one of the cardinal points in whose teaching has always been the interdependence between the artistic and moral energy of a nation, has for a long time endeavored to put his protest against, what he holds to be, the evil influences of the age, in the most practical form possible, namely, a Society of which the actual working should be in direct and visible opposition to them. Those who accepted his teaching were asked to contribute, according to their ability, towards the obtaining land in England, within the limits of which, subject to existing laws, an example

might be set, firstly, of the right relations between landlord and tenant, master and servant; secondly, of the best education of the young, or indeed we may as well say, of the most excellent discipline and training of old and young; and thirdly, of the wisest and most beneficial use of the ground, by cultivation, for the most part, but sometimes by careful neglect, where great natural beauty, or other reasons, made such neglect desirable. It may sound strange, but moneys and land have been given to a society formed for this purpose. "Companions," not many, it must be confessed, have been enrolled, and their first meeting was held the other day in Birmingham! It was, we have been told, a perfectly matter-of-fact affair. Mr. Ruskin himself was unfortunately unable to be present, and the address from him, which was read, was a poor substitute for his voice and presence; but even if he had been there, however much greater the interest of the meeting would have been, he would have had no very astonishing marvel to tell; nothing wherewith to strike the imagination, like

* We give this account from a friend to the scheme, as of a certain intellectual interest. We pass no criticism on what may be called a dream of fair living.—Ed. *Spectator*.

the acquisition of some bold outlying island in which the experiment might be, as the public would think, fairly tried; nothing—except, indeed, his own eloquent words—to lessen the sense of disproportion which could not but attend the first actual setting to work of a society with so lofty an aim, and such vague, imagined possibilities of all-embracing growth, as are involved in the design of St. George's Guild. The aim is high, and the framework capable, in its author's hope, of indefinite expansion; but the lines are so laid that the world will, perhaps, be the better for the experiment, if only a small measure of success, such as it is within reason to hope for, be obtained. The public has heard less of the essential than of the minor and somewhat fantastic details of the scheme. They have been used to regard Mr. Ruskin (when they thought of him as anything else than a great art-critic, the greatest, perhaps, that ever lived), as one who had lost all patience with the world, and who had gone utterly wrong in his views about the currency; he was childish about railways, machinery, and the sacred right of getting the best interest you could for your money; he was a hater of liberty and progress,—yet positively, no better than a Communist, if all that was said of this new brotherhood of his were true. Undoubtedly "*Fors Clavigera*," or the pamphlet of that name which he gave to the world, or to those who took the trouble to write to Mr. George Allen for it, month by month for eight years, until his untoward illness, was, to say the very least, most varied and delightful reading. In its pages Mr. Ruskin has used to the full the license which clearly belongs to founders of imaginary republics, and has given his mind to a great variety of details in the economy of his own. He has told us what the National Store—in place of the National Debt—shall consist of; has fixed his standard of value; chosen his coinage, a most lovely one, of course—the ducat and half-ducat, with the Archangel Michael on one side and a branch of Alpine rose on the other, in gold—the florin and penny, with its English daisy, and divisions of the penny, in silver; has meditated laws regulating dress and ornament; all in the most picturesque and quaintly-word-

ed way. In fact many a page is, as it were, stiff with garniture of antique phrases, titles, and dignities, gathered from wide ranges of history, to be revived for modern use; in the midst of which the master's—*i.e.*, Mr. Ruskin's—accounts, household and other, and Messrs. Tarrant and Mackrell, solicitors', letter conveying the information that "the Companions of St. George will indeed be capable of holding land, but not as the St. George's Company, that is, not as a corporation," and giving warning of various legal and other dangers, come in as passages of quite unilluminated prose. But there was no number of the series which did not contain passages of great beauty and sterling value, and over and over again, Mr. Ruskin stated in a clear and direct manner, the objects of the Society, and what he proposed should be its methods of action. Every one knows how, in his opinion, and in some other people's also, the world is in a very bad way,—selfishness, vanity, and practical atheism having wholly undermined the framework of social order, degraded labor, and destroyed art. Those, to whom acquiescence in such a state of things is intolerable, are asked to form a Guild, "the object of which is to be the health, wealth, and long life of the British nation," or, as he puts it elsewhere, "to buy, or obtain by gift, land in England, and thereon to train into the healthiest and most refined life possible, as many English men, English women, and English children, as the land so possessed can maintain in comfort; to establish for them and their descendants a National Store of continually augmenting wealth; and to organise the government of the persons, and administration of the properties under laws which shall be just to all, and secure in their inviolable foundation on the Law of God." "The rents of such land, though they will be required from the tenants as strictly as those of any other estates, will differ from common rents primarily in being lowered, instead of raised, in proportion to every improvement made by the tenant; secondly, in that they will be entirely used for the benefit of the tenantry themselves, or better culture of the estates, no money being ever taken by the landlords, unless they earn it by their

own personal labor." So much for the difficult subject of rent, regarded from the landlord's side. The unselfishness which is thus largely counted on in the matter of gifts of land, to begin with, and the surrender of rents in perpetuity, is, after all, no larger than that which founded and endowed old-world monasteries. As the leases of such lands fall in, the directing power of St. George will come more and more into play. Conditions as to the use of steam-power will be made. (We may observe, by the way, that Mr. Ruskin does not reject "the use of steam or other modes of *heat-power* under all circumstances, and would allow it for speed on main lines of communication, and for raising water from great depths, or other work beyond human strength.") "Schools and museums, always small and instantly serviceable, will be multiplying among the villages,—youth after youth being instructed in the proper laws of justice, patriotism, and domestic happiness." Those of the Companions who can, will reside, and see that St. George's laws, as well as those of the land, are duly obeyed. These St. George's laws "will, most of them, be merely old English laws revived, and the rest Florentine and Roman; none will be constituted but such as have already been in force among great nations." No persons will be appointed to lordships who cannot show proofs of a right-divine to rule. "Higher by the head, broader by the shoulders, and heartier in the will, the lord of land and lives must ever be than those he rules." There is to be no equality in St. George's domain, "no competitive examinations"—here we turn to the educational side of the scheme—"but contrariwise, absolute prohibition of all violent and strained effort—most of all, envious or anxious effort—in every exercise of body and mind;" the natural mental rank will be as carefully sought out, we suppose, as it ever was by Jesuit instructors: each scholar will be taught to know his place, to be content with his faculty, while putting it to the best use he can, and to cultivate reverent admiration of superior faculties as one of the first of duties. Wordsworth's line, "We live by admiration, hope, and love," seems to represent the ever-present, up-lifting thought

of Mr. Ruskin's mind, when dealing with the subject of education:—"All boys shall learn either to ride or sail, the power of highest discipline and honor being vested by Nature in the two chivalries of the Horse and the Wave." "Children shall learn, in the history of five cities—Athens, Rome, Venice, Florence, and London—so far as they can understand, what has been beautifully and bravely done; and they shall know the lives of the heroes and heroines in truth and naturalness; and shall be taught to remember the greatest of them on the days of their birth and death, so that the year shall have its full calendar of reverent Memory. And on every day, part of their morning service shall be a song in honor of the hero whose birth-day it is; and part of their evening service, a song of triumph for the fair death of one whose death-day it is; and in their first learning of notes, they shall be taught the great purpose of music, which is to say a thing which you mean deeply, in the strongest and clearest possible way."

The great doctrine of the value to mind and body of a fair proportion of manual labor will be well kept in view,—labor, that is, with tools, not machines. The thought of the studious person will be made wholesome by bodily toil, the toil of the laborer noble by elevated thought. Nay, Mr. Ruskin would have us "able to imagine (not an easy thing, he declares, for any person trained in modern habits of thought) a true and refined scholarship, of which the essential foundation is to be skill in some useful labor." Even coarse work, in pure air and in the midst of nature which has not been unfairly dealt with, ought not of itself to tend in any degree to render any human being unable to love beautiful things in Nature and feel greatness in art. As for Art and artists, "and some forms of intellectual or artistic labor inconsistent (as a musician's) with other manual labor," St. George cannot be said to look over-kindly on them! "Scholars, painters, and musicians may be advisedly kept on due pittance, to instruct and amuse the laborer at or after his work, provided the duty be severely restricted to those who have high special gifts of voice, touch, and imagination,"—to the few, in fact, who

will sing, or preach, or paint, however badly they may be paid, all from pure love, and with a stiff examination as to technical skill to be gone through before license of exhibition is granted them at all. Here again, pure air and unspoiled nature are reckoned on as all-powerful helpers. "No great arts," says Mr. Ruskin, "were practicable by any people, unless they were living contented lives, in pure air, out of the way of unsightly objects, and emancipated from unnecessary mechanical occupation."

We have left ourselves no space for the confession of faith and vow which every Companion is required to write out and sign. The first article, "I trust in the Living God," is followed by one which declares trust "in the nobleness of human nature, in the majesty of its faculties, the fulness of its mercy, and the joy of its love." Nor can we give here any sketch of the constitution of the Society, and the conditions of companionship. We had intended to convey to our readers a notion of what we take to be the essential objects of Mr.

Ruskin's design, keeping aside much which represented only the indulgence on the founder's part of his own brilliant fancies in State-making, as well as the wide-sweeping arrangements which, as he himself says, "are thought out in the scale of European work." Some very small bits of various parishes being all the Society has to begin with, we wished to give only such extracts from "Fors" as would fit this modest scale, and be capable—assuming a certain amount of unselfishness—of being put in practice within it; but the temptation to quote some sentences at length which go beyond this, and show how much that is noble is contained in the author's ideal of education and life, has been too much for us now and then. The Society, however, exists, and we may possibly one day give some account of the meeting, presided over by an ex-mayor of no mean city, and attended by real, hard-working Companions, with which its public life may be said to have commenced.—*The Spectator*.

DEDICATORY POEM TO THE PRINCESS ALICE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

DEAD PRINCESS, living Power, if that, which lived
True life, live on—and if the fatal kiss,
Born of true life and love, divorce thee not
From earthly love and life—if what we call
The spirit flash not all at once from out
This shadow into Substance—then perhaps
The mellow'd murmur of the people's praise
From thine own State, and all our breadth of realm,
Where Love and Longing dress thy deeds in light,
Ascends to thee; and this March morn that sees
Thy Soldier-brother's bridal orange-bloom
Break thro' the yews and cypress of thy grave,
And thine Imperial mother smile again,
May send one ray to thee! and who can tell—
Thou—England's England-loving daughter—thou
Dying so English thou wouldst have her flag
Borne on thy coffin—where is he can swear
But that some broken gleam from our poor earth
May touch thee, while remembering thee, I lay
At thy pale feet this ballad of the deeds
Of England, and her banner in the East?

THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.

BANNER of England, not for a season, O banner of Britain, hast thou
 Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle-cry!
 Never with mightier glory than when we had rear'd thee on high
 Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow—
 Shot thro' the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised thee anew,
 And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

II.

Frail were the works that defended the hold that we held with our lives—
 Women and children among us, God help them, our children and wives!
 Hold it we might—and for fifteen days or for twenty at most.
 'Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his post!'
 Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence the best of the brave:
 Cold were his brows when we kiss'd him—we laid him that night in his grave.
 'Every man die at his post!' and there hail'd on our houses and halls
 Death from their rifle-bullets, and death from their cannon-balls,
 Death in our innermost chamber, and death at our slight barricade,
 Death while we stood with the musket, and death while we stoopt to the spade,
 Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded, for often there fell
 Striking the hospital wall, crashing thro' it, their shot and their shell,
 Death—for their spies were among us, their marksmen were told of our best,
 So that the brute bullet broke thro' the brain that could think for the rest;
 Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and bullets would rain at our feet—
 Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels that girdled us round—
 Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth of a street,
 Death from the heights of the mosque and the palace, and death in the ground!
 Mine? yes, a mine! Countermine! down, down! and creep thro' the hole!
 Keep the revolver in hand! You can hear him—the murderous mole.
 Quiet, ah! quiet—wait till the point of the pickaxe be thro'!
 Click with the pick, coming nearer and nearer again than before—
 Now let it speak, and you fire, and the dark pioneer is no more;
 And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

III.

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many times, and it chanced on a day
 Soon as the blast of that underground thunderclap echo'd away,
 Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur like so many fiends in their hell—
 Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on volley, and yell upon yell—
 Fiercely on all the defences our myriad enemy fell.
 What have they done? where is it? Out yonder. Guard the Redan!
 Storm at the Water-gate! storm at the Bailey-gate! storm, and it ran
 Surging and swaying all round us, as ocean on every side
 Plunges and heaves at a bank that is daily drown'd by the tide—
 So many thousands that if they be bold enough, who shall escape?
 Kill or be kill'd, live or die, they shall know we are soldiers and men!
 Ready! take aim at their leaders—their masses are gapp'd with our grape—
 Backward they reel like the wave, like the wave flinging forward again,
 Flying and foil'd at the last by the handful they could not subdue;
 And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

IV.

Handful of men as we were, we were English in heart and in limb,
 Strong with the strength of the race to command, to obey, to endure,
 Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung but on him;
 Still—could we watch at all points? we were every day fewer and fewer.
 There was a whisper among us, but only a whisper that past:
 'Children and wives—if the tigers leap into the fold unawares—
 Every man die at his post—and the foe may outlive us at last—
 Better to fall by the hands that they love, than to fall into theirs!'—
 Roar upon roar in a moment two mines by the enemy sprung
 Clove into perilous chasms our walls and our poor palisades.
 Riflemen, true is your heart, but be sure that your hand be as true!
 Sharp is the fire of assault, better aim'd are your flank fusillades—
 Twice do we hurl them to earth from the ladders to which they had clung,
 Twice from the ditch where they shelter we drive them with hand-grenades;
 And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

V.

Then on another wild morning another wild earthquake out-tore
 Clean from our lines of defence ten or twelve good paces or more.
 Riflemen, high on the roof, hidden there from the light of the sun—
 One has leapt up on the breach, crying out: 'Follow me, follow me!'—
 Mark him—he falls! then another, and *him* too, and down goes he.
 Had they been bold enough then, who can tell but the traitors had won?
 Boardings and rafters and doors—an embrasure! make way for the gun!
 Now double-charge it with grape! It is charged and we fire, and they run
 Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark face have his due!
 Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us, faithful and few,
 Fought with the bravest among us, and drove them, and smote them, and slew,
 That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India blew.

VI.

Men will forget what we suffer and not what we do. We can fight;
 But to be soldier all day and be sentinel all thro' the night—
 Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their lying alarms.
 Bugles and drums in the darkness, and shoutings and soundings to arms,
 Ever the labor of fifty that had to be done by five,
 Ever the marvel among us that one should be left alive,
 Ever the day with its traitorous death from the loopholes around,
 Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to be laid in the ground,
 Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract skies,
 Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite torment of flies,
 Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an English field,
 Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that *would* not be heal'd,
 Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-pitiless knife,—
 Torture and trouble in vain,—for it never could save us a life,
 Valor of delicate women who tended the hospital bed,
 Horror of women in travail among the dying and dead,
 Grief for our perishing children, and never a moment for grief,
 Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of relief,
 Havelock baffled, or beaten, or butcher'd for all that we knew—
 Then day and night, day and night, coming down on the still-shatter'd walls
 Millions of musket-bullets, and thousands of cannon-balls—
 But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

VII.

Hark cannonade, fusillade ! is it true what was told by the scout ?
 Outram and Havelock breaking their way thro' the fell mutineers !
 Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears !
 All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,
 Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers,
 Forth from their holes and their hidings our women and children come out,
 Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good fusileers,
 Kissing the war-harden'd hand of the Highlander wet with their tears !
 Dance to the pibroch !—saved ! we are saved !—is it you ? is it you ?
 Saved by the valor of Havelock, saved by the blessing of Heaven !
 ' Hold it for fifteen days ! ' we have held it for eighty-seven !
 And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England blew.

The Nineteenth Century.

BODILY ILLNESS AS A MENTAL STIMULANT.

DURING special states of disease the mind sometimes develops faculties such as it does not possess when the body is in full health. Some of the abnormal qualities thus exhibited by the mind seem strikingly suggestive of the possible acquisition by the human race of similar powers under ordinary conditions. For this reason, though we fear there is no likelihood at present of any practical application of the knowledge we may obtain on this subject, it seems to us that there is considerable interest in examining the evidence afforded by the strange powers which the mind occasionally shows during diseases of the body, and especially during such diseases as are said, in unscientific but expressive language, to lower the tone of the nervous system.

We may begin by citing a case which seems exceedingly significant. Miss H. Martineau relates that a congenital idiot, who had lost his mother when he was less than two years old, when dying, "suddenly turned his head, looked bright and sensible, and exclaimed, in a tone never heard from him before, 'Oh my mother ! how beautiful !' and sank down again—dead." Dr. Carpenter cites this as a case of abnormal memory, illustrating his thesis that the basis of recollection "may be laid at a very early period of life." But the story seems to contain a deeper meaning. The poor idiot not only recalled a long-past time, a face that he had not seen for years except in dreams, but he gained for a moment a degree of intelligence which he had not possessed when in health. The

quality of his brain was such, it appears, that with the ordinary activity of the circulation, the ordinary vitality of the organ, mental action was uncertain and feeble ; but when the circulation had all but ceased, when the nervous powers were all but prostrate, the feeble brain, though it may have become no stronger actually, became relatively stronger, in such sort that for the time being, a mere moment before dissolution, the idiot became an intelligent being.

A somewhat similar case is on record in which an insane person, during that stage of typhus fever in which sane persons are apt to become delirious, became perfectly sane and reasonable, his insanity returning with returning health. Persons of strongest mind in health are often delirious for a short time before death. Since, then, the idiot in the same stage of approaching dissolution may become intelligent, while the insane may become sane under the conditions which make the sane become delirious, we recognise a relationship between the mental and bodily states which might be of considerable use in the treatment of mental diseases. It may well be that conditions of the nervous system which are to be avoided by persons of normal mental qualities may be advantageously superinduced in the case of those of abnormally weak or abnormally violent mind. It is noteworthy that different conditions would seem to be necessary for the idiotic and for the insane, if the cases cited sufficed to afford basis for generalisation. For the idiot of Miss Martineau's story became intelligent dur-

ing the intense depression of the bodily powers immediately preceding dissolution, whereas the insane person became sane during that height of fever when delirium commonly makes its appearance.

Sir H. Holland mentions a case which shows how great bodily depression may affect a person of ordinarily clear and powerful mind. "I descended on one and the same day," he says, "two very deep mines in the Hartz Mountains, remaining some hours under ground in each. While in the second mine, and exhausted both from fatigue and inanition, I felt the utter impossibility of talking longer with the German Inspector who accompanied me. Every German word and phrase deserted my recollection; and it was not until I had taken food and wine, and been some time at rest, that I regained them again."

A change in the mental condition is sometimes a sign of approaching serious illness, and is felt to be so by the person experiencing it. An American writer, Mr. Butterworth, quotes the following description given by a near relative of his who was suffering from extreme nervous debility. "I am in constant fear of insanity," she said, "and I wish I could be moved to some retreat for the insane. I understand my condition perfectly; my reason does not seem to be impaired; but I can think of *two things at the same time*. This is an indication of mental unsoundness and is a terror to me. I do not seem to have slept at all for the last six months. If I sleep, it must be in a succession of vivid dreams that destroy all impression of somnolence. Since I have been in this condition I seem to have a very vivid impression of what happens to my children who are away from home, and I am often startled to hear that these impressions are correct. I seem to have also a certain power of anticipating what one is about to say, and to read the motives of others. I take no pleasure in this strange increase of mental power; it is all unnatural. I cannot live in this state long, and I often wish I were dead."

It must, however, be remembered that persons who are in a state of extreme nervous debility, not only possess at times abnormal mental qualities, but are also affected morally. As Huxley has well remarked of some stories bearing on

spiritualism, they come from persons who can hardly be trusted even according to their own account of themselves. Mr. Butterworth's relation described a mental condition which, even if quite correctly pictured as she understood it, may yet be explained without believing that any very marvellous increase had taken place in her mental powers. Among the vivid impressions which she constantly had of what might be happening to her children away from home, it would have been strange if some had not been correct. The power of anticipating what others were about to say is one which many imagine they have, mistaking the occasional coincidence between their guesses and what has been next said, for indications of a power which in reality they do not possess. And so also with regard to the motives of others. Many are apt, especially when out of health, to guess at others' motives, sometimes rightly, but oftener very wrongly, yet always rightly in their own belief, no matter what evidence may presently appear to the contrary.

The case cited by Mr. Butterworth affords evidence rather of the unhealthy condition of the patient's mind than of abnormal powers, except as regards the power of thinking of two things at the same time, which we may fairly assume was not ordinarily possessed by his relative. It is rather difficult to define such a power, however. Several persons have apparently possessed the power, showing it by doing two things at the same time which both appear to require thought, and even close attention. Julius Cæsar, for example, could write on one subject and dictate on another simultaneously. But in reality, even in cases such as these, the mind does not think of two things at once. It simply takes them in turn, doing enough with each, in a short time, a mere instant, perhaps, to give work to the pen or to the voice, as the case may be, for a longer time. When Cæsar was writing a sentence, he was not necessarily thinking of what he was writing. He had done the thinking part of the work before; and was free, while continuing the mere mechanical process of writing, to think of matter for dictation to his secretary. So also while he was speaking he was free to think of matter for writing.

If, indeed, the thought for each sentence of either kind had occupied an appreciable time, there would have been interruptions of his writing, if not of his dictation (dictation is not commonly a continuous process under any circumstances, even when shorthand writers take down the words). But a practised writer or speaker can in a moment form a sentence which shall occupy a minute in writing and several seconds in speaking.

The present writer, who certainly does not claim the power of thinking of two things at once (nay, believes that no one ever had or could have such a power), finds it perfectly easy, when lecturing, to arrange the plan for the next ten minutes' exposition of a scientific subject, and to adopt the words themselves for the next twenty seconds or so, while continuing to speak without the least interruption. He has also worked out a calculation on the black-board, while continuing to speak of matters outside the subject of the calculation. It is more a matter of habit than an indication of any mental power, natural or acquired, to speak or write sentences, even of considerable length, after the mind has passed on to other matters. In a similar way some persons can write different words with the right and left hands, and this, too, while speaking of other matters. (We have seen this done by Professor Morse, the American naturalist, whose two hands added words to the diagrams he had drawn while his voice dealt with other parts of the drawing: to add to the wonder, too, he wrote the words indifferently from right to left or from left to right.) In reality the person who thus does two things at once is no more thinking of two things at once than a clock is, when the striking and the working machinery are both in action at the same time.*

* Since the above was written we have noticed a passage in Dr. Carpenter's *Mental Physiology*, p. 719, bearing on the matter we have been dealing with:—"The following statement recently made to the writer by a gentleman of high intelligence, the editor of a most important provincial newspaper, would be almost incredible, if cases somewhat similar were not already familiar to us:—'I was formerly,' he said, 'a reporter in the House of Commons; and it several times happened to me that, having fallen asleep from sheer fatigue towards the

As an illustration of special mental power shown in health, by a person whose mental condition in illness we shall consider afterwards, Sir Walter Scott may be mentioned. The account given by his amanuensis has seemed surprising to many, unfamiliar with the nature of literary composition (at least after long practice), but is in reality such as anyone who writes much can quite readily understand, or might even have known must necessarily be correct. "His thoughts," says the secretary to whom Scott dictated his *Life of Napoleon Buonaparte*, "flowed easily and felicitously, without any difficulty to lay hold of them or to find appropriate language" (which, by the way, is more than all would say who had read Scott's *Life of Buonaparte*, and certainly more than can be said of his secretary, unless it really was a familiar experience with him to be

end of a debate, I had found, on awaking after a short interval of entire consciousness, that I had continued to note down correctly the speaker's words.' 'I believe,' he added, 'that this is not an uncommon experience among Parliamentary reporters.' The reading aloud with correct emphasis and intonation, or the performance of a piece of music, or (as in the case of Albert Smith) the recitation of a frequently-repeated composition, whilst the conscious mind is *entirely engrossed* in its own thoughts and feelings, may be thus accounted for without the supposition that the mind is actively engaged in two different operations at the same moment, which would seem tantamount to saying that there are two egos in the same organism." An instance in the writer's experience seems even more remarkable than the reporter's work during sleep, for he had but to continue a mechanical process, whereas in the writer's case there must have been thought. Late one evening at Cambridge the writer began a game of chess with a fellow-student (now a clergyman, and well known in chess circles). The writer was tired after a long day's rowing, but continued the game to the best of his ability until at a certain stage he fell asleep, or rather fell into a waking dream. At any rate all remembrance of what passed after that part of the game had entirely escaped him when he awoke or returned to consciousness about three in the morning. The chess-board was there, but the men were not as when the last conscious move was made. The opponent's king was checkmated. The writer supposed his opponent had set the men in this position either as a joke or in trying over some end game. But he was assured that the game had continued to the end, and that he (the writer) had won, apparently playing as if fully conscious! Of course he cannot certify this of his own knowledge.

unable to lay hold of his thoughts). "This was evident by the absence of all solicitude (*miseria cogitandi*) from his countenance. He sat in his chair, from which he rose now and then, took a volume from the book-case, consulted it, and restored it to the shelf—all without intermission in the current of ideas, which continued to be delivered with no less readiness than if his mind had been wholly occupied with the words he was uttering. It soon became apparent to me, however, that he was carrying on two distinct trains of thought, one of which was already arranged and in the act of being spoken, while at the same time he was in advance, considering what was afterwards to be said. This I discovered" (he should rather have said, "this I was led to infer") "by his sometimes introducing a word which was wholly out of place—*entertained* instead of *denied*, for example—but which I presently found to belong to the next sentence, perhaps four or five lines further on, which he had been preparing at the very moment when he gave me the words of the one that preceded it." In the same way the present writer has unconsciously substituted one word for another in lecturing, the word used always belonging to a later sentence than the word intended to be used. We have noticed also this peculiarity, that when a substitution of this kind has been once made, an effort is required to avoid repeating the mistake, even if it be not repeated quite unconsciously to the end of the discourse. In this way, for example, the writer once throughout an entire lecture used the word "heavens" for the word "screen" (the screen on which lantern pictures were shown). A similar peculiarity may be noticed with written errors. Thus in a treatise on a scientific subject, in which the utmost care had been given to minute points of detail, the present writer once wrote "seconds" for "minutes" throughout several pages—in fact, from the place where first the error was made, to the end of the chapter. (See the first edition of Proctor's *Transits of Venus*, pp. 131-136, noting as an additional peculiarity that the whole object of the chapter in which this mistake was made was to show how many minutes of difference

existed between the occurrence of certain events.)

An even more curious instance of a mistake arising from doing one thing while thinking of another occurred to the writer fourteen years ago. He was correcting the proof-sheets of an astronomical treatise in which occurred these words: "Calling the mean distance of the earth 1, Saturn's mean distance is 9.539; again, calling the earth's period 1, Saturn's mean period is 29.457:—now what relation exists between these numbers 9.539 and 29.457 and their powers? The first is less than the second, but the square of the first is plainly greater than the second; we must therefore try higher powers, &c. &c." The passage was quite correct as it stood, and if the two processes by which the writer was correcting verbal errors and following the sense of the passage had been really continuous processes of thought, unquestionably the passage would have been left alone. If the passage had been erroneous and had been simply left in that condition the case would have been one only too familiar to those who have had occasion to correct proofs. But what the writer actually did was deliberately to make nonsense of the passage while improving the balance of the second sentence. He made it run, "the first is less than the second, but the square of the first is plainly greater than the square of the second," the absurdity of which statement a child would detect. If the first proof in its correct form, with the incorrect correction carefully written down in the margin, had not existed when, several months later, the error was pointed out in the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, the writer would have felt sure that he had written the words wrongly at the outset. For blunders such as this are common enough. But that he should deliberately have taken a correctly worded sentence and altered it into utter absurdity he could not, but for the evidence, have believed to be possible. The case plainly shows that not only may two things be done at once when the mind, nevertheless, is thinking only of one, but that something may be done which suggests deliberate reflection when in reality the mind is elsewhere or not occupied at all. For

in this case both the processes on which the writer was engaged were manifestly carried on without thought, one being purely mechanical and the other, though requiring thought if properly attended to, being so imperfectly effected as to show that no thought was given to it.

To return to Sir Walter Scott. It is known but too well that during the later years of his life there came with bodily prostration a great but not constant failure of his mental powers. Some of the phenomena presented during this part of his career are strikingly illustrative of abnormal mental action occurring even at times when the mental power is on the whole much weakened. *Lucy of Lammermoor*, though not one of the best of Scott's novels, is certainly far above such works as *Count Robert of Paris*, *The Betrothed*, and *Castle Dangerous*. Its popularity may perhaps be attributed chiefly to the deep interest of the "ower true tale" on which it is founded; but some of the characters are painted with exceeding skill. Lucy herself is almost a nonentity, and Edgar is little more than a gloomy, unpleasant man, made interesting only by the troubles which fall on him. But Ailsie Gourlay and Caleb Balderstone stand out from the canvas as if alive; they are as lifelike and natural, yet as thoroughly individualised, as Edie Ochiltree and Meg Merriels. The novel neither suggested when it first appeared, nor has been regarded even after the facts became known, as suggesting that Scott, when he wrote it, was in ill-health. Yet it was produced under pressure of severe illness, and when Scott was at least in this sense unconscious, that nothing of what he said and did in connection with the work was remembered when he recovered. "The book," says James Ballantyne, "was not only written, but published, before Mr. Scott was able to rise from his bed; and he assured me that, when it was first put into his hands in a complete shape, he did not recollect one single incident, character, or conversation in contained! He did not desire me to understand, nor did I understand, that his illness had erased from his memory the original incidents of the story, with which he had been acquainted from his boyhood. These remained rooted where they had ever been; or, to speak more explicitly,

he remembered the general facts of the existence of the father and mother, of the son and daughter, of the rival lovers, of the compulsory marriage, and the attack made by the bride upon the hapless bridegroom, with the general catastrophe of the whole. *All these things he recollected*, just as he did before he took to his bed; *but he literally recollected nothing else*—not a single character woven by the romancer, not one of the many scenes and points of humor, not *anything with which he was himself connected*, as the writer of the work."

Later, when Scott was breaking down under severe and long-continued labor, and first felt the approach of the illness which ultimately ended in death, he experienced strange mental phenomena. In his diary for February 17, 1829, he notes that on the preceding day, at dinner, though in company with two or three old friends, he was haunted by "a sense of pre-existence," a confused idea that nothing that passed was said for the first time; that the same topics had been discussed, and that the same persons had expressed the same opinions before. "There was a vile sense of a want of reality in all that I did or said."

Dr. Reynolds related to Dr. Carpenter a case in which a Dissenting minister, who was in apparently sound health, was rendered apprehensive of brain-disease—though, as it seemed, without occasion—by a lapse of memory similar to that experienced by Sir Walter Scott. He "went through an entire pulpit service on a certain Sunday morning with the most perfect consistency—his choice of hymns and lessons, and his *extempore* prayer being all related to the subject of his sermon. On the following Sunday morning he went through the introductory part of the service in precisely the same manner—giving out the same hymns, reading the same lessons, and directing the *extempore* prayer in the same channel. He then gave out the same text and preached the very same sermon as he had done on the previous Sunday. When he came down from the pulpit, it was found that he had not the smallest remembrance of having gone through precisely the same service on the previous Sunday; and when he was assured of it, he felt considerable uneasiness lest his lapse of memory should indicate

some impending attack of illness. None such, however, supervened; and no *rationale* can be given of this curious occurrence, the subject of it not being liable to fits of 'absence of mind' and not having had his thoughts engrossed at the time by any other special pre-occupation." It is possible that the explanation here is the simple one of mere coincidence. Whether this explanation is available or not would depend entirely on the question whether the preacher's memory was ordinarily trustworthy or not, whether in fact he would remember the arrangements, prayers, sermon, &c., he had given on any occasion. These matters becoming, after long habit, almost automatic, it might very well happen that the person going through such duties would remember them no longer and no better than one who had been present when they were performed, and who had not paid special attention to them. That if he had thus unconsciously carried out his duties on one Sunday he should (being to this degree forgetful) conduct them in precisely the same way on the next Sunday, would rather tend to show that his mental faculties were in excellent working order than the reverse. Wendell Holmes tells a story which effectively illustrates our meaning; and he tells it so pleasantly (as usual) that we shall quote it unaltered. "Sometimes, but rarely," he says, "one may be caught making the same speech twice over, and yet be held blameless. Thus a certain lecturer" (Holmes himself, doubtless), "after performing in an inland city, where dwells a *littératrice* of note, was invited to meet her and others over the social tea-cup. She pleasantly referred to his many wanderings in his new occupation. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I am like the huma, the bird that never lights, being always in the cars, as he is always on the wing.' Years elapsed. The lecturer visited the same place once more for the same purpose. Another social cup after the lecture, and a second meeting with the distinguished lady. 'You are constantly going from place to place,' she said. 'Yes,' he answered, 'I am like the huma,' and finished the sentence as before. What horrors, when it flashed over him that he had made this fine speech, word or word, twice over! Yet it was not

true, as the lady might perhaps have fairly inferred, that he had embellished his conversation with the huma daily during that whole interval of years. On the contrary, he had never once thought of the odious fowl until the recurrence of precisely the same circumstances brought up precisely the same idea." He was not in the slightest degree afraid of brain disease. On the contrary, he considered the circumstance indicative of good order in the mental mechanism. "He ought to have been proud," says Holmes, speaking for him, and meaning no doubt that he was proud, "of the accuracy of his mental adjustments. *Given certain factors, and a sound brain should always evolve the same fixed product with the certainty of Babbage's calculating machine.*"

Somewhat akin to the unconscious recurrence of mental processes after considerable intervals of time is the tendency to imitate the actions of others as though sharing in their thoughts, and according to many *because* mind acts upon mind. This tendency, though not always associated with disease, is usually a sign of bodily illness. Dr. Carpenter mentions the following singular case, but rather as illustrating generally the influence of suggestions derived from external sources in determining the current of thought, than as showing how prone the thoughts are to run in undesirable currents when the body is out of health:—"During an epidemic of fever, in which an active delirium had been a common symptom, it was observed that many of the patients of one particular physician were possessed by a strong tendency to throw themselves out of the window, whilst no such tendency presented itself in unusual frequency in the practice of others. The author's informant, Dr. C., himself a distinguished professor in the university, explained the tendency of what had occurred within his own knowledge; he having been himself attacked by the fever, and having been under the care of this physician, his friend and colleague, Dr. A. Another of Dr. A's. patients, whom we shall call Mr. B., seems to have been the first to make the attempt in question; and impressed with the necessity of taking due precautions, Dr. A. then visited Dr. C., *in whose hearing* he gave direc-

tions to have the windows properly secured, as Mr. B. had attempted to throw himself out. Now Dr. C. distinctly remembers, that although he had not previously experienced any such desire, it came upon him with great urgency as soon as ever the idea was thus suggested to him; his mind being just in that state of incipient delirium which is marked by the temporary dominance of some one idea, and by the want of volitional power to withdraw the attention from it. And he deemed it probable that, as Dr. A. went on to Mr. D., Mr. E., &c., and gave similar directions, a like desire would be excited in the minds of all those who might happen to be in the same impressive condition." The case is not only interesting as showing how the mind in disease receives certain impressions more strongly than in health, and in a sense may thus be said to possess for the time an abnormal power, but it affords a useful hint to doctors and nurses, who do not always (the latter indeed scarcely ever) consider the necessity of extreme caution when speaking about their patients and in their presence. It is probable that a considerable proportion of the accidents, fatal and otherwise, which have befallen delirious patients might be traced to incautious remarks made in their hearing by foolish nurses or forgetful doctors.

In some cases doctors have had to excite a strong antagonistic feeling against tendencies of this kind. Thus Zerffi relates that an English physician was once consulted by the mistress of a ladies' school where many girls had become liable to fits of hysterics. He tried several remedies, but in vain. At last, justly regarding the epidemic as arising from the influence of imagination on the weaker girls (one hysterical girl having infected the others), he determined to exert a stronger antagonistic influence on the weak minds of his patients. He therefore remarked casually to the mistress of the school, in the hearing of the girls, that he had now tried all methods but one, which he would try, as a last resource, when next he called—"the application of a red-hot iron to the spine of the patients so as to quiet their nervously-excited systems." "Strange to say," remarks Zerffi—meaning, no doubt, "it is hardly necessary to say

that"—"the red-hot iron was never applied, for the hysterical attacks ceased as if by magic."

In another case mentioned by Zerffi, a revival mania in a large school near Cologne was similarly brought to an abrupt end. The Government sent an inspector. He found that the boys had visions of Christ, the Virgin, and departed saints. He threatened to close the school if these visions continued, and thus to exclude the students from all the prospects which their studies afforded them. "The effect was as magical as the red-hot iron remedy—the revivals ceased as if by magic."

The following singular cases are related in Zimmermann's *Solitude*:—A nun, in a very large convent in France, began to mew like a cat. At last all the nuns began to mew together every day at a certain time, and continued mewing for several hours together. This daily cat-concert continued, until the nuns were informed that a company of soldiers was placed by the police before the entrance of the convent, and that the soldiers were provided with rods with which they would whip the nuns until they promised not to mew any more." . . . "In the fifteenth century a nun in a German convent fell to biting her companions. In the course of a short time all the nuns of this convent began biting each other. The news of this infatuation among the nuns soon spread, and excited the same elsewhere; the biting mania passing from convent to convent through a great part of Germany. It afterwards visited the nunneries of Holland, and even spread as far as Rome." No suggestion of bodily disease is made in either case. But anyone who considers how utterly unnatural is the manner of life in monastic communities will not need the evidence derived from the spread of such preposterous habits to be assured that in convents the perfectly sane mind in a perfectly healthy body must be the exception rather than the rule.

The dancing mania, which spread through a large part of Europe in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, although it eventually attacked persons who were seemingly in robust health, yet had its origin in disease. Dr. Hecker, who has given the most complete account we have of this strange mania, in his

Epidemics of the Middle Ages, says that when the disease was completely developed the attack commenced with epileptic convulsions. "Those affected fell to the ground senseless, panting and laboring for breath. They foamed at the mouth, and suddenly springing up began their dance amidst strange contortions. They formed circles hand in hand, and appearing to have lost all control over their senses continued dancing, regardless of the bystanders, for hours together, in wild delirium, until at length they fell to the ground in a state of exhaustion. They then complained of extreme oppression, and groaned as if in the agonies of death, until they were swathed in clothes bound tightly round their waists; upon which they again recovered, and remained free from complaint until the next attack. . . .

While dancing they neither saw nor heard, being insensible to external impressions through the senses; but they were haunted by visions, their fancies conjuring up spirits, whose names they shrieked out; and some of them afterwards asserted that they felt as if they had been immersed in a stream of blood, which obliged them to leap so high. Others during the paroxysm saw the heavens open, and the Saviour enthroned with the Virgin Mary, according as the religious notions of the age were strangely and variously reflected in their imaginations." The epidemic attacked people of all stations, but especially those who led a sedentary life, such as shoemakers and tailors; yet even the most robust peasants finally yielded to it. They "abandoned their labors in the fields as if they were possessed by evil spirits, and those affected were seen assembling indiscriminately from time to time, at certain appointed places, and, unless prevented by the lookers-on, continued to dance without intermission, until their very last breath was expended. Their fury and extravagance of demeanor so completely deprived them of their senses that many of them dashed their brains out against the walls and corners of buildings, or rushed headlong into rapid rivers, where they found a watery grave. Roaring and foaming as they were, the bystanders could only succeed in restraining them by placing benches and chairs in their way, so that

by the high leaps they were thus tempted to take, their strength might be exhausted. As soon as this was the case they fell, as it were, lifeless to the ground, and by very slow degrees recovered their strength. Many there were who even with all this exertion had not expended the violence of the tempest which raged within them; but awoke with newly revived powers and again mixed with the crowd of dancers; until at length the violent excitement of their disordered nerves was allayed by the great involuntary exertion of their limbs, and the mental disorder was calmed by the exhaustion of the body. The cure effected by these stormy attacks was in many cases so perfect, that some patients returned to the factory or plough, as if nothing had happened. Others, on the contrary, paid the penalty of their folly by so total a loss of power, that they could not regain their former health, even by the employment of the most strengthening remedies."

It may be doubted, perhaps, by some whether such instances as these illustrate so much the state to which the mind is reduced when the body is diseased, as the state to which the body is reduced when the mind is diseased, though, as we have seen, the dancing mania when fully developed followed always on bodily illness. In the cases we now have to deal with, the diseased condition of the body was unmistakable.

Mrs. Hemans on her deathbed said that it was impossible for imagination to picture or pen to describe the delightful visions which passed before her mind. They made her waking hours more delightful than those passed in sleep. It is evident that these visions had their origin in the processes of change affecting the substance of the brain as the disease of the body progressed. But it does not follow that the substance of the brain was undergoing changes necessarily tending to its ultimate decay and dissolution. Quite possibly the changes were such as might occur under the influence of suitable medicinal or stimulant substances, and without any subsequent ill effects. Dr. Richardson, in an interesting article on ether-drinking and extra-alcoholic intoxication (*Gentleman's Magazine* for October), makes a remark which suggests that the medical men of

our day look forward to the discovery of means for obtaining some such influence over the action of the brain. After describing the action of methylic and ethylic ethers in his own case, he says: "They who have felt this condition, who have lived, as it were, in another life, however transitorily, are easily led to declare with Davy that 'nothing exists but thoughts! the universe is composed of impressions, ideas, pleasures, and pains!' I believe it is so, and that we might by scientific art, and there is such an art, learn to live altogether in a new sphere of impressions, ideas, pleasures, and pains." "But stay," he adds, as if he had said too much, "I am anticipating, unconsciously, something else that is in my mind. The rest is silence; I must return to the world in which we now live, and which all know."

Mr. Butterworth mentions the case of the Rev. William Tennent, of Freehold, New Jersey, as illustrative of strange mental faculties possessed during disease. Tennent was supposed to be far gone in consumption. At last, after a protracted illness, he seemingly died, and preparations were made for his funeral. Not only were his friends deceived, but he was deceived himself, for he thought he was dead, and that his spirit had entered Paradise. "His soul, as he thought, was borne aloft to celestial altitudes, and was enraptured by visions of God and all the hosts of heaven. He seemed to dwell in an enchanted region of limitless light and inconceivable splendor. At last an angel came to him and told him that he must go back. Darkness, like an overawing shadow, shut out the celestial glories; and, full of sudden horror, he uttered a deep groan. This dismal utterance was heard by those around him, and prevented him from being buried alive, after all the preparations had been made for the removal of the body."

We must not fall into the mistake of supposing, however, as many seem to do, that the visions seen under such conditions, or by ecstasies, really present truths of which the usual mental faculties could not become cognisant. We have heard such cases as the deathbed visions of Mrs. Hemans, and the trance visions of Tennent, urged as evidence in favor of special forms of doctrine.

We have no thought of attacking these, but assuredly they derive no support from evidence of this sort. The dying Hindoo has visions which the Christian would certainly not regard as heaven-born. The Mahomedan sees the plains of Paradise, peopled by the hours of his heaven, but we do not on that account accept the Koran as the sole guide to religious truth. The fact is, that the visions pictured by the mind during the disease of the body, or in the ecstatic condition, have their birth in the mind itself, and take their form from the teachings with which that mind has been imbued. They may, indeed, seem utterly unlike those we should expect from the known character of the visionary, just as the thoughts of a dying man may be, and often are, very far removed from the objects which had occupied all his attention during the later years of his life. But if the history of the childhood and youth of an ecstatic could be fully known, or if (which is exceedingly unlikely) we could obtain a strictly truthful account of such matters from himself, we should find nearly every circumstance of his visions explained, or at least an explanation suggested. For, after all, much which would be necessary to exactly show the origin of all he saw, would be lost, since the brain retains impressions of many things of which the conscious memory has entirely passed away.

The vivid picturing of forgotten events of life is a familiar experience of the opium-eater. Thus De Quincey says: "The minutest incidents of childhood or forgotten scenes of later years, were often revived. I could not be said to recollect them, for if I had been told of them when waking, I should not have been able to acknowledge them as part of my past experience. But placed as they were before me in dreams like intuitions, and clothed in all their evanescent circumstances and accompanying feelings, I recognised them instantaneously." A similar return of long-forgotten scenes and incidents to the mind may be noticed, though not to the same degree, when wine has been taken in moderate quantity after a long fast.

The effects of hachisch are specially interesting in this connection, because, unless a very powerful dose has been

taken, the hachischin does not wholly lose the power of introspection, so that he is able afterwards to recall what has passed through his mind when he was under the influence of the drug. Now Moreau, in his interesting *Etudes Psychologiques (Du Hachich et d'Aliénation Mentale)*, says that the first result of a dose sufficient to produce the *hachisch fantasia* is a feeling of intense happiness. "It is really happiness which is produced by the hachisch; and by this simply an enjoyment entirely moral, and by no means sensual as we might be induced to suppose. This is surely a very curious circumstance; and some remarkable inferences might be drawn from it; this, for instance, among others—that every feeling of joy and gladness, even when the cause of it is exclusively moral—that those enjoyments which are least connected with material objects, the most spiritual, the most ideal, may be nothing else than sensations purely physical, developed in the interior of the system, as are those procured by hachisch. At least so far as relates to that of which we are internally conscious, there is no distinction between these two orders of sensations, in spite of the diversity in the causes to which they are due; for the hachisch-eater is happy, not like the gourmand or the famished man when satisfying his appetite, or the voluptuary in gratifying his amative desires, but like him who hears tidings which fill him with joy, like the miser counting his treasures, the gambler who is successful at play, or the ambitious man who is intoxicated with success."

Our special object, however, in noting the effects of opium and hachisch, is rather to note how the mental processes or faculties observed during certain states of disease may be produced artificially, than to enter into the considerations discussed by Dr. Moreau. It is singular that while the Mohamedan order of Hachischin (or Assassins) bring about by the use of their favorite drug such visions as accompany the progress of certain forms of disease, the Hindoo devotees called the Yogi are able to produce artificially the state of mind and body recognised in cataleptic patients. The less-advanced Yogi can only enter the state of abstraction called reverie; but the higher orders can simu-

late absolute inanition, the heart apparently ceasing to beat, the lungs to act, and the nerves to convey impressions to the brain, even though the body be subjected to processes which would cause extreme torture under ordinary conditions. "When in this state," says Carpenter, "the Yogi are supposed to be completely possessed by Brahma, 'the supreme soul,' and to be incapable of sin in thought, word, or deed." It has been supposed that this was the state into which those entered who in old times were resorted to as oracles. But it has happened that in certain stages of disease the power of assuming the death-like state has been possessed for a time. Thus Colonel Townsend, who died in 1797, we read, had in his last sickness the extraordinary power of apparently dying and returning to life again at will. "I found his pulse sink gradually," says Dr. Cheyne, who attended him, "so that I could not feel it by the most exact or nice touch. Dr. Raymond could not detect the least motion of the heart, nor Dr. Skrine the least soil of the breath upon the bright mirror held to the mouth. We began to fear he was actually dead. He then began to breathe softly." Colonel Townsend repeated the experiment several times during his illness, and could always render himself insensible at will.

Lastly, we may mention a case, which, however, though illustrating in some degree the influence of bodily illness on the mind, shows still more strikingly how the mind may influence the body—that of Louise Lateau, the Belgian peasant. This girl had been prostrated by a long and exhausting illness, from which she recovered rapidly after receiving the sacrament. This circumstance made a strong impression on her mind. Her thoughts dwelt constantly on the circumstances attending the death of Christ. At length she noticed that, on every Friday, blood came from a spot in her left side. "In the course of a few months similar bleeding spots established themselves on the front and back of each hand, and on the upper surface of each foot, while a circle of small spots formed in the forehead, and the hæmorrhage from these recurred every Friday, sometimes to a considerable amount. About the same

time, fits of ecstasy began to occur, commencing every Friday between eight and nine in the morning, and ending about six in the evening; interrupting her in conversation, in prayer, or in manual occupations. This state," says Dr. Carpenter, "appears to have been intermediate between that of the biogised and that of the hypnotised subject; for whilst as unconscious as the latter of all sense-impressions, she retained, like the former, a recollection of all that had passed through her mind during the ecstasy. She described herself as suddenly plunged into a vast flood of bright light, from which more or less distinct forms began to evolve themselves; and she then witnessed the several scenes of the Passion successively passing before her. She minutely described the cross and the vestments, the wounds, the crown of thorns about the head of the Saviour, and gave various details regarding the persons about the cross, the disciples, holy women, Jews and Roman soldiers. And the progress of her vision might be traced by the succession of actions she performed at various stages of it: most of these movements expressive of her own emotions, whilst regularly about three in the afternoon she extended her limbs in the form of a cross. The fit terminated with a state of extreme physical prostration; the pulse being scarcely perceptible, the breathing slow and feeble, and the whole surface bedewed with a cold perspiration. After this state had continued for about ten minutes, a return to the normal condition rapidly took place."

There seems no reason for supposing that there was any deceit on the part of Louise Lateau herself, though that she was self-deceived no one can reasonably doubt. Of course many in Belgium, especially the more ignorant and superstitious (including large numbers of the clergy and of religious orders of men and women), believed that her ecstasies were miraculous, and no doubt she believed so herself. But none of the circumstances observed in her case, or related by her, were such as the physiologist would find any difficulty in accepting or explaining. Her visions were such as might have been expected in a

person of her peculiar nervous organisation, weakened as her body had been by long illness, and her mind affected by what she regarded as her miraculous recovery. As to the transudation of blood from the skin, Dr. Tuke, in his *Illustrations of the Influence of the Mind upon the Body in Health and Disease* (p. 267), shows the phenomenon to be naturally explicable. It is a well-authenticated fact that under strong emotional excitement blood escapes through the perspiratory ducts, apparently through the rupture of the walls of the capillary passages of the skin.

We see, then, in Louise Lateau's case, how the mind affected by disease may acquire faculties not possessed during health, and how in turn the mind thus affected may influence the body so strangely as to suggest to ignorant or foolish persons the operation of supernatural agencies. Of the influence of the mind on the body, we may speak more fully on another occasion.

The general conclusion to which we seem led by the observed peculiarities in the mental faculties during disease is that the mind depends greatly on the state of the body for the co-ordination of its various powers. In health these are related in what may be called the normal manner. Faculties capable of great development under other conditions exist in moderate degree only, while probably, either consciously or unconsciously, certain faculties are held in control by others. But during illness faculties, not ordinarily used, suddenly or very rapidly acquire undue predominance, and controlling faculties usually effective are greatly weakened. Then for a while the mental capacity seems entirely changed. Powers supposed not to exist at all (for of mental faculties, as of certain other qualities, *de non existentibus et de non apparentibus eadem est ratio*) seem suddenly created, as if by a miracle. Faculties ordinarily so strong as to be considered characteristic seem suddenly destroyed, since they no longer produce any perceptible effect. Or, as Brown-Séquard says, summing up the results of a number of illustrative cases described in a course of lectures delivered in Boston: "It would seem that the mind is largely

dependent on physical conditions for the exercise of its faculties, and that its strength and most remarkable powers, as well as its apparent weakness, are

often most clearly shown and recognised by some inequality of action in periods of disturbed and greatly impaired health."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE SOUTHERN STATES OF THE AMERICAN UNION.

BY ARCHER ANDERSON.

To understand the present condition of the Southern States of the American Union, it is necessary to form some notion of their condition at the close of the War of Secession.

War means destruction elsewhere than on the battle-field; yet when we read history or look on whilst armies make it, we are apt to be carried away by the dramatic interest of the narrow theatre of the actual contest, and to receive no adequate impressions of the great background of the scene—the countryside, the towns, the workshops, the markets, and the homes of the belligerent people. But those who have lived in a country ravaged by a long struggle will thenceforth see war with different eyes, and for them its effects outside of the region covered by the contending armies will perhaps be its most instructive side. Such readers would value a picture of the everyday life of Prussia during the long agony of the Seven Years' War. With the exception, however, of a few glimpses, the view now to be had of it is confined to the heroic achievements of the Prussian army. We do, nevertheless, get some idea of the condition in which the little kingdom was left by that famous struggle, and to recall that condition briefly, by way of comparison, will be useful in our present inquiry.

There was very great destruction of property and very great diminution of population in Prussia. Frederick sums it up vividly when he tells us that the very seed-corn had been consumed and the ninth man was missing. But the absence of that ninth man was well supplied by two things that double the strength of a people—the possession of a great leader invested with ample powers, and the national consciousness of a unique success on the stage of the world. Hero-worshippers may over-estimate the influence of a great man playing the part of dictator, but who can measure the

effective force of that bounding sense of triumph animating a whole nation? Those perhaps who have felt the full stroke of a different fate. Seed-corn was found for Prussia, and seven years peace repaired the ravages of an unparalleled war.

It need hardly be said that the Southern States were without these two capital advantages in the painful process of recovery from even greater exhaustion of men and means.

The population of Prussia was at the beginning of the Seven Years' War about four millions and a half. The losses in killed and wounded in the pitched battles of that struggle may be taken at 117,000 men. There are of course other enormous losses of life incident to war; but the losses in pitched battles will afford a fair index of the general destruction of life.

The population of the Confederate States, excluding Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland, whose resources were controlled almost from the beginning by the Federals, was in 1861 about five and a half million whites and a little over three and a half million blacks; but, for the purposes of the special comparison we are now making, it is obvious that the negroes must be excluded, in great measure at least, from the computation. The losses of the Confederates by killed and wounded in the pitched battles of the war between the States amounted to not less than 220,000 men.

Now, when we remember that in the Confederate States this blood-tax was levied and paid in four years as against about six years in Prussia, and bear in mind the great resources in recruits on which Frederick always drew in the neighboring German States, and the great strength in money, men, and sympathy afforded to people and leader by English and other alliances, in contrast with the utter isolation of the Confederates, it

must be admitted that in the matter of mere loss of life the greater stress was put upon the Confederacy.

It was a perception of the unsurpassed sacrifices of the Southern people in this direction that drew from General Grant his only epigram: "The Confederates," he said, not long before the war ended, "have robbed the cradle and the grave." The Act of the Confederate Congress of Feb. 17, 1864, which declared that "all white men residents of the Confederate States between the ages of seventeen and fifty shall be in the military service of the Confederate States for the war," shows how nearly this taunt hit the truth.

It is more difficult to compare the losses of the two countries in property. But it may be sufficient to say that the most minute descriptions of the annihilation of values and the economic condition of Prussia in 1763, may be taken almost word for word as lifelike representations of the same things in the Southern States in 1865. Still there is this striking difference in the circumstances of the two populations. The Prussians retained in 1763 everything they possessed at the beginning of the war except the men and means destroyed. Far worse was the position of the Confederates, as we shall presently see.

But, to take an instance from our own time, how did the problem of recovery from the effects of the recent war in France differ from the same problem in the Southern States? In the first place, the Franco-German war was of short duration. Its theatre, though large, did not cover one-third of France, whilst there was scarcely a county from Virginia to Louisiana not at some time under hostile occupation. The loss of life in France, though considerable, was not sufficient to produce any injurious effect in a country abundantly peopled. Finally, the material losses of the French may be summed up in the expenses of a six months' war, in the enforced idleness or the unproductive employment during half a year of a large portion of the population, in the enormous war indemnity exacted by the conqueror, in the capture of great magazines, and in the very extensive destruction of visible property in the departments occupied by the enemy. But the great springs of French wealth remained untouched. The continuity

of the national life was but momentarily interrupted; the highly-organised machinery of agricultural and industrial production was for an instant checked, but by no means shattered; property—in those myriad invisible channels which the genius of the modern age has conducted in a network of life-giving currents through the grosser body of the state, received no fatal lesion; no considerable bank stopped payment, no insurance company, no great manufacturing association, no great railway, suffered serious and permanent damage; not for a day was the credit of the French Treasury, or the pecuniary faith of the French nation, placed in doubt among its patriotic people. The loss was great, but it could be weighed and measured. Like the brave and cheerful race which their traditions represent them to be, the French looked this loss in the face, weighed and measured it, made provision for it and put it behind them. In two years the import and export trade of France had risen to seven thousand millions of francs against six thousand millions in 1869, and the war indemnity had been promptly lodged in the German Treasury. We shall briefly point out how grievously all these mitigating conditions were reversed in the case of the Southern States.

The drain upon the population of the South has been mentioned—that blood-tax, which was so rigidly levied and so cheerfully paid. The annals of few countries show a more obstinate resistance or bloodier battles. Kunersdorf has generally been cited as one of the most sanguinary fields of modern times. Frederick lost there 19,000 men killed and wounded, out of 50,000. At the Battle of Chickamauga the Confederates counted 17,000 men killed and wounded, out of a total force of 45,000; and many another field showed losses in almost as high a ratio. To their honor, be it said, the Americans, who confronted them, stood killing about as well. In this lies the explanation of the indecisive character of so many of the great actions of the war.

The destruction of property was perhaps more complete than in any struggle of modern times. It may be said in general terms that very little entitled to the name of property survived the war

that was not in its nature indestructible or inconvertible. The land and houses remained, but little else. Wherever the armies, Confederate or Federal, passed, there was a clean sweep of every sort of visible wealth; for it is one of the characteristics of war that a friendly army is only second as a scourge to an enemy's; and, where the armies did not reach, the Confederate tax-gatherer with his levy of tithes in kind, or the Confederate quartermaster with his impressments at arbitrary valuation, made the interior almost as much a desert as the front.

Production languished because the conscription swallowed up the laborers, because the blockade of the ports shut out the demand for the most valuable staples, and because the violation of all the sound precepts of political economy by the Confederate Government, in its desperate struggle for existence, took away the usual incentives to the acquisition of wealth. This was illustrated in the impressment of every kind of agricultural produce, and in the practical seizure of most of the lines of railway for military purposes, so that freedom of transport ceased, and the dearth of one place could not be supplied by the abundance of another.

The country became one vast camp. Means of developing its natural resources were miserably wanting, because, the various manufacturing industries having never been naturalised, the very tools of the different trades could not be procured. Thus, the South having enjoyed an untrammelled intercourse with the manufacturing North, and illustrated on a magnificent scale the best results of unlimited free trade, was made to feel in its hour of need, that a state of war is a *casus omissus* in the school of political economy; and that, as the world is now organised, nations, or communities that would be nations, must take heed to contain within themselves all the elements of self-defence, before legislating for their people as mere trading corporations.

The South lost, of course, all the expenses of the great war, and these it had to pay at once without transfer to posterity of any part of the burden, because, by the compulsory repudiation of its public debt, many hundred million dollars of obligations were confiscated in

the hands of its citizens. It lost all the immense waste and failure of production arising from the diversion of its industries from their accustomed channels. The shares of all, or nearly all, its banks, insurance, manufacturing, and other public companies, became worthless. Nothing of railway property, as a rule, preserved any value except the first mortgage bonds, which sustained an average depreciation of perhaps fifty per cent. These represented what survived of the railways—the roadbeds which could not be destroyed. The public debts of most of the States suffered a decline of from thirty to fifty per cent, which, in several cases from causes to be hereafter mentioned, has proceeded to almost complete extinction of value. Scarcely any form of investment escaped an impairment of one-half or two-thirds of its value.

Practically, then, with the great majority of the property holding classes, only the land and houses, with an insufficient stock of horses and cattle, remained. But even this salvage out of the wreck was illusory. It seemed to be the same land. It was not the same. The land could not escape its "environment." The whole organization of labor, by which the soil had been rendered fruitful, had, by the stroke of a pen and the fortune of war, been suddenly transformed into its native African chaos. And by the same stroke of power the hundreds of thousands of proprietors of that soil, whose money relations with the world, and debts and credits amongst themselves had been based on this property in slaves, amounting to the enormous sum of 1400 millions of dollars, had been rendered bankrupt.

We touch here the very kernel of the difficulty in the task of the restoration of the material prosperity of the Southern States. The destruction of mere wealth may be endured; but here was a paralysis of the instruments of production. Men said the emancipation of the slaves destroyed no part of the general sum of the wealth of the country, because the labor of the negroes made their value and that labor remained. That will be true in one or two generations. It was not true in 1865. The organization of that labor was a great element of its value, and that organization was rudely broken up; and the comparative wealth

and solvency of the owners of the soil was a great element in the value and productive capacity of the land itself, and that was annihilated by the same blow. The second misfortune, the general insolvency of the great landowners, cannot be too closely attended to. It was aggravated by legislative attempts to mitigate it in various so-called "stay-laws," deferring the collection of debts by judicial process. The result was that the settlement of the complex structure of debts based upon slavery and the old value of lands—which would have been promptly reached in the temper of men's minds at the close of the struggle without legislative interference—was through that interference postponed for years, and, indeed, still lingers as the greatest deadweight upon society. There can be no greater bar to progress than a body of insolvent proprietors clutching at the shadow of property long after the substance has vanished.

The disastrous effect upon the value of lands of the destruction of the labor system, combined with the simultaneous loss of so much of the movable capital of the country, may best be shown in the statement that one-third of the market price of 1860 is probably a fair estimate of the average market price of lands in the last thirteen years. Estimates in such matters must be rather uncertain; but, from such investigations as we have been able to make, we are inclined to reckon the losses and depreciation in personal and real property, without any allowance for the value of the slaves emancipated, at about 400,000,000/, or twice the indemnity paid by France to Germany. In short, these losses may be fairly estimated at two-thirds of the assessed value of all property other than slaves in these States at the beginning of the war. Besides all this, it must be remembered that the Southern States paid, in effect, a vast war indemnity by assuming their share of the great debt of the United States, amounting at the close of the contest to about 560,000,000/.

But to return to the lands, it will readily be seen that the landholder had a bad chance to sell his lands at a good price, when all his brother landholders wanted to sell at the same time, and when they all agreed in demonstrating that no profit could be made in cultivat-

ing the soil with the new system of labor. That has been the case for thirteen years. There are not wanting, however, signs of improvement.

In the first place, a number of planters have shown capacity to make money with the new labor. This is the beginning of a new class, recruited in part from the old planters and farmers, who were pliant enough to adjust themselves to the new order of things, but mainly from young men who never knew any other.

In the second place, the negroes have improved as free laborers. They observe their contracts better, they waste less time in politics, and their employers have gradually learned how to frame terms of employment which apply a healthy stimulus to labor. But, with all the encouragement one must feel as to the future of the negroes from their excellent behavior during the trying ordeal through which they have passed, and from their undoubted improvement as free laborers and as citizens, it is impossible to deny that few landed proprietors consider that large farms or plantations can be profitably worked with negroes receiving money wages. The difficulty seems to be in securing fair work for fair wages. There is not enough stimulus in mere wages to make the agricultural negro work. The remedy has been sought, but only partially found, in interesting the negro as a co-partner in the proceeds of the crop. But, after all, the best hope of the agriculture of the South is in a gradual subdivision of the large estates. This process has been quietly going on, and the proof that it is the great remedy for existing evils is to be seen in the fact that in nine country districts out of ten you will find the only men admitted to have made money in growing cotton or tobacco, or anything except sugar-cane, perhaps, are the small proprietors, who work themselves in their fields, or personally supervise a few laborers. The great cotton crops of the last twelve years, including that of 1878, which is estimated at 5,200,000 bales, would never have been reached without the multitudinous petty contributions of this class of producers. The "petite culture" of the French peasantry, taking its rise upon the ruin of large landed proprietors, has effaced all the scars of

the Revolution and the Great Wars. Why may we not expect like beneficent results from small farms throughout the Southern States? In the subdivision of property is to be found the best solution, not only of the economical problem of the negro as a laborer, but of the more difficult social, and political problem of the negro as a citizen. He has undoubtedly the germ of the instinct of property. In towns, the first desire of the better class is to buy a small dwelling-house, and in every city of the south a large body of negroes have become owners of real property from their savings in the last ten years. The hundreds of thousands which the poor negroes lost in the Freedmen's Savings Banks, introduced to their notice by the United States Freedmen's Bureau, show how strong with them is the motive of accumulation. Then, many negroes have already made prosperous beginnings as tenants of small farms, and some few have succeeded in purchasing the lands they cultivate. If the agricultural negro is ever taught to do a fair year's work for a fair year's wages, it will probably be by a negro small farmer.

But in estimating the causes which have delayed the restoration of the Southern States to something like prosperity, we must not overlook the great fact that they were conquered States. We must recognise that for several years after 1865 they were subjected to foreign domination, to government from without, of the most injurious description.

The rule of an enlightened conqueror, who did not affect to conceal his absolutism, might at once have produced most beneficial results. But this was the rule of a conqueror who must disguise his conquest by the appearance of free institutions. The rule from the outside could only be maintained when military governments were withdrawn, by conferring political power upon the negroes; and here we come face to face with what, throughout the greater part of the Southern States, has proved the most refined, the most destructive, if the least blood-thirsty, cruelty ever inflicted by a conqueror in modern times—the political subjection of masters to their recent slaves.

The first product of negro political supremacy was the 'carpet-bagger,' and its

latest result was the bankruptcy of half-a-dozen States, the debauchery of their legislatures, and the final wreck of private wealth. In 1860 the state, county, and municipal taxes assessed in the States of Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, and South Carolina, amounted to eight millions of dollars upon eighteen hundred and sixty-five millions of property; in 1870 these taxes, without any provision for the expenses of the war, had risen to sixteen and a half millions on only seven hundred and sixty-eight millions of property. Virginia, Tennessee, and Texas escaped the worst of these evils, partly because of the numerical inferiority of their black population, and partly because of certain happy accidents. When, in the other States, these saturnalian excesses of bad government had reached the point at which they could no longer be endured, relief was found. The evils suffered by the people of Louisiana and South Carolina, in particular, were such as would have justified revolution, if there had been any possibility of successful revolution. The military power of the Federal Government everywhere forbade that. Not that the actual force of its troops would have offered any physical obstacle to revolutionary reform; but to populations, which had so lately tried the gauge of battle with the armies of the Union, and only given up that struggle when every chance of success had vanished, one soldier wearing the national uniform was sufficient to convince the most thoughtless that there must be no conflict of arms with those protected by the Federal flag.

The condition of these States being intolerable, and justifying revolution, if revolution could have offered any chance of success, we can understand that any remedy short of revolution, even if involving a certain application of force, would be accepted as legitimate by the leaders of the people. It is beyond the power even of a congressional committee, with all its summary processes against persons and things, to draw out the undisputed truth as to the methods by which the whites have regained political control in these oppressed States. But it seems unnecessary to attempt the investigation here. We may admit that there has been in the various canvasses

occasional violence or terrorism not to be tolerated in communities where the very life of society is not staked on the issue of a vote. This is probable; but it is also certain that the most potent factor in this political revolution was the conviction finally forced on the minds of the negroes of the utter worthlessness of their 'carpet-bagger' allies, and a returning confidence in the justice and wisdom of their old rulers.

It was not high statesmanship, but it was the logical result of the great emancipation agitation, which had precipitated the war between the States, and borne the Republican leaders to power and triumph, that political equality with the whites before the law should be conferred on the negroes. Those who lost in that great arbitrament bowed their heads and accepted this result. But it was as pitilessly logical that the intelligence and courage of these States should, before many years, wrest the control of their destinies from the ignorance and corruption which threatened to destroy their civilisation.

Since 1877 the government of every Southern State has been practically vested in those classes which, by their education, intelligence, and inherited aptitude for political business, have, in every age and country, and under all forms of polity, been pointed out as the natural leaders of the people. This was the great result of the Presidential election of 1876. The war was at last felt to be ended, and the Southern States once more assumed a position of perfect equality with the other members of the American Union.

This great pacification having been so recently accomplished, the present time is appropriate for an estimate of the actual position of these States and their relations to the common Union.

And first we must ask our readers to understand that by every man, woman, and child in the Southern States, the unity of the country as settled by the results of the war is accepted as settled for all time. There is not, and there was not in 1865, in the South a vestige of a dream that the struggle for a separation will ever be renewed. The lost cause of the Confederates is tenderly cherished, but with a sentimental devotion only, like that which many Englishmen feel

for the lost cause of the Stuarts. Why is this? One reason, perhaps, is that the war was so thoroughly fought out to the bitter end of men and means, that every man felt the contest could never be renewed under more favorable auspices. Then, whilst Lord John Russell was right when he said that the North fought for empire and the South for independence, the institution of slavery being by no means the end and object for which the Confederates took the field, yet slavery was undoubtedly the occasion of the war, and of the fierce passions which estranged South and North for so many years before its outburst.

Now, slavery not only disappeared, as a result of the war, but was seen by a great many Southern men at an early period of the contest to be doomed, whether the South succeeded or not in the conflict of arms. A great barrier, and, indeed, the only insurmountable barrier to unity of feeling between the two sections, was felt and acknowledged to have been removed when slavery came to its violent end. The circumstances had greatly changed, and Americans are not slow to adjust themselves to a change of facts.

But, perhaps, a still stronger reason had been slowly gathering force. The effect of a four years' deadly grapple with a vigorous adversary is to remove many prejudices, and to inspire a manly respect for a gallant and powerful enemy. Then, if the aspiration after national independence, when thoroughly roused, is perhaps the strongest motive that can animate a people, the idea of empire, of the necessary unity of a vast country like the United States, is certainly a great and dazzling conception. When Southern men felt that the independence of the Confederate States was impossible of achievement, they naturally consoled themselves with those old dreams of the great destiny of a United America which had never been altogether absent from their minds. Many thoughtful Confederates began during the war to ponder the difficulties of the great problem of two independent nations occupying the territory of the United States, and separated by an imaginary frontier of two thousand miles in length. Many asked themselves if the next generation would not bring about some sort of reunion of

the severed nationality. Many then recognised with an uncomfortable twinge the force of those appeals to the necessary unity of feeling and interest of the millions who dwelt on the banks of the Mississippi from St. Paul to New Orleans, which filled the State papers of the Federals, and the apparent impossibility that the mouths of that great river could ever be permanently held by a power alien to the vigorous populations settled along its upper waters. They felt this, as their ancestors had instinctively felt it, when they applauded Mr. Jefferson's brilliant stroke of statesmanship in buying Louisiana from the French without warrant of law, as a measure that touched the very life of the nation. The truth is that the Southern people had no adequate conception of the enthusiastic devotion of the Northern people to the great idea of the Union and its brilliant promise of empire, till after the war was thoroughly kindled. Then thinking men saw that, in that great conception firing the Northern heart, there was a motive not much less strong than the passionate desire of independence which stirred the South.

The motives then being equal, or nearly equal, the combatants of the same race, and of equal, if of different valor, what was to prevent the issue being decided by sheer preponderance of physical force? Which way that inclined was never doubtful.

The next important point in the present condition of the Southern States is that nowhere is the abolition of slavery regretted by any considerable portion of the community. This, of course, does not exclude regret at the methods by which emancipation was accomplished, or strong disapproval of the haste with which the negro has been endowed with political rights. But we do mean to assert that there is a very general satisfaction throughout the South that slavery has disappeared and can never be revived. This will appear an extraordinary statement to those who think that the Confederates fought for the institution of slavery. It will appear strange to those who were not able to discover in the agitations preceding the war any dissatisfaction in the South with slavery, or any attempts at its gradual removal. The fact is that in 1831 there was a very strong

movement in that direction, and notably in Virginia the beginning of an influential emancipation party. But two fatal circumstances concurred about that time to repress this feeling, and, indeed, to establish a violent current in the opposite direction.

The first was the rise of the fanatical abolition agitation in the North, resulting in the most active intermeddling with the local concerns of the Southern States. Englishmen may imagine the effect of this when they reflect how little they would consent to have anything, however good, forced on them by a meddlesome propagandism organised and directed in France. Even free trade could never have been forced on England from without.

The second fatal circumstance was the growing importance of the cotton culture, increasing every year in a rapid ratio the money value of negro labor.

When we consider the conflict of passions springing out of these causes during the thirty years following, the heat of men's minds, and the great inherent difficulty of the problem of emancipation, even if attacked without prejudice and with the best methods, shall we wonder that people were content to drift along till a solution grew out of events, but hesitated to force one? If we will only remember the attitude of Western Europe towards that formidable Eastern question, which must one day be solved by some grand degree of Providence, but which men so great and resolute as the first Duke of Wellington have not dared to precipitate, we shall have a better notion of the position of many of the best men in the Southern States respecting the great curse of slavery before the war.

That class of men never ceased to regard it as a huge evil, which must for ever exclude their country from the sympathy of the leading nations of the world, and they would willingly have accepted any feasible plan for its removal; but, knowing full well the difficulty of the enterprise, they did not dare to set in motion the tremendous agencies which could alone bring it about. Now, however, that in the upheaval of society, produced by one of the greatest wars of modern times, the doomed institution has suffered violent extinction, the result

is everywhere accepted as a beneficent consummation, and the negro is greatly valued as a necessary and permanent element of the population of most of the Southern States. The same causes which brought about the original introduction of the race into those countries, continue to make his labor indispensable there, and, contrary to the expectation of many persons, the black population is increasing in a steady progression.

The task of the improvement of the negro in his new civic relations has been everywhere undertaken in good faith and with kindly feeling, for the real affection of the Southern whites for the blacks must not be overlooked; and in all the Southern States liberal public provision has been made for the free education of negro children upon equal terms with the white children, but in separate schools. Upon one point, however, public opinion appears irrevocably fixed—the inter-marriage of the races will never be tolerated. The development of the black race must therefore proceed within itself. Looking at the results of a different sentiment in the Spanish-American colonies or in North Africa, one must be a bold reformer to desire that this rigid separation of races shall ever cease.

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A few words must be added as to the present position of material interests in the Southern States.

Georgia, Texas, Arkansas, and Tennessee have undoubtedly made rapid strides in development since the close of the war. The other States are generally described as having neither lost nor gained. There has probably been in all, except the two or three most oppressed

by bad government, a slow increase of wealth—an increase, which is indicated in the statistics of production, but concealed from popular apprehension by the suffering incident to every period of great transition. The classes which have profited are not the articulate classes whose voices are most often heard. But an improvement from the bottom upwards has perhaps been steadily going on.

Still the population of the South is a thoroughly impoverished population, and this generation must be content to see all the great movements for development and culture, which depend for their vitality upon accumulated and fast growing wealth, make but feeble and languishing steps forward.

It is a severe ordeal for any community to have the rich stores of two centuries of industry suddenly swept away. That is what has happened to the South; and, in the modern world, loss of reserved wealth seems almost to imply retrogression in civilisation. But there is ground to hope that, with the return of real peace following upon the restoration of good government now enjoyed in every Southern State, not many years will pass before every part of that fair land will show unmistakable signs of new and vigorous life. The embers of civil strife are slowly dying out; even the present generation of Southern men is gradually rekindling a sincere, if not an ardent, national patriotism—the next, with less perplexing problems, more secure prosperity, and a love of country that has never known estrangement, will surely attain to

“Nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.”
Macmillan's Magazine

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.—BIOGRAPHY, TRAVEL, AND SPORT.

NOTHING is more fascinating than good biography, and assuredly it is the more precious for its rarity. The books we really love, the books that make the illustrious dead our friends and companions, and which may be carried about with one like the Bible or Shakespeare, may almost be counted on the fingers. That is at first blush the more surprising, since it seems there should be no very

insuperable difficulty in writing an excellent life. Fidelity, of portraiture, sympathy, and tact, with a discriminating use of ample materials, ought surely to be sufficient to assure success. As a matter of fact, it evidently is not so. Clever and congenial biographers take up the pen to turn out the volumes which are read or merely glanced through and laid aside. Perhaps, when

we say "volumes," we have gone some way towards the explanation. For there can be no question that the most common defects of biography are useless repetition and provoking redundancy. The more earnestly the biographer throws himself into his task, the more indispensable does each trivial detail appear to him. In working out the features and the figure of his subject, he is slow to reject anything as inconsequent or insignificant. Then he is in even a worse position than the editor of a daily newspaper. He should make up his mind to seem ungracious and ungrateful. He must say "No" civilly to people who have been doing him a kindness, when he declines to make use of the valued matter they have placed at his disposal as the greatest of favors. He has been indefatigably collecting a mass of voluminous correspondence from a great variety of quarters; yet many of the letters, when they come to be read, are either unimportant or really reproductions of each other. He gets into the way of going about his labors like the watchmaker, who works with a powerful magnifying-glass in his eye. In the assiduous attention he bestows on each step in the career, he is apt to lose all sense of proportion; while in the unconscious exercise of their natural critical powers, his readers become unpleasantly alive to the results.

We need hardly say that our complaints of the average quality of biography do not extend to the quantity of these publications. There is no lack of the "Lives," bad, fair, and indifferent, of big and little men. Not a few of these we may owe to selfish motives; but for the most of them we are undoubtedly indebted to love, gratitude, or friendship. Now and then the office of elegist or literary executor may well excite an eager rivalry among those who can put forward any reasonable pretensions to it. There are splendid examples of reputations made vicariously by laying hold of the mantle of some illustrious man. Boswell's 'Johnson' is an instance which must of course occur to everybody. His is a book that stands alone and unapproached. We subscribe to what Macaulay wrote in his essay, that "Eclipse is first, and the rest nowhere;" although we can by no

means agree with the brilliant essayist in his contemptuously depreciatory estimate of the biographer. That Boswell's fortunate weaknesses went far to ensure him his astonishing triumph is not to be denied for a moment. It is seldom, indeed, that one finds in an educated man of the world, who was indisputably possessed of ordinary intelligence, so ludicrous a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity; such a *naïve* indifference to mortifying rebuffs, and so complacent a superiority to humiliating self-exposure. It is rarer still to find an appreciative enthusiast, who, rather than not show the powers of his idol at their best, will set himself up to be shot at with poisoned arrows. But those who, going on the estimate of Macaulay, should try to rival the achievement of Boswell by simply putting self-respect and self-esteem in their pocket, and letting one form of vanity swallow all the rest, may find themselves far astray in their expectations. Boswell can have been by no means the nonentity it has pleased Macaulay to represent him. Far better judges have differed entirely from the brilliant Whig partisan when he declares that no one of Boswell's personal remarks would bear repetition for its own sake. Independently of the culture and various information they show, many of them strike us as extremely incisive—for in thought as well as in style he had borrowed much from his model. Not unfrequently the remarks are epigrammatic, and almost invariably they are ingeniously suggestive. If Boswell was no great lawyer, he had a genius for one important branch of the profession. He was a master of insidious examination and cross-examination. He made it his business and study to "draw" the sparkling and bitter conversationalist, till he had acquired an intuitive perception of how to set about it, ready as he was to risk the hug of the bear. The direct evidences of his talents must be matter of opinion, and each reader can form an independent judgment on them. But there is no gainsaying the indirect testimony to his merits in the illustrious company he habitually kept. It is unfair, and opposed to all probability, to suppose that the most refined intellectual society of the day merely tolerated the shadow of Johnson as their butt.

Men like Burke and Reynolds, who, as Johnson would have said, had no great "gust" for humor, do not drag a "sot and idiot" about with them to quiet little dinners, with the simple notion of amusing themselves by his follies. We never hear that Foote formed one at their parties, though he was courted by such *spirituel roués* as the Delavals. But the most conclusive testimony to Boswell's powers is the pleasure Johnson took in his company. Johnson no doubt loved flattery; but he was ruffled by praise indiscreetly administered, and was the last man in the world to tolerate the intimacy of a bore. He was certainly no hypocrite; and, setting aside innumerable passages in his letters, he gave the most unmistakable proof of his consideration for Boswell, when he chose him for his companion in the tour to the Hebrides, and encouraged him in the intention of writing his life. If Boswell's 'Johnson' be the life of lives, we may be sure that no ordinary literary skill, disguised under great apparent simplicity, must have gone to the composition, with much of the talent for biography that can only be a natural gift. But when all has been said in the author's favor that can be said, aspirants should remember that he has been living in literature as the object of a fortunate accident and a still more happy conjunction. He suited Johnson, dissimilar as they were, and the mind and qualities of the one man became the compliments of those of the other. While if Johnson had followed up the famous snub at Cave's; if he had not taken a capricious fancy to the raw importation from the country he professed to detest, the Scotch advocate might have travelled to Corsica, strutted at the carnival at Stratford-on-Avon, and dined and drunk port with the wits, but he would never have emerged from obscurity in the remarkable book which claims more than a passing notice in any article on biography.

But if vanity and ambition have inspired many indifferent biographies, the partiality of love or friendship has to answer for many more. We are all familiar with the emotional mourners who will obtrude the heartfelt expressions of their grief and affection into the brief obituary notice in the news-

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paper, which is paid at so many shillings the line. So there are sorrowing widows and admiring intimates who seem to consider an elaborate memoir of the departed as much *de rigueur* as the tombstone that is to commemorate his gifts and his virtues. Very possibly he may have done something considerable for himself. Probably he was a most respectable member of society, and benefited his fellow-creatures in some shape or other. He has died in the fullness of years and regard; or a promising career has been prematurely cut short before it had well begun, or just as it seemed approaching fruition. In the latter case especially, the biographical tribute becomes a sacred duty. The literary legatee feels himself bound to turn architect, completing and embellishing in the realms of fancy the edifice that in actual fact had barely risen above the foundations. He has accepted the duties that are pressed upon him with reluctance, real or feigned; though in his innermost heart he has hardly a doubt that he will discharge them something more than satisfactorily. Writing a life seems so exceedingly easy; indeed, undertaking it involves a certain self-sacrifice, seeing that it scarcely gives sufficient scope for the play of original genius. If regard or ambition did not sweeten the labor, and if the biographer did not show himself so confident in that genius of his, we should be inclined to feel sincere sympathy for him. For working out the most brilliant memoir must involve an inordinate amount of wearisome drudgery, while it lays the writer under an infinity of trifling obligations to people who are ready enough to remind him of them. Even if you employ a staff of secretaries and amanuenses, your own gifts of selection must be sorely taxed. If the object of your hero-worship was a busy man, the chances are that he wrote a villanous hand. As he should have had time to make a certain reputation, the odds are that he died in ripe maturity. So you have masses of crabbed manuscript consigned to you, in boxes and packets, and by single communications; and the earlier of these letters have been penned on old-fashioned paper, in ink that has been fading with time and damp. These date, more-

over, from the days of prohibitory postage, and are written in the most minute of hands, and crossed and re-crossed to the edge of the seal. If the talent of the departed lay in sentimental verse, or if he were a reforming or philosophical genius in embryo, of course they are magniloquently diffuse; and though you hardly dare reprint his rhapsodies in replica, you are loath to waste any of the flowers of his eloquence. Most of us have been committed to some unpleasant piece of business where we have had to rake among the melancholy ashes of the past, undoing the moth-eaten tape that ties up the mildewed packets. Imagine having to pursue such a task indefinitely, with no particular point to aim at, but vaguely searching for appropriate matter. As it seems to us, only the most plodding and patient-minded of men would be content to persevere with unabated application; and it is comparatively seldom that acute and imperturbable patience is united to real literary ability. Should you happen to be blessed with a retentive memory, perhaps it may prove wisest in the end to trust to it in great measure; though in that case, undoubtedly, the probabilities are that you do very partial justice to the subject. Otherwise, with a view to comprehensive reference, you must make a careful *précis* of your researches as you go along, and that infers some deficiency in those faculties of memory and concentration which are essential to really superior work. Or else you must decide to print wholesale, making very perfunctory attempts at selection. The relatives who see your manuscript or revise your book in the proof, are sure to look leniently on that latter fault. Nothing, they think, is too insignificant to be recorded of a man so essentially superior and remarkable. And the result is a mass of ill-arranged matter, where the currants and spice bear no proportion to ingredients that are unpalatable and unpleasantly indigestible.

Turning to Mrs. Glass's cookery-book for another metaphor, you must catch your hare before you cook him. The first condition of a good book is a suitable subject. It by no means follows that, because a man has made his way to prominent places—because he has

played a conspicuous part in public affairs—because he has been a shining light in the churches, and the most soul-stirring of pulpit orators—because he has held high commands in wars that have remodelled the map of the world—that his life must necessarily be worth the writing. A man may have high talents of a certain order, though he is no more than a fair representative of a class, and has never gone far beyond the commonplace. The test of a successful biography is the pleasure one takes in reading it; and to give it point and piquancy, the eminent subject must have shown some originality of genius or character. No doubt, a distinguished statesman or general must have been concerned in much that deserves to be recorded. But there the personal may be merged in the abstract, as biography drifts into history, which is a different department altogether: and not a few of those biographies which have become standard authorities, are in reality history in a flimsy disguise. We miss those little personal traits which reflect the distinctive lights of a marked individuality; and although the biographer turned historian may possibly have overlooked these, the presumption is that they had scarcely an existence. On the other hand, the life of some very obscure individual may supply admirable matter for the reality of romance. Thus, in singling out those self-reliant individuals who have raised themselves to distinction by self-help, Dr. Smiles has hit on a most happy vein. Who can fail to follow with the closest interest the achievements of those adventurous engineering knight-errants, who vanquished by the vigorous efforts of their brains the material obstacles which had been baffling our progress? Nor is it merely in the story of their most celebrated feats that the Stephensons or Arkwrights or Brunels impress us. Their whole experiences from their parish school-days, were a battle that ended in the triumph of faith. In the face of discouragements and difficulties, they are carried along by the natural bent that is absolutely irresistible; and often, fortunately for society, beyond either reason or control. Edward, the Banffshire naturalist—Dick, the Caithnessshire geologist, could hardly have im-

aged in their wildest dreams that Mr. Mudie would have been circulating their memoirs by thousands. Yet for once the readers of the fashionable world have been just as well as generous in appreciation; for the lives of the humble shoemaker and baker are pregnant with lessons and their practical illustrations.

We assume that the biographer has some power of the pen, though the rule that we take for granted has many exceptions. But undoubtedly the first of his qualifications should be tact, for without that all the rest must be comparatively worthless. He should show his tact, in the first place, in deciding whether the life be worth writing or not. He must next exhibit it in the method of his scheme, and in his notions of literary perspective and proportion. Many a life that has proved intolerably dull, might well have repaid perusal had it taken the shape of slightly-linked fragments; each fragment embracing some episode of the career. First impressions in making acquaintance with a man go for a great deal. Many a life has been hastily thrown aside because we were bored by the hero in his school and college days. It may be true that the child is the father of the man; yet we do not care to be personally introduced to the parent of each new acquaintance who promises to interest us. When the man has developed into an illustrious character, the child has often been an insufferable prig, who must have made itself a nuisance to the friends of the family. We may pity those unfortunates who could scarcely help themselves; but it is hard upon us half a century later to have more than some faint indication of the little student's precocious tastes. Macaulay sneers at Warren Hastings' habit of appearing morning after morning at the breakfast-table at Daylesford with the sonnet that was served with the eggs and rolls. But on the whole, we should rather have put up with the sonnets of the ex-Governor-General of Hindostan than with the sermons, essays, and political disquisitions in which the juvenile Macaulay showed such appalling fertility in the heavy dissenting atmosphere of his Clapham forcing-house. We admit that the interesting life by his

nephew would have been altogether incomplete without a reference to these; and we merely take the book as an illustration of disproportion because it is in many respects admirable, and was universally read. Yet, though Mr. Trevelyan, in the opinion of some people, may not have been unduly prolix, for ourselves we might possibly have stopped short on the threshold of his volumes, had we not been assured of the interest that must await us farther on.

Then tact is essential in collecting as well as in selecting. If the importance of your undertaking be sufficient to justify it, possibly the most comfortable way of collecting is by public advertisement. You intimate a desire that any correspondents of the deceased may forward communications or letters—to be returned—to the care of the publishers. In the case of those who respond, you are only laid under a general obligation, and need make as little use as you please of the communication intrusted to your care. The objection to this plan appears to be, that it can but partially answer the purpose. Busy men may neither see nor heed the advertisement. And then there is the numerous class of *dilettante littérateurs*, who will only do a favor of the kind on urgent personal entreaty; and possibly, like the modest Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck, in the expectation that it will be publicly acknowledged in some shape. When your store is amassed, as we have remarked already, your literary discretion is merely beginning to be tried. You have to face the invidious task of rejection, unless you mean consciously to mar your work and do injustice to the reputation you are responsible for. You find that your correspondent, the fussy *dilettante*, has been cackling over illusory treasures. You can make nothing of the packet of brief dinner invitations; or the note paying a civil compliment to the poem in manuscript that was promptly sent back. You give offence in other quarters with better reason. You cannot reproduce indefinitely very similar ideas; and there are passages and personalities in really suggestive letters which you are bound in common prudence to suppress. All that, however, is matter of personal feeling and sacrifice. You must make up

your mind to make a certain number of enemies, and to brazen out a good deal of obloquy and abuse. After all, your rejected correspondents cannot cherish their malice for ever; nor are you likely to trouble them soon again for another *magnum opus*. But when your materials have been sifted, and when what is worthless has been refused, you enter on the more delicate and critical stage of dealing with them as between yourself and your public. You must keep the fear of being wearisome perpetually before your eyes, and resign yourself to retrenching mercilessly on what at first sight seemed worthy of preservation. No matter how full of interest a life may have been, the public will not tolerate more than a reasonable amount of it; and it should be your study to bring out in striking relief those features which gave your subject his special claims to notoriety. It may have been lucky perhaps for Boswell, though of course he deplored it, that he should have made the acquaintance of his hero so late in life. Otherwise, though it is difficult indeed to believe, those delightful volumes of his might have been multiplied disagreeably.

Judicious glimpses at the domestic interior are indispensable; but unless, perhaps, in the case of a woman who has been throwing lustre on her times, without having recognised any "special mission" that way, it seems to us that those glimpses should be indulged in with extreme discretion. Much of course depends upon the man. We should never have loved either Scott or Southey half so much, had we not seen them sitting among their books or breaking loose upon their afternoon rambles, surrounded by the children they encouraged to be their playmates. The children who had the run of the inner book-room at Abbotsford, and kept possession of the little tenement at Keswick, became a part of the professional life of their parents. But that kind of domestic revelation may be very easily overdone; as when a widow or daughter writes the life of the husband or father whose loss has left a grievous chasm in her existence. Then we have her—and very naturally, should she once have decided to make the public her confidants—always twining herself

round the memory of the lost one, and recalling the thousand unsuggestive trifles which have a living and touching interest for herself; while an enthusiastic friend, though with less excuse, is apt to fall into a similar error.

That leads one naturally to the cardinal virtue of self-suppression, which, after all, is only another form of tact. If you are bent on killing two birds with one stone—if you hope to immortalise yourself in commemorating your friend—there is no more to be said save that doubtless you will go far towards defeating your own purpose; for a book can hardly fail to be poor when half the contents are either indifferent to the reader or objectionable. But a man's unconscious vanity may innocently enough cast a heavy shadow over his hero; or the writer may honestly multiply useful details, which as matter of self-regard he had better have restricted. If he be a Boswell or choose to play the Boswell, there is no great harm in that; but Boswells, as we have observed, are almost as rare as phoenixes. More often we have something in the style of Foster's 'Life of Dickens,' though the author will almost necessarily have been less fortunate in a subject. Mr. Foster, in writing a most entertaining narrative, said nothing, of course, that was not strictly true, nor perhaps did he exaggerate either his intimacy or the influence he exercised on his friend. But though the delicate flatteries he published, and the details he gave, may have added life and color to the story he was writing, they threw Dickens himself into the background; and at all events, so far as its author was concerned, the impression of the book was decidedly unpleasant.

There is one kind of memoir in which the writer must come to the front, and that is autobiography. If undertaken in a spirit of absolute candor and simplicity, nothing may be made more instructive and entertaining. Nor does it follow by any means that the autobiographer need be one of those men whose name has been much in the mouth of the world. On the contrary, in our opinion, the best of our autobiographies are those that have chiefly a domestic or personal interest. They should be the honest confessions of a

nature that has the power of self-analysis; and nobody but the individual himself can make the disclosures which give such a history completeness. No incident can then be too insignificant, provided it have some distinct bearing on the end in view. The author must necessarily have a retentive memory, and he should have a natural instinct of self-observation. For in telling his plain unvarnished tale, he reveals himself more or less consciously; and if he have the knack of picturesque narrative, it is so much the better; while literary experience may be a positive snare. It may tempt him into the laying himself out for effect, which will almost inevitably defeat its purpose—into giving an air of artifice and sentiment to the confessions that should be unmistakably genuine. Some of the most satisfactory autobiographies we are acquainted with, have been written by women. Women, and especially French women, are more emotional and impressionable than the rougher sex. When they are warmed to their work, they have less hesitation in unbosoming themselves unreservedly in the public confessional: nor are they embarrassed by false shame or overstrained sensitiveness, when they are impelled to lay bare their innermost feelings. But if a public man becomes his own historiographer, it is an incessant effort to be either straightforward or dispassionate. He places himself involuntarily on his defence, and is vindicating his reputation with his contemporaries and posterity. Naturally he cannot be over scrupulous in putting his conduct in the most favorable light: he launches cross indictments against the opponents who have impeached it; and even if in his own judgment he be punctiliously conscientious, his conscience may have been warped by the habit of self-deception.

What comes very near to actual autobiography, and may be even more strikingly indicative of character, is the publication of copious correspondence, either by itself or slightly connected by a commentary. The Duke of Wellington was a man of few words, and the Wellington despatches are models of terse narrative and pointed English. The writer, though he only alludes to himself incidentally, necessarily fills a

great space in them, since he was making the war history he describes so lucidly. Yet with hardly a single directly personal touch, how forcibly and graphically we have the hero presented to us! Or take a genius of a very different order, who wrote with a different purpose, and in very different style. We have lately had a voluminous collection of the letters of Honoré de Balzac. The most important of these were addressed to two ladies—to the sister whom he had always made his *confidante*, and to the Russian baroness whom he afterwards married. We do not know if he had any idea that they might ultimately be published. Nor if he had, do we imagine that it would have made any great difference; for a Frenchman whose soul is steeped in romance is likely to be transcendently feminine in his emotional candor. At all events, that lifelong series of letters makes up the most vividly descriptive of autobiographies. We know the novel-writer, with his bursts of sustained industry, when the fancy was working at high-pressure pace; with his trials, his triumphs, his eccentricities, and his extravagances, as if we had lived in his intimacy all his days. It is not only that we hear the duns knocking at his door, and see them assembled to lay siege to his ante-room, while he was feverishly toiling against time, filling himself by perpetual doses of coffee in the sumptuous apartments they had furnished on-credit. But he reveals all the caprices of his changing moods; he shows himself in his alternations of excitement and depression; he has no conception of drawing a veil over the failings and sensibility he is inclined to take pride in; he returns time after time to his literary feuds and resentments, as he is inexhaustible in his abuse of the pettifogging lawyers who strewed thorns among the rose-leaves on which he would have loved to repose. He cannot be said to exhibit himself to advantage, and yet somehow we like him. Not certainly on account of his genius, for that was decidedly of the cynical cast that repels affection though it compels admiration. We believe we take to him chiefly because he is so entirely without reserve for us. In ordinary biographies you feel that much may be kept back, and suspicion suggests or exaggerates the

concealments; while, if a man be entirely outspoken, and seems to take your sympathy with him as a matter of course, we give him more than due credit for his amiable qualities. Unhappily, it is seldom we have such elaborate self-portraiture nowadays, seeing that painstaking letter-writing is become a fashion of the past, and it is only one of the indefatigable French romance-writers like Balzac, Sand, or Dumas, who can spare time and thought for it from their multifarious avocations.

We are disposed to wonder at the courage or rashness of those who write the biographies of living men. The work can be but an unsatisfactory instalment at the best; and it is impossible to overrate its delicacy or difficulty. It must tend to be either a libel or unmitigated eulogy, though much more often it is the latter. When an enemy undertakes it—and we have seen an instance of that lately in memoirs of the Premier—he must judge his subject solely by public appearances. He can have no access to those materials for the *vie intime* which can alone give truthful color to the portrait. Besides, he holds a brief for the prosecution; he has to vindicate the prejudices which warp his judgment, and he lays himself out to invent misconstruction of motives, if not for actual misrepresentations. While the partial friend or enthusiastic devotee can scarcely steer clear of indiscriminate puffing. Whatever he may do for the reputation of his subject, he can hardly fail to injure his own. As his readers are disposed to set him down as either a dupe or a shameless panegyrist, he pays the penalty of having thrust himself into a false position. If he has really much that is new and original to tell, it will be assumed that he has had direct encouragement to undertake the task. Few men are cast in such a mould, or occupy a position so unmistakably independent, that they can dare in such embarrassing circumstances to show the serene impartiality of the judge. If they have gone for their information to the fountain-head, they have, in fact, committed themselves to a tacit arrangement by which they undertake to be nothing but laudatory. Should they insinuate blame, it is in such softened terms that they almost turn condemnation into compli-

ments. And even when the writer can honestly be lavish of his praise, he must feel that his praises sound unbecoming. In short, as it seems to us, it is work that can scarcely be undertaken by any man of sensitive feeling.

Yet in more ways than one the production of a good biography is a most praiseworthy ambition, for no one is a greater benefactor alike to literature and posterity than the man who has achieved it. In spite of his amiable superstition and his tedious digressions, Plutarch is still a standard classic. Nor is there anything on which the popularity of ancient and modern historians like Tacitus or Clarendon, is more solidly established than their striking contemporary portraits. The sketch of Catiline is perhaps the most impressive part of Salust's history of the famous conspiracy. What would we give now for the most meagre memoir of Shakespeare, were it only authoritative? and had he found his Boswell or Lockhart, we might have had a book that would have gone down to posterity with his poems. So much is that the case, that one of the most favorite modern forms of biography consists in ransacking the authorities of the remote past, and piercing together such disjointed materials as they can supply. That must be more or less like reconstructing the mastodon from the traces he has left on the primeval rocks. Learned Germans, distinguished members of the French Academy, deeply-read professors in the English universities, have betaken themselves to rewriting the lives of illustrious Greeks and Romans. They have done most creditable work, we confess; and yet, however acutely logical the treatment may be, we have the impression that we are being beguiled into historical romance where the actual has been ingeniously merged in the ideal. In lives that came nearer to our own times, that impression naturally diminishes; and we grant that there is more satisfactory reason for writing them. The discoveries of gossipy State-papers all the world over—notably those in the archives of Simancas, and the official correspondence of accomplished Venetian emissaries—have thrown floods of unexpected light on some of the most remarkable personages of the middle ages. There is an odd

fashion too in those subjects, and certain picturesque people and periods seem to have an irresistible fascination for literary men. Paradoxical conclusions, that are due in a great degree to the author's ingenuity, have of course their charm; and we can understand the taste that finds delight in whitewashing the most doubtful or disreputable figures in history. But the fact of some impressive character having already been repeatedly appropriated, appears to be a challenge to other artists to take him in hand; and thus, for example, we see a religious reformer like Savonarola, or such a subtle thinker as his contemporary Machiavelli, receiving, noteworthy as they undoubtedly were, more than their fair share of attention.

Next to Boswell's Johnson, to our mind the most enjoyable life in the language, is Lockhart's Scott. And a model biography it is for the practical purpose of example, since no one who can avail himself of somewhat similar advantages need despair of producing a creditable imitation. As we have remarked already, the secret of Boswell's success in some degree defies and eludes detection; while some of the conditions to which it is most obviously due are such as few men would care to accept. They would object to discarding delicacy and reserve, and to pursuing their purpose with a sublime indifference as to whether or not they made themselves the laughing-stock of their readers. But Lockhart produced his fascinating work simply by writing a straightforward narrative. He was entirely outspoken as to the private life of his illustrious subject, except in so far as disclosures of family secrets were necessarily limited by good taste and good feeling. As we are taught to admire Sir Walter's genius in the critical appreciation of his works, we learn to love the man in his domestic intercourse. What can be pleasanter, for instance, than the picture of the lion taking refuge from the houseful of guests his hospitality had gathered into Abbotsford, at his favorite daughter's quiet breakfast-table under the trees in the little garden at Huntly Burn. We learn to love him in his friendship for his pets, for it was friendship at least as much as fondness; and they and their master thoroughly understood each other. Lock-

hart, with the true feeling of an artist, has painted Scott among his dogs as Raeburn did. We know them all, from Camp, whose death made him excuse himself from a dinner-party on account of the loss of a much-loved friend—from Maida sitting solemnly at his elbow in his study, or stalking gravely by his master's side, while the rest of the pack were gambolling ahead of them—down to "the shamefaced little terrier," who would hide himself at a word of reproof, and who could only be lured out of his seclusion by the irresistible sound of the meat-chopper at the dinner-hour. To be sure no biographer could have been more fortunate in a subject. The life of Scott from first to last was overcharged with diversified elements of romance. His lines were cast in the land of the Border, where every hamlet and peel-tower had its legend, and each stream and dale their ballads. There was an extraordinary blending of the picturesque with the practical as the lawyer turned into the poet and novelist; and the pen of the wizard in an evil hour took to backing the bills that landed him in insolvency. Seldom has there been a more strangely checkered career, or a losing campaign more gallantly fought out after the flush of an unexampled series of triumphs. Almost unprecedented prosperity had ended in what might have been the blackest eclipse, but for the manly nature that shone brightest at the last through the clouds that would have depressed any ordinary fortitude. Never was there stronger temptation to indiscriminate hero-worship, for Lockhart was the friend and confidant of his father-in-law, and had watched him with ever-growing admiration through his changing fortunes. No man was better fitted to appreciate that rare versatility of literary genius than one who had himself been a successful romance-writer, and who was a critic by temperament as well as habit. Perhaps it was partly owing to that critical temperament, with the practice of self-control which it inferred, that the biographer proved equal to his splendid opportunities. Partly because, setting the obligations of honesty aside, he felt that all he could tell of his father-in-law would only redound to Scott's honor in the end. But the result has been that we

have a Life in many volumes which for once we would very willingly have longer, and for once in a way, if there be a fault in the book, it is the excessive self-effacement of the accomplished author. Had he told all, which of course he could not do, we believe it would appear that his counsels to Scott had been invaluable.

Since Scott wrote the 'Napoleon,' which hardly did justice either to the emperor or to the author, good lives of soldiers have been scarce—although by the way, in that connection, we may refer to the Count de Sèjur's admirable memoir of his master which came out a few years ago. Wellington and the heroes of the Peninsula had been disposed of; and there were few opportunities for soldiers distinguishing themselves in the comparatively peaceful times that followed. In India and the Crimea, though we do not forget dashing leaders like the Napiers, and many distinguished generals of division, no really great commander can be said to have come to the front; and the lives of officers in subordinate positions usually supply incidents that are too episodic. Besides, the memoir of a distinguished soldier must have mainly a strategical interest, and the most accomplished literary artist will find his talent taxed to the utmost if his book is to be made attractive to the general public. No doubt the authoritative life of Von Moltke will be a most valuable work, yet we may surmise that it will be heavy reading. Moreover, the present fashion of war correspondence unpleasantly anticipates the military memoir writer. He must go for his most exciting materials to republications that are universally accessible, though, after having been read, they may have been half forgotten in the newer interest of fresher sensations; while most men will be inclined to renounce in despair the hope of improving on the picturesqueness of the best of these narratives.

It must be much the same in the case of statesmen. Formerly, when there were meagre Parliamentary reports,—when the Premier was a despot like Walpole or Chatham, and the administration arbitrary so long as he held office,—there was much that was interesting to be told, much that was mysterious to be ex-

plained, when a biographer found himself in a position to make confidences. Now it is comparatively rarely that we have to wait for the demise of the principal actors in them to learn the exact truth as to important transactions. Each successive step is submitted to the most searching scrutiny. Energetic or fussy members ask questions and raise debates. Ministers are forced to stand on their defence against attacks and insidious suggestions that cannot well be left unanswered. The debates are thrashed out in exhaustive leaders, while correspondents and consuls abroad are contributing to the literature of foreign questions. There is a serial publication of blue-books which are systematically condensed for the information of the public. No Minister dare refuse the publication of a State-paper; at the most, he can only take the responsibility of deferring it. Now and then a man's lips may be sealed by a punctilious sense of honor, or by circumstances which he can hardly command, as to some Cabinet decision or piece of diplomacy in which he played a conspicuous part. But with the lapse of time, people have ceased to feel concerned in that; and even when attention has been subsequently called to it in some keen political critique, it only awakens a languid interest. We are far from saying that the average talent of our statesmen has declined, though the glare of publicity that exposes their shortcomings seems to give greater point every day to the famous dictum of Oxenstiern. But there can be no question that writing their lives in detail is coming more and more to have much in common with the philosophical revision of ancient history.

Even with the lawyers, things have changed for the worse. There used to be fine scope for forcible writing in a brilliant forensic career, when beginning with some unlooked-for exhibition of eloquence; with the lucky hit of a junior stepping into the place of an absent leader, it led him through professional and political intrigues and many a hotly contested election, to land him in the Chief Justiceship or on the woolsack. At present the course of the profession is more prosaic. The young barrister's best chance at his start is a paying family connection, or marriage with a lady who

brings clients as her dowry. He climbs the ladder by slow degrees, and it is seldom he clears the first rounds at a spring. The ballot and the new election laws have done away with the romance of the hustings; and even the humors of the circuits seem to have been dying out with the old habits of sociable conviviality. We fear we shall never again have such a book as Triss's 'Life of Lord Eldon;' nor need future Lord Chancellors fear a new series of a Lord Campbell's 'Lives,' which shall "add a fresh horror to death."

Perhaps in the general decadence of the art, the lives of divines are the sole exception; and that is chiefly because they are so seldom liberally catholic either in their spirit or their interest. A man who has made a name as a pulpit-ordinator, or who has played a leading part in the affairs of some Church or sect, has his personal following of devoted worshippers. In nine cases out of ten the life has been written by some faithful follower who has clung to him like Elisha to Elijah. The biography becomes the faithful reflection of its subject's views and convictions. We can hardly say that his prejudices are treated with tenderness; for they are adopted, defended, and developed. The people who make a rush on the first edition know exactly what they have to expect, and there is little chance of their being disgusted or disappointed, since the name and familiar opinions of the author guarantee the tone. The bitterness of conflicting creeds is proverbial; and it is too seldom that a writer seizes on the grand opportunity of soaring superior to the narrow prepossessions of sectarianism, into the untroubled atmosphere of the Christian religion. Yet though a sectarian memoir must be one-sided and narrow-minded, it need by no means of necessity be a literary blunder. On the contrary, earnest partisanship may be an antidote to dullness; bitterness of feeling gives it a certain piquancy; and the invective that is inspired by honest self-satisfaction may lend animation and vigor to the style. The pious men who are most likely to be treated catholically, and to be made beacons for the devout of future generations, are those whose influence has extended beyond their communions, and whose intellect has

been expanded by circumstances or in the turmoil of religious convictions. As in the case of Chalmers, for example, when he won the respect of the world for the breadth of his labors and the liberality of his opinions, until he broke down in the melancholy struggle which led to the disruption of Christian unity and kindly feeling in the Scotch Church; or of Dr. Newman, when, in the height of his reputation as logician and controversialist, he passed over from Oxford to Rome; or, above all, of the self-denying pioneers of missionary enterprise like Xavier or Martyn, Livingstone or Wilson.

We may dismiss the subject of contemporary biography with the briefest notice of some of the works that happen to have appeared very recently, though any attempt at a comprehensive survey is far beyond the compass of our article. And we may go back to the published volumes of the Prince Consort's life, as the work is still uncompleted. By the consent of the critics, Mr. Theodore Martin has fully justified the confidence which intrusted to him a task in which her Majesty is so nearly and dearly interested. The Prince's peculiarly difficult position had made him enemies; and excited jealousies which generated prejudices and misrepresentations. The "fierce light that beats upon a throne" is a very deceptive figure of speech; for the fitful flashes that come quicker in times of political excitement are apt to give false ideas of facts; while the shining qualities of the occupant are lost in the dazzle, and unobtrusive family virtues may escape notice altogether. In doing justice to the memory of her husband, by publishing his memoirs with almost absolute unreserve, her Majesty exercised a wise discretion. In unbosoming herself as to the loss she had sustained, she made the nation doubly sympathetic in her sorrow; and in these times, when thrones are shaking abroad, and experience is demonstrating the instability of republican institutions, it is almost impossible to overrate the value of such a book. The Life is full of those high lessons which it should be the chief purpose of biography to convey. There are no symptoms in it of fulsome praise, and yet we may add that there is nothing which does not redound to the

honor of its subject. The family details that are given so frankly and naturally, have of course a very exceptional interest. And it presents a remarkable example of versatile energy and keen political insight united to most extraordinary self-restraint. For once the political chapters of a biography have a double interest. For, emanating from the most unexceptionable information, they clear up much that had been hitherto obscure in the most momentous events of recent history; while they show all her Majesty owed to her husband, and with what indefatigable intelligence he had labored in the interests of the adopted country, that too often repaid him with perverse misrepresentation.

Among the latest publications on our table, we find a miscellany of subjects and styles—the *Life of Bismarck*, by Busch; of *Machiavelli*, by Villari; of *Madame de Bunsen*, by Mr. Augustus Hare; of *George Moore*, by Smiles; of *Dr. Hook*, by his son-in-law; of *Sydney Dobell*. We may say that we have already passed them indirectly in review. Herr Busch illustrates all the indiscretions of the life of a very great man, written by an obsequious dependant. There are many amusing personal touches, no doubt; but as biography, it is valueless, because it is entirely in rose-color. The writer's ideas are the reflection of those of his idol, as lizards take their tints from the rocks they crawl on. Besides, the Prince's biography runs into history, and the history is too evidently "inspired." *Machiavelli*, so far as the subject has yet been carried, is handled with highly creditable impartiality; but the book is in great measure a historical essay, where facts are supplemented by ingenious theories, which, though plausible, are seldom solidly established. *Madame de Bunsen's Memoirs* are excellent in their way, and we fancy it will prove to be one of the books that you may care to dip into again and again. A charming and highly accomplished woman, who lived in the highest society in Europe, and whose places of residence made her as familiar with the associations of the past as with the intellectual activity of this age of progress, gives the exhaustive diary of an eventful life in a series of delightful letters. But here, too, we are bound to add, that the book

would have been the better for judicious retrenchment; and in particular, our remarks as to hesitating on the threshold, will apply to the minute analysis of the lady's pedigree. The same apparently inevitable criticism will apply to *George Moore* and *Sydney Dobell*, though both are well worth reading, and the former especially. We hardly know how we came to overlook it in our observations on *Dr. Smiles*. For it shows the author at his best in his nervous though somewhat homely style; and in his intuitive perception of the striking traits that may best serve to illustrate the man he is describing. Not that *George Moore* is made by any means ideally attractive. There can hardly be a greater contrast between the active career of the pushing commercial traveller and tradesman, who, turning into the generous and religious philanthropist, made friends as fast as he made a fortune, and whose power of activity seemed to be multiplied with the number of objects he took in hand; and the life of the dreamy poet and thinker, whose best efforts were baffled by misfortunes, and by the maladies to which he prematurely succumbed. Yet though comparison must be unfair when the objects of it are so opposed, we do not know that *Dobell's* memoir is not the more instructive of the two. For it is harder to keep up heart and faith against ever renewed disappointment and bodily anguish; harder to keep the freshness of your kindly sympathies unimpaired, than to carry the full cup with a steady hand when prosperity and the world are conspiring to spoil you.

Johnson on one occasion remarked that no writers were more defective than writers of travels. As we have the highest respect for his critical judgment, we conclude that things have greatly changed since his time. If there has been a decline in biography lately, and if its prospects can hardly be said to be encouraging, works of travels are becoming more valuable. No doubt they are not always so exciting as they once were, and there is less of the sensational in them than there used to be, when the daring adventurer could throw the reins to his imagination, and revel in the wonders he professed to relate, being well assured that nobody could contradict him. These were happy days when the narrator had

no fear of the critics ; when there were no learned geographical societies to sift his statements and dispute his conclusions ; and when the public were willing to swallow everything, from magnetic mountains and ape-headed anthropophagi down to phoenixes and fiery flying-serpents. It is hard to measure the splendid possibilities of the boundless fields of untravelled mystery, when grave men made pilgrimages to empires and potentates that had never existed save in the realms of fable. Even when the world had grown more enlightened, travellers still had magnificent opportunities. Go where they would beyond the frontiers of civilisation, and out of the frequented tracts of commerce, they could never fall on what was flat and unprofitable. Fresh discoveries rewarded each feat of enterprise ; for each step they made in advance lay through unknown or forgotten countries. If the risks they ran were great, the rewards were proportionate. No one but the hardest of enthusiasts would dream of hazarding himself in such work ; and we can fancy the thrill of delight that made him forget his sufferings, when he saw the giant columns of Baalbec or Palmyra crimsoned by the gorgeous desert sunset ; when he stumbled into such a secluded valley as Petra, where the rock-hewn tombs and temples rose, tier over tier, in the pristine freshness of the rose-tinted granite ; or when he identified the site of some seat of world-renowned empire, marked by its shapeless masses of crumbled mud-brick and its mounds of shivered and sun-bleached pottery. And there were incidents enough in all conscience to enliven the narrative. When these travellers observed the manners and customs of sullen fanatics and savage tribes, they had everywhere to run the gauntlet of aggressive suspicion. As our village boys or roughs of the cities would mob a Chinaman in calico and pigtail, they were hooted and hounded through the villages where they sought a supper and a couch. Explorers in Africa nowadays have their troubles and dangers, as we know. But they generally go attended by the formidable escort that enables them to fight a battle on occasion ; and they carry ample means of buying provisions, or bartering for them, though the natives must sometimes be forced to

deal. Those famous Scotch pioneers, Bruce and Mungo Park, were beggars to all intents and purposes. They had to pray for the daily dole that was to keep body and soul together ; they humbly acknowledged such hospitality as was offered them ; and were grateful for the cup of cold water that was bestowed by feminine charity. Necessarily their surveying work was roughly done ; they had to make their hurried observations by stealth, and put their questions at the peril of their lives. In that respect they much resembled those daring Indian pundits, who have been sent by Montgomery and other of our frontier officials on scientific tours through Thibet and the Himalaya. Making any regular notes was generally out of the question ; and when we consider the manner of men they were, and the circumstances under which they had to rely on the memory, we may give them no little credit for their literary workmanship.

Now all that is changed. There are barbarous districts, and even independent semi-civilised states, of which our knowledge is still of the vaguest ; and till the other day there were thick clouds of uncertainty hanging over the sources of such rivers as the Nile and the Congo. But on the whole the progress that has been made is marvellous ; nor are there many corners of the habitable globe into which civilisation has not pushed its researches. Thus, Russia and England, respectively advancing from the shores of the Caspian and the mouths of the Ganges, have met among the robber races of Central Asia. The American farmers and miners, pushing across through the wilderness on their march to the California coast, have reclaimed the magnificent hunting-grounds of the West, nearly extirpating the Red Indian in the process. Railway companies are projecting Grand Trunk lines through the pampas and forests of Southern America ; and we have either formed colonies or established consuls in Australasia and the island groups of the South Seas ; while Central Africa is no longer marked "unexplored" in the atlases, and believed to be an inhospitable waste of sand, like the Kali-hari desert or the Great Sahara.

There can be few grand sensations in store for us, since the comprehensive

course of a general survey has dashed off the great contours of the globe, and all that is left for us now is to map out the world in detail. But after all, the blanks in the details are innumerable; they excite an increasing and more intelligent interest, and there are abundance of capable men who are eagerly volunteering to gratify that. There are men of wealth and culture and leisure to whom travel is an indispensable distraction. There are merchants whose enterprise carries them along little-trodden trade routes into remote and hitherto inaccessible localities; there are consular and mercantile agents who interest themselves professionally in the people among whom their lot has been cast. They kill the leisure that would otherwise hang heavy on their hands by a course of intelligent study and observation: and they strive to occupy their holidays profitably in expeditions that may do them credit by extending discoveries. The "grand tour" round Europe is long ago gone out of date. One can easily knock it off by instalments in the Easter recess, or in some part of the summer season that comes in between the intervals of shooting. Men think nothing of putting a girdle round the world, though they may not quite accomplish it in forty days, like the hero of the piece at the Porte St. Martin; and even ladies like Mrs. Brassey, in well-appointed yachts, perform feats of circumnavigation that, in point of time and distance, throw the life-labors of Cook and Wallis into the shade.

While, of course, more serious enterprise with definite objects is being developed in proportion. Those inquisitive geographical bodies, though they may put a curb on the exuberance of the explorer's fancy, serve a very useful purpose after all. International emulation is stimulated, and scientific exploration is systematically organised and generously rewarded with fame and medals. Intelligent curiosity, even more than philanthropy, has been opening up new destinies for Africa, while it promises to rescue the miserable African tribes from the consequences of their own blood-feuds and avarice. Though we must not, in referring to African discovery, overlook the invaluable services of the missionaries, with men like Moffat and

Livingstone at their head. Nor have Germany and France been behindhand in the work; although the favorite fields of operations of their emissaries have rather lain in the north and north-west. But it is bare justice to say that it is to a brilliant group of English travellers that Africa and geography are most largely indebted. It would be difficult to exaggerate the qualities of the men who have repeatedly penetrated to the heart of the dark continent, or forced their way through its dangers in various directions. They were greatly helped, no doubt, by the funds and appliances which awakened interest placed at their disposal. But each one of them might have rivalled the most scantily equipped of their predecessors in fertility of resource as in resolute endurance. In some respects, indeed, the modern African traveller has more formidable difficulties to contend with, though they are difficulties of a different kind. Bruce or Park, Denham or Clapperton, had to carry his life in his hand, having made up his mind that he might probably lose it. Having deliberately counted the cost before, they had only themselves to be answerable for; and, next to their courage and presence of mind, they had to trust in great measure to the chapter of accidents. Submission in one shape or another was their sole resource, and they had to do their best to slip through the fingers of the savages. But the modern adventurer should be a general and a diplomat. He conducts an expedition of enterprise that resembles on a small scale the dashing invasion of a Cortes or Pizarro; the difference being that, in place of being at the head of an iron soldiery who will follow his lead in the last extremity, he has to make his way with troops and a bodyguard who are but semi-barbarous volunteers. He has to keep them from flight or mutiny, in the face of threats, terrors, and intrigues; and must buy and negotiate the right of passage through the territories of the grasping petty despots, with whom he may not improbably come to blows.

Hence the story of his perils and adventures must have a many-sided interest, and its incidents may often really resolve themselves into the higher order of biography. We see a rare combination of extraordinary qualities in habitu-

al exercise ; we follow the workings of a quick and far-reaching intellect, suggesting to itself those solutions of standing geographical problems which are to guide the future course of the expedition : giving careful thought to political considerations : coming to prompt decisions in critical emergencies : and showing itself, through months of incessant strain, ready to respond to an urgent call at any moment. Though health may relax in an enervating climate, or be broken by prolonged anxiety and want, the spirit is still resolute and vigorous ; and, whatever may be his reasonable apprehensions of the future, the leader must still show a smiling face to his disheartened party. While all the time he is writing up the diary, which not only notes each incident of the march and camp, but is exhaustive in the special information he came in search of. The memory cannot be relied upon for the work of months and years, and his object is precision, so far as it is attainable. The chapters that form a condensed encyclopedia in geography and hydrography, soil, climate, politics, and ethnological characteristics, are illustrated by sketches and skeleton-maps. These invaluable literary treasures run even more risks than their owner. They may sink in the swamping of a canoe, when he may swim and save himself ; or they may be burned in a fire in the camp, for he cannot carry them about on his person ; or they may be captured in a sudden attack, or abandoned by a runaway porter in the jungle. Should they survive to be delivered to an English publisher, they generally well repay the trouble that has been bestowed on them, though our careless ingratitude seldom appreciates that. Considering the qualities that have recommended the writer for his work, we expect to find them full of valuable information. Yet taking into account the circumstances under which they were originally compiled, and the drudgery that necessarily goes to recasting them, we should not be surprised to find them rather heavy reading. The life that was stirring enough to those who led it might easily be made very dull in the narration : one night-alarm, or ambush, or skirmish with savages, very much resembles another. Our sensibility is blunted, after a time, to the

record of dreary periods of starvation, broken by an occasional feast ; and scientific observations and speculations are apt, at the best, to be dry. As a matter of fact, and it strikes us as a somewhat extraordinary phenomenon, the literary workmanship of these volumes of African travel has almost invariably left little or nothing to desire. The thrilling vicissitudes of most dangerous adventures are recounted with equal modesty and spirit ; a succession of episodes of thrilling romance are agreeably varied by their distinctive features ; and if there must unavoidably be a considerable amount of repetition, the inevitable *ennui* of it is reduced to a minimum. Not unfrequently the excitement is "piled so high" that were not its truth confirmed by the results of the achievement, we should find it very hard to believe. Occasionally even the scientific chapters have the charm of fairy tales. Incidentally we have vivid descriptions of scenery, which give as clear an idea of the landscapes and their vegetation as the photographs or sketches by which they are illustrated. To beguile the tedium of the monotonous march, we have now and then some exciting narrative of sport ; though, except in Baker's books on the Nile tributaries, the sport, for the most part, takes the character of "pot-hunting." While, if the proper study of mankind be man, the writers have industriously availed themselves of their ample opportunities in that department. In those long tedious marches, in the still more heartbreaking halts, they must be always studying the peculiar idiosyncrasies of their followers. The "wily savage" is always willing to shirk ; lying is the virtue that is held in highest esteem by him ; and an air of dull or brutal stolidity may conceal the art of an accomplished actor. Many of those pictures of the native, by "one who knows him," are admirably suggestive or extremely humorous. At one time it used to be held as an axiom, that the man of action was seldom likely to be much of a proficient in literary composition. Latterly we have seen occasion to believe that the rule is precisely the reverse. It would appear that the capacity for sustained mental and physical activity implies corresponding literary power ; that decision of character

and fertility of resource translate themselves into versatile freshness of thought and vigorous treatment in spiritual diction. We have listened to eminent travellers who have spent long years away from civilisation, who sometimes, for example, like Gifford Palgrave among the Arabs, have almost had the opportunity of forgetting their native tongue, and who have come home to address a critical assemblage at the Geographical Society in well-chosen language with perfect self-composure. What is more remarkable, perhaps, some of the men who stammer through the formal acknowledgment of their health at a public dinner, become eloquent in an entire absence of self-consciousness when they speak at length on the labors they have delighted in. And so it would appear, that when they sit down to write in their studies they still answer to the spur of the peculiar temperament that animated and sustained them in their hazardous adventures.

Had the books they have written been dull, they would scarcely have been read except by *savants*. As it is, the libraries order them by thousands; the first editions are exhausted before they are well issued, and the ingenious writers of romance may envy the more popular actors of it. Who is not become familiar with African customs and scenery, from the Cataracts on the Nile to the Falls on the Zambesi, from the white-washed frontages of Zanzibar to the palms of S. Paul de Loanda? We are acquainted with the whole trying process of bargaining and recruiting; of collecting the bales of cloth, the coils of wire, and the packages of beads. We know only too well the Arab slave-traders, with caravans where the groans of the victims make chorus to the crack of the lash and clink of the manacles; where the camp-followers are the jackals and the flights of vultures, and where the tracks are marked by bleaching skeletons. We are made to enter into the feelings of Burton and Speke and Grant, where they came unexpectedly upon magnificent highland scenery on what had been supposed to be barren sands; or launched their craft upon inland seas calmly reposing under feathering woods when they are not lashed into turmoil by storms from the mountains. We learn to draw shrewd deductions from the slopes of the water-

sheds; and in anxious suspense as to possible disappointment, we identify the outflows of infant streams with those sources that have been the standing problem of men of science. Or we commit ourselves with Cameron and Stanley to the tranquil bosom of some "abounding river," that will tumble later down the sides of the tableland in cataracts and swirling whirlpools; and speculation slowly changes to conviction as we mark the affluence of mighty tributaries, since that growing volume of water can only carry us to our foregone conclusion. Without discussing the nicer questions of humanity or necessity, nothing can be more dramatic than the accounts of the hotly contested advance, when the parties are dwindling with death and disease, as day after day they drew nearer to their goal, only to force their way through fresh arrays of combatants. But the tales of bloodshed, sickness, and suffering are varied with lighter and livelier episodes, which show that the most anxious life has its contrasts. As when they find hospitality and temporary repose with some gentler savage who welcomes the strangers, and only fleeces them moderately. When baker finds himself on the banks of the Blue Nile, camping in a delicious climate, in the happy hunting-grounds that might have gladdened the soul of a Harris or Gordon Cumming. When sitting in his tent-door, like the patriarchs, of a summer evening, he sees the herds of stately elephants and camelopards cropping the drooping foliage in the forest glades. Where the rhinoceros stands scratching his horny hide against the stem of some venerable thorn; and the herds of antelopes are sporting under the mimosa groves or coming down in herds to drink at the water.

Since Vambéry wrote the wonderful account of his travels in disguise, there have been many excellent books on Central Asia; though, as we have already remarked, it is being opened up to Europeans by the steady advance of Russian annexation. But there are still highland states to the north of our Indian mountain boundary which offer all the temptation of being practically inaccessible; while even those of them that indirectly acknowledge our influence have inducements enough in dan-

gers as in sport to invite the enterprise of travelling knight-errants. Though we have already noticed at some length in our pages Mr. Andrew Wilson's 'Abode of Snow,' it is well worth recalling, for we have rarely read anything more exciting. It was a novelty in mountaineering for a sick man to be carried in litters and local *chaises-à-porteurs* over the passes that are the drain-pipes of the "Roof of the World." To cross those fragile swinging bridges shockingly out of repair, might test the nerve of a Leotard; or to ride the unwieldy yak along the dizzy ledges that slope over crumbling slate downwards towards bottomless abysses. Shaw and Forsyth and Gordon have depicted the dangers of the storm-beaten trade routes that lead through snow-covered summits to the back-of-the-world dominions of the late Atalik Ghazi, whose death is likely to be lamented by commerce. And to come back under the guns of our English garrisons, into quieter and more settled districts, among the many works that are always appearing, we may call attention to 'Sport and Work on the Nepaul Frontier.' Although unpretending, it is singularly exhaustive and very pleasantly diversified. The writer tells us all about the indigo-planting in Behar, in which he was professionally employed for many years; and while instructing his readers, he interests them in a pursuit which demands extraordinary and unremitting attention. At the same time, he sagely takes it for granted that they are as ignorant as most people of Indian life; and merely communicating his information incidentally, he contrives to throw an infinity of light on it. While he shows, at the same time, what diversified enjoyment may be found by a healthy and active man who depends on exercise, and delights in sport, in a life that would otherwise be intensely depressing.

But it would be difficult indeed to name a country that has not been lately "done" more or less satisfactorily. Not excepting even the daring exploits of the first hardy Arctic explorers, in the wooden craft of a score or two of tons that would have cracked like walnut shells to the squeeze of the ice-floes, we have no more thrilling narratives of hair-

breadth escapes than those by Sir George Nares and Captain Markham. While the science of which our early navigators knew no more than sufficed to read the signs of the weather, plays an important part in these, as in the various "logs" of the Challenger, which Sir George Nares formerly commanded. And to go back from the frozen latitudes to the tropics, we have had 'Burmah' by General Fytche, who was long our Resident there. We have had books on Siam and Cochin China, by consuls and shrewd merchants, who have told us all about the once jealous courts of the White Elephant, and who have visited those wonderful temples in the jungles that have failed to commemorate long-forgotten dynasties. Naturalists, like Wallace in the Spice Islands and Malay Peninsula, or like Bates on the Amazon, have investigated the fauna of tropical forests, undeterred by malaria and those insect pests which indeed were among the agreeable pains of their wanderings. It must be some satisfaction to revenge one's self for a bite by transfixing the fly for the edification of entomologists. We have had more than one fascinating volume on the South Seas, and notably on the Hawaiian Archipelago, which seems the nearest approach to a sensual paradise, in spite of its volcanoes and its colonies of lepers. There has been nothing more thrilling than the narratives of the survivors of those forlorn hopes in the interior of Australia, who groped their way through the desolation of the waterless waste, turning back again and again to some scanty spring, and barely sustaining life by the slaughter of the starving camels. All the states of South America, with their earthquakes and revolutions, have been repeatedly described in the minutest detail; and if Peruvian and Venezuelan bondholders, shareholders in Brazilian railways and mines; intending emigrants to the cattle-rearing pampas; and gentlemen who, like the Frenchman lately deceased, dream of cutting out a kingdom in Patagonia, do not have the requisite information at their finger-ends, it is no fault of the great corporation of travellers. Independently of any intrinsic interest, there are few of these books that are not more than readable;

and in many of them the mere literary style would do credit to any man who had made a business of authorship. And one new and agreeable feature to be remarked in them is the profusion and excellence of the illustrations. Cities and their modern architecture, ruins and scenery, are reproduced from photographs or capital sketches. While almost invariably the authors show their good sense by putting themselves in the hands of some very capable map-maker. And *apropos* to careful description and exact map-making, Conder's 'Tent-Life in Palestine' deserves a special notice. The scientific survey of the Holy Land was an undertaking worthy of the English nation, and Captain Conder's volumes will be read with the warmest interest by the many who sympathise in the new crusade. He has cleared up many a doubtful point; conclusively settled many a contested site; confirmed, or logically refuted, many an ingenious suggestion; while he has given us what will be indispensable as a work of reference to the critical student of biblical history.

We could run through a long catalogue of entertaining travels—not forgetting Mr. Aylward's book on the Transvaal, full of practical hints and valuable information for the soldiers who are campaigning in Zululand—which might equally overtax our memory and space. But we cannot dismiss the subject without some allusion to the travellers who are rather tourists. Among them we suppose we must include, though they may take it as an insult, the gentlemen who hurry round the globe in a single protracted holiday expedition.

Baron Hübner, the Austrian Minister, and author of the 'Life of Pope Sixtus V.,' the French Count Roger de Beauvoir, who made his voyages as companion of one of the Orleans princes, are among the most cultivated and intelligent representatives of the class. When we say that they made the tour of the world, we mean of course that they did it by leaps and bounds, yet they have missed few of the chief objects of interest. The rapidity of their panoramic survey is favorable to hitting off its salient features. They contrast the jealously exclusive civilisation of China with revolutionary societies like that of

Japan and the go-ahead democracy of our American cousins. Steaming along the grand waterways of commerce, they break the journey at the chief commercial centres. Generally, with their rank or recognised position, they carry their own introductions along with them, and mix as men of another world with the people who are best fitted to enlighten them. The modern tourist of any pretensions has opportunities that were seldom within the reach of his precursors. Either he is socially a personage, or he has an engagement with some great organ of the press. In any case it is known that he goes about taking notes, and the probabilities are that he thinks of publishing. And as all communities wish to be well spoken of nowadays; as every State must contemplate borrowing, and is jealous of consideration in proportion to its shortcomings,—they are desirous of exhibiting themselves to the best advantage. So all doors fly open before the traveller; carriages and special trains are placed at his disposal; high officials insist on acting as cicerones; and debates in representative chambers are got up for his special edification. Possibly all that sweeping and garnishing may throw some dust in the sharpest eyes; but keen observers like Mr. Trollope or Mr. Brassey, for example, are not very easily blinded, and, on the whole, the world decidedly gains by the new system of dispassionate supervision and publicity.

From travels we may naturally pass to sport, since so many of our travellers are enthusiastic sportsmen. And sport generally includes natural history, for most of the gentlemen who penetrate into the wilds with waggons or a flying camp-train, come back with the trophies they know how to classify. Never are they happier than on the rare occasions when they have added a new variety to the species in our museums or zoological gardens. Sporting books are become more pleasant reading, thanks to the recent improvements in arms and ammunition. A certain amount of suffering there must be; and as pheasants fly away with pellets in their bodies, so the greater game must often go off with the deadly ball festering in their vitals or dragging a shattered limb behind. But

we never hear now of the crack shot galloping behind the shoulder of the camelopard, loading and firing again till the agony of the animal is ended; nor of elephants turning to bay and charging again till they drop at last to the slow bombardment. A rifle nearly as ponderous as a small field-piece sends the explosive bullet straight to the mark, and concussion with the shivered bone explodes the projectile on the instant. While as mere sportsmen have to go further afield, they are bound to become more and more of geographers. Officers and civilians, when lucky enough to obtain leave from departments morbidly apprehensive of international difficulties, explore the glaciers and snow-heaped valleys in the wildest recesses of the Himalaya and the Hindoo Koosh. The elephant hunter who used to find magnificent shooting on the Limpopo, has to penetrate to the Zambesi, and even beyond it. While in the great West of America, the buffalo—or bison—has been wellnigh exterminated; and you must seek him to the south on the New Mexican frontier, or to the northward in his circumscribed range on the Yellowstone, or in scattered herds in the valley of the Saskatchewan. Owing to that indiscriminate slaughter, and to the rapid extinction of the Red men, who used to feed their squaws and papooses by the chase, we fear we have seen nearly the last of that library of prairie and Rocky Mountain adventure to which Catlin and Washington Irving and Ruxton contributed. Yet within the last few years we have had two books at least which are by no means unworthy of their more famous predecessors. Colonel Dodge's 'Hunting-Grounds of the Great West' and Major Campion's 'On the Frontier' may probably be among the latest of the standard authorities on American hunting as it used to be, and on the habits of "the skulking" savage." Major Campion, by-the-by, published a second book the other day, which for decided originality deserves some notice under the head of travels. So far as we know, he was the first foreigner who undertook a regular walking tour in Spain, everybody else having acted on the dogma of Ford, that the *caballero* must take his horse as a guarantee of respectability,

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even if he preferred to have the animal led behind him.

As hazards have diminished with improvements in firearms, shooting in the forest and jungle is less risky than formerly, and consequently sporting narratives are less exciting. Moreover, narrow "shaves" and "squeaks" and ventures at close quarters, merging on the foolhardy, have been so often described, that they have naturally been losing much of their zest. Time after time, in the fancy if not in the flesh, we have dodged the charge of the infuriated elephant, or caught the twinkling bloodshot eye of the wounded rhinoceros. We have learned by too manifold experience how hard it is to double through thorny scrub when your pursuer is crashing behind you by sheer weight; and when you are saved by Providence or some lucky accident as you are almost within reach of the tusks or the horn. Time after time we have crouched along the tangled jungle-path in quest of the lurking tiger, looking for the sinister gleam of his eyeballs in the noonday shadows; or have sat watching for a night-shot at the terrible man-eater, with the mangled corpse of his victim for a lure. There is novelty, and consequently more excitement, in the newfangled break-neck mountaineering, when we go scrambling along the precipices or scaling the heights, whence we can drop down on the "bighorn" of the Rocky Mountains, or his cousin the wild goat of Kashmir and Thibet. Nor need one travel to the other side of the world to indulge in that kind of sport; and in the way of European adventure, Mr. Baillie Grohman's book on the 'Tyrol and the Tyrolese' will be found almost as pleasant reading as Boner's more famous 'Chamois-hunting in Bavaria.' The story of the stiff mountain expeditions where he carried a rifle in place of an alpenstock, is told with great spirit and vivacity; and he does justice to the foresters or *freischütze* who shared his bivouacs in the alpine huts or the cover of the pine-woods, without losing sight of those inconsistencies in their character that are more picturesque than engaging. For in the hills that look down upon railways and hotels that are patronised by the troupes of peaceful

tourists, men still stalk and shoot each other without the smallest hesitation; while their contests of strength and pluck at convivial meetings in the village *wirthhäuser* are habitually marked by brutal ferocity.

Books of sport and natural history in the British Islands have never been so numerous as we might have expected. Perhaps because the few that are most popular are so excellent that they hold their own against competition, and reduce ordinary writers to despair. Half the world nowadays are keen shots, and a fair sprinkling of sportsmen may be said to be scientific observers. So everything is in the manner of telling the thrice-told story, and of describing those incidents that are familiar to everybody. You can hardly say where the happy knack lies. Yet you acknowledge it in the language which, though natural and unstudied, conveys the most pleasing and vivid impressions. Natural history has made considerable progress since White observed the feathered inhabitants of Selborne Hanger, and Waterton turned his gardens into a sanctuary; yet new editions of their works are perpetually appearing, and each issue has as hearty a welcome as its predecessors. It would seem as if men like these, if once they are induced to take pen in hand, must communicate in their original freshness their own heartfelt impressions. We know that the author of 'The Wild Sports of the Highlands,' and the 'Notes of a Naturalist in Morayshire,' was only reluctantly persuaded to publish by the persuasions of his friend Mr. Cosmo Innes; and how many of us have good reason to be grateful for the success of his trial article in the 'Quarterly.' As, not very long ago, we noticed at length the latest edition of 'The Moor and the Loch,' we need not do more than refer to it now as a fascinating encyclopedia of that wide range of Highland and Lowland sports which have been the lifelong delight of its veteran author. And in these days when the rents of forests and moors have been running to figures almost prohibitory to any but millionaires, it is something to "get a wrinkle" about inexpensive shooting. The gentleman who writes under the *noms de plume* of

"Snapshot" and "Wild Fowler," has collected a variety of scattered articles into six volumes in three successive series, which supply an infinity of useful and practical information. They are pleasantly written, if occasionally monotonous. He tells how, by simply crossing the Channel, the sportsman, at a very moderate outlay, may find himself comparatively in clover. It appears that in Belgium, notwithstanding the predominance of the class of small peasant-proprietors, there is good varied shooting to be rented very cheaply by a man who knows how to set about it. The writer has found enjoyable quarters in the beautiful woodlands of Alsace and Lorraine; while if you can only spare time for a short excursion, there are *communes* in the French departments of the north and west which will repay a flying visit. The bags of duck that may be made by ambush-shooting in Holland sound almost fabulous. But if you can make yourself happy among wild-fowl and divers, and do not object to some exposure and "roughing it," there is a great deal to be done in the free shooting-grounds that extend along our English shores, between the sea-line and the cultivated country. Near our tidal harbors, and the termini of the great coast railways, you may shoot away a heavy bag of cartridges in the course of a good day's walk. The tidal estuaries of the little rivers, and the swamps overflowed by the spring-tides, are all frequented in the season by great flights of birds. Stepping softly over shingle and sea-weed; carefully approaching the winding creeks and their tributaries; slipping alone under cover of the embankments and sea-walls,—you may shoot successively at herons and curlews, plover, duck, snipe, sandpiper, and swarms of oxbirds, greenshanks, and redshanks.

But by far the most accomplished rural enthusiast who has written of late years, is the anonymous author of 'The Gamekeeper at Home,' and 'Wild Life in a Southern County,' which appeared originally in the 'Pall Mall Gazette.' He is one of the men you cannot help liking, just as he loves the wild creatures of all kinds, among whom he has evidently lived from his childhood. Like our old friend the incumbent of Sel-

borne, nothing has escaped his notice. He has the eye of an artist for the beauties of nature, for the shifting sky-effects of our variable climate, and the venerable churches, manor-houses, and farms. He has been a familiar and welcome guest in the homesteads and cottages, where his quick observation catches each detail, from the bulging lines of the gables and the walls without, to the old gun hanging over the mantel-shelf within doors, or the flitches suspended in the smoke of the capacious chimney-place. He has the art of drawing out the inmates, and getting at their innermost thoughts, with their quaint fancies and prejudices, and their lingering remains of superstition. He does the geography and hydrography of the parishes and chalk-downs, with a careful exactness of touch that would do credit to the Ordnance Survey. And as for

the birds that people the overgrown masses of ivy, the clustering creepers on the crumbling brick-walls, the fruit-trees in the old-fashioned orchards, the copses, the hedgerows, and the rushes and sedges that fringe the brooks and half-choke the pools,—he knows every one of them by sight and note, and can not only describe their intimate habits, but seems to penetrate into their individual idiosyncrasies. He should be president of a staff college for game-keepers and forresters; and the severest stricture we can pass on his books is, that they might be adopted as manuals by intelligent young poachers, were poachers as a rule addicted to literature. In fact, we are rather sorry to say that the new series of articles he has commenced are actually entitled 'The Amateur Poacher.'—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

MADEMOISELLE DE MERSAC.

CHAPTER VIII.

MADAME DE TREMONVILLE AT HOME.

THE grave, silent Arabs, who, with their long strings of camels, leave Algiers by the Bab-Azoun, and, following the curve of the bay, set their faces in a south-easterly direction; the sturdy Kabyles, trudging towards their native mountains, with money, well earned by a month or so of hard labor in the town, in their purses; the farmers and butchers on their way to the great weekly cattle-market at Bouffarik; the strangers, whose guide-books command them to visit Blidah and the far-famed Gorge of the Chiffa—all these, before they have well accomplished three miles of their journey, pass, on their left hand, a pleasant, shady domain, where avenues of palm and plane and eucalyptus, parterres gay with many-tinted flowers, and cool, dark vistas, at the edge of which a glint of foam shows where the breakers meet the shore, might tempt the wayfarer to turn aside out of the heat and dust and rest awhile, if the exigencies of business permitted of such delay. This property, which bears the modest title of the "Jardin d'Essai," was set aside by the French Government, shortly after the conquest of Algiers,

for the establishment of a great nursery-garden, and for the acclimatisation of tropical plants. It has answered its purpose well; and at the present time is not only a boon to colonists, but a charming cool retreat, where lazy people can dream away an hour or two in that contentment of idleness which can only be enjoyed in its perfection under southern skies.

Thither wandered M. de Saint-Luc, on a warm, still afternoon; and, seating himself at the end of one of the alleys, fell, as of late it had become habitual to him to do, into a melancholy reverie. From the point at which he had taken up his position the shore took an inward sweep, so that a broad stretch of blue and glittering sea intervened between him and the town of Algiers, which rose abruptly from the water, white and dazzling, like a city of marble, against its green background.

Saint-Luc surveyed the prospect with a sigh. His thoughts reverted to the time—ininitely remote, as it now seemed—when, as a gay young Chasseur-d'Afrique, without much money to spend, but with a fine stock of health and animal spirits, he had fought in Kabylia under old Marshal Randon, and when, the campaign being ended,

he had been ordered to Algiers with his regiment, and had come in sight of the town on just such a fine afternoon as this. There had been a good deal of laughing and joking between him and his brother officers, he remembered—much mutual congratulation upon their safe return to civilised luxuries; and it had been agreed that they were to treat themselves that evening to the best dinner that Algiers could produce, and to go to the theatre afterwards. But he had not gone to either dinner or theatre; for, on his arrival, a letter had been handed to him which briefly announced that his old father was dead, and had left him a rich man.

"It was my last day of happiness," sighed Saint-Luc, forgetful of the commencement of his Parisian career, which had been merry enough until satiety had robbed it of its charm. "When I sailed for France I left my youth behind me, and never knew what I had lost till it was far past retrieving. Ah! if I had met her then! Or if I could be young now!" How many years was it since Saint-Luc and his comrades had ridden gallantly home from the hill-country of the discomfited Kabyles? How many years? And how much had they held that a man could look back upon with any kind of comfort or pride? Once he had broken his right arm in a steeple chase at La Marche, and had scrambled on to his horse again and won the race, amidst roars of applause; once he had broken the bank at Baden; and once he had disarmed the famous Duc de Chaumont St.-Hilaire in a duel. These were his triumphs; and time had been when he had contemplated them with some self-approval. In his present mood he recalled them with profound disgust. Such feats might command the homage of a Madame de Trémonville; but with Jeanne, as he knew, they were not likely to count for much.

"She despises me," he thought; "and *parbleu!* I am inclined to share in her sentiments. If she felt any admiration for me, it is I who should despise her. What right have I to expect that she, in her proud purity, should stoop to marry a half-ruined spendthrift? The wisest thing I could do would be to take myself off back to France—only that is

no longer possible. I must wait on, and take my dismissal from her own lips. It will not kill me—but I wish I had illusions enough left to be able to believe that it would!"

The sound of approaching wheels interrupted his dismal self-communing, and at the same moment he heard himself called by name.

Léon de Mersac, driving a low pony-carriage, had pulled up a few yards from the dreamer, and was contemplating him in undisguised astonishment.

"You here!" he exclaimed. "What in the world are you doing in the Jardin d'Essai, all by yourself?"

"I am doing nothing," answered Saint-Luc, getting up. "It is the habit of the country, is it not?"

"It is not my habit," said Léon; "I have always plenty to do—too much even. For instance, I ought to be at the market at Bouffarik to-day; instead of which I have to go and call upon Madame de Trémonville. Will you come?"

"I would rather send my card by you."

Léon shook his head. "She would not like that. She always expects her friends to call in person."

"Am I one of her friends? I did not know," said Saint-Luc; "but if I must go, I may as well go with you. And by-the-bye, Léon," he added, as he seated himself in the pony-carriage, "I was thinking of saying a word or two to you about that lady, if you will not think it too great a liberty."

"Say what you please. I shall think nothing a liberty that comes from you," answered Léon, politely.

"I am going to make you angry, nevertheless. Well, you must try to forgive me. Do you know that this good Madame de Trémonville is amusing herself by trying to make a fool of you?"

"No," answered Léon, decidedly; "I do not know it. You misunderstand her; and I am not surprised at your doing so, for she is fond of admiration, like all women who are young and pretty; but she is not a coquette. If you were as well acquainted with her as I am, you would have no feeling towards her but one of the deepest com-

passion ; for, though perhaps you might not suppose it from seeing her in public, she is very unhappy."

"So those perennial smiles, and that charming flow of animation, only disguise an aching heart. How sad !"

"It is easy to sneer," returned Léon ; "but what would you have her do ? Would you prefer that she should go about moaning, and depress everybody by showing a dismal face ?"

"Certainly not. I was only admiring the fortitude with which she bears the neglect of an unsympathetic husband—for that, I presume, is the affliction she suffers from."

"How did you guess that ?" exclaimed Léon, quite astonished at this striking proof of Saint-Luc's penetration. "But, to be sure, anybody might see how ill-suited to her that dull, vulgar old man was. They have not a thought nor a taste in common ; and he treats her with the most ostentatious indifference. Sometimes, when she speaks of him, she cannot restrain her tears."

"And you dry them for her ? *Allons, allons*, my friend ; you are accepting a part in a very old comedy. It is one that I have played more than once myself, and I know it by heart. If my own past life gave me the right to offer counsel to a young man, I should recommend you to decline such a rôle, though it involves little risk, except that of exhibiting yourself in a somewhat ridiculous aspect to your friends, so long as you remember that you are merely acting. But if you take it into your head to be in earnest over the affair, the case is different, and you may incur a good deal of needless unhappiness. Whatever you do, don't take Madame de Trémonville seriously. Believe me, she is not worth it, and does not expect it. Amuse yourself with her, if you must ; but don't put faith in all she says ; above all, don't be absurd enough to fall in love with her. Formerly there were two classes of women—*dévotés* and women of the world : one knew what to expect of each of them, and suited one's conduct towards them accordingly ; but in these days a third class has sprung up, and is becoming more numerous than either of the others—a class of women who are worldly without being witty ; whose religion, of which they make a conspicu-

ous display, is nothing but a superstition ; who are mostly very ignorant, who have no merit, except that of dressing well, and no passions but vanity and a certain mean ambition. It is a mass of such charming creatures that forms the upper layer of fashionable society in France, under his Majesty Napoleon III., whom Heaven preserve ! There are exceptions here and there, of course, but I am much mistaken if your Madame de Trémonville is one of them."

"You are a man of the world," said Léon, "and naturally know more of the state of society at large than I can pretend to do. Also, like most men of the world, you have a habit of generalising, which is apt to lead you into errors with regard to individuals. You are altogether wrong, for instance, in your judgment of Madame de Trémonville, who is neither ignorant, nor vain, nor irreligious. But you can discover her true character for yourself, if you care to take the trouble : I have no particular wish to influence your opinion."

"As you please. Let us admit her to be an angel. I still don't see what good result you propose to gain by making love to her."

"I propose nothing, and I am not making love to her," answered Léon, flicking the near pony impatiently with his whip. "And, with your permission, I should prefer to change the subject."

"I told you I should make you angry," remarked Saint-Luc, as the carriage turned in at Madame de Trémonville's gates.

"I am not in the least angry," returned Léon ; "but I see no use in discussing a state of affairs which does not exist—that is all."

And so he pulled up at the door of the villa ; and Saint-Luc, with the conviction, common to most wise counselors, that he might as well have held his tongue, got out and rang the bell.

The visitors were at once admitted into the presence of the lady of the house, whom they found sitting on a footstool, surrounded by officers in staff-uniforms, all of whom were busily engaged in tearing up newspapers into small scraps.

"Ah, messieurs ! you arrive à propos," she cried. "You shall take part in our *chasse*. M. de Saint-Luc, you,

no doubt, are already acquainted with the rules of the game. A bag full of paper is given to one of the party, who represents the hare, and who starts in any direction he pleases, scattering the paper behind him. The rest, who act as hounds, follow, after the interval of a minute, upon his track, and the chase continues till the hare is caught, or the scent exhausted. The hare, if he is captured, pays fifty francs into the box which you see, for the benefit of the poor; if, on the other hand, he escape, each of the hounds must contribute twenty francs to the same object. There is also a fine of twenty francs for any hound who leaves the scent, or gives up the pursuit."

In this manner Madame de Trémonville combined amusement with benevolence. It has already been said that she was not averse to such forms of romping as she conceived to be sanctioned by the decrees of fashion; and this notion of a paper-chase, wafted to her by some echo from Compiègne, had taken her fancy as well as that of her admirers. "It will be no novelty to you, monsieur," she continued, addressing Saint-Luc; "but you will hardly expect to meet with novelty in our barbarous colony. It is something to do—one runs about and one laughs—*voilà!*"

It struck Saint-Luc as possible that one might sit still and laugh, or even sit still without laughing; either of which alternatives he would have preferred to the one suggested to him; but he was not so ungracious as to give utterance to his sentiments, and began to tear up paper with polite resignation.

"Will not you sing us something, madame, while we prepare the scent?" asked one of the officers; and Madame de Trémonville consented, without waiting to be pressed. She seated herself at the piano, and sung, with a good deal of spirit, a ballad, the words of which were hardly open to objection, though there was something in the manner of their delivery which the performer mentally qualified as "*chic*," and her audience as "*risqué*."

The officers glanced at one another and smiled furtively; Saint-Luc preserved a countenance of blank impassibility; but Léon, mindful of the conversation which had occupied his drive

from the Jardin d'Essai, reddened and frowned.

Madame de Trémonville was not slow to detect these signs of displeasure. "Look at M. de Mersac!" she cried. "He is actually blushing for me. And yet I had chosen the most innocent song in my *répertoire*, out of special deference to his prejudices. M. le Marquis has lately become of a simplicity quite Arcadian. I think even that his thoughts wander sometimes to some shepherdess or other—is it not so, monsieur? Ah! you blush still more. I would stake my diamond ring against the straw hat whose brim you are trying to pull off, that you are in love."

"Then you would lose your ring, madame. I beg to assure you that I am not in the very least in love with any human creature."

Madame de Trémonville laughed. "You speak with such emphasis that we must believe you," she said; "but you need not be angry. It is no disgrace to be in love: is it M. de Longueil? You ought to know."

"I hope not; I know it is a misfortune," replied the officer addressed, with a languishing look at his hostess.

"M. de Longueil is always in love, and is always successful—at least, so he says," continued the lady. "Ah! these *beaux sabreurs!* who can withstand them? Since his Mexican campaign, M. de Longueil has been irresistible."

The young man, who in truth had been invalidated home almost immediately after his landing in Mexico, and had had to put up with some good-humored raillery from his comrades on the subject, winced preceptibly under this unexpected attack, to the great joy of his assailant. She liked to say occasional sharp things to her adorers, to hurt their feelings, and set them against one another. It was her way of paying them out for the free-and-easy fashion in which they usually treated her; and she was the more able to indulge her taste, inasmuch as she was perfectly well aware that she could at any moment, with a slight effort, disperse the clouds which her remarks might have called up. She soon found means to restore M. de Longueil to good humor; and, seeing that Léon still sat, silent and sulky, by

himself, she took an opportunity to cross the room to him, and whisper confidentially, "They are so scandalous—they had remarked that you were constantly here. I was obliged to say something to divert their suspicions."

Whereupon that infatuated youth immediately recovered his spirits, and joined in the general entreaty that the paper-chase might now be allowed to begin.

Lots were drawn to decide who should first act as hare, and the lot fell upon M. de Longueil. He took up his bag and started at once through the open door, and they heard his footsteps dying away on the gravel outside, while Madame de Trémonville, watch in hand, awaited the expiration of the stipulated minute. Then, time being up, the whole party set out in hot pursuit, keeping scrupulously to the scent, and imitating, with indifferent success, the baying of a pack in full cry. Out into the blazing sunshine they rushed, helter-skelter, down the slope of the garden, through a hedge of aloes, into a narrow shady lane, still paved with the slabs which the Romans had left there in the days of Julius Cæsar; then up the hill again, panting and laughing, across a meadow, through another hedge or two, over a low wall, into the chinks of which the affrighted lizards darted, and so back to their starting-point. Madame de Trémonville kept the lead with Léon at her elbow; the others were close behind; and far in the rear Saint-Luc, who had no special aptitude for playing the fool, trotted resignedly, emitting from time to time, as in duty bound, a brief, mournful bark. The hare was now in sight, and, confident in his powers of outstripping his pursuers, began to amuse himself by doubling, passing within a foot or two of the distressed pack, and stimulating their ardor with sundry insulting jeers. But his triumph was short. Looking over his shoulder to fling back a derisive shout, he stumbled on the edge of a flower-bed, and, falling prone into a cluster of rose-bushes, was ignominiously captured by Madame de Trémonville, to whom he ruefully handed over his fine of fifty francs.

Fate now selected as victim M. de Saint-Luc, who promptly offered to pay

fine in default; but this proposition being received with marked disfavor, he was fain to accept the bag of paper handed to him; his disgust being somewhat mitigated by the permission accorded to his request that he might, if he so pleased, confine his progress to the house. For he thought, "So long as I remain within four walls, I shall at least escape the risk of sunstroke, and, what is more important, I shall be in no danger of being seen in this very ridiculous position by any chance acquaintance who may be passing in the neighborhood."

He left behind him, therefore, a tortuous track, leading now into one room, now into another, out into the verandah and back again, and finally up the staircase. It was not until he had darted in and out of M. de Trémonville's dressing-room, and was becoming hard pressed by the hounds, who, with shouts of laughter, were following closely upon his heels, that a happy inspiration occurred to him. Why should he not escape from the house, run down to the high road, beyond which nobody would be likely to follow him, and so slip quietly down home? Full of this idea, he dashed down the stairs, three steps at the time, flung open the front door, and—plunged headlong into the arms of Madame de Vaublanc, who, in her very best clothes, was coming to pay a visit of ceremony after the ball.

"*Mais, monsieur!*" shrieked that astonished lady, reeling back and involuntarily ringing a tremendous peal with the bell-handle which she had grasped for support.

Saint-Luc felt it to be rather hard luck that Madame de Vaublanc should have chosen that day of all others for paying her respects at the Villa de Trémonville; but it was worse that she should have brought Mademoiselle de Mersac with her; and what was worst of all was, that his lively hostess, unconscious of the appearance of any fresh personages upon the scene, must needs bounce out through the half-open door, and fling her arms round him with a cry of triumph. Léon, who, as usual, was following close upon her heels, opened his mouth to re-echo the shout, but shut it again abruptly when he became aware of his sister's calm brown eyes fixed upon him in wondering interrogation.

The rest of the pack, having had time to perceive the state of affairs, quietly and discreetly vanished.

There was a brief, uncomfortable pause, during which the five persons who stood face to face in the full light of the sinking sun, contemplated one another with varied feelings. Léon looked, as he felt, very much like a schoolboy caught out of bounds; Madame de Trémonville, for once in her life, was a little disconcerted; Saint-Luc leant against the wall, with folded arms, the picture of calm despair; and Jeanne remembering the promise she had extorted from this unfortunate delinquent, was at no pains to hide the disgust and contempt with which his duplicity filled her. Only Madame de Vaublanc, scrutinising the flushed cheeks and disordered hair of her enemy, smiled with grim satisfaction, and sang an inward psæan at the shrine of Nemesis the Just.

"An orgy, mesdames—a veritable orgy!" she hissed, describing the scene subsequently to an eager circle of listeners. "If you had seen her, with her hair down her back and her eyes blazing, clutch M. de Saint-Luc round the neck, you would have thought, as I declare I did for a moment, that she had gone out of her mind. The poor Vicomte, who did not appear to enjoy his position, fumbled in his pocket and handed her two or three napoleons. It was to save himself from some penalty, I presume—though what worse punishment he could have feared than being embraced by that woman, I do not pretend to say. You will easily believe that I declined to enter the house, though she recovered herself, after a minute, and begged us to do so, suggesting even, in the insolent manner that you know of, that we should join in the game that we had interrupted. 'Many thanks, madame,' said I; 'but, from what I have seen of your game, it seems to me to be one fitted neither for old women nor for young girls!' And with that I took my leave. The two gentlemen followed immediately, and caught us up before we were out of the avenue. I was glad to see that they both looked very much ashamed of themselves."

Ashamed of themselves they undoubt-

edly were, but in very different degrees of intensity. Léon's humiliation was lessened by a strong admixture of that odd pride which youths of all nations would appear to take in publicly exposing their idiocy where a pretty woman is concerned; whereas that of Saint-Luc contained no consoling element whatever, and was the more bitter because he felt it to be wholly undeserved.

It was in the hope of exculpating himself in some degree, that he hurried after Madame de Vaublanc and Jeanne.

"You are taking the wrong turning, M. de Saint-Luc," said the latter lady. "Our road leads directly away from the town."

"I am going to make my way back by El Biar and the Frai Vallon," he explained. "It is a much prettier walk."

To this Jeanne vouchsafed no rejoinder; and, somehow or other, Saint-Luc found himself presently walking beside slow-paced Madame de Vaublanc, while the two tall figures of Mademoiselle de Mersac and her brother were drawing rapidly away in front. It is highly improbable that he would have got speech of Jeanne again that day, if the old lady at his side had not happened to be cognisant of the Duchess's wishes with respect to him, and a staunch supporter of them. As it was, she soon gave him his opportunity.

"Stop, my children, stop!" she cried, when they reached the entrance of a narrow stony lane; "let us take the short cut."

"You will find it rough walking, madame," said Jeanne, doubtfully.

"Eh, mon Dieu! I prefer spoiling my boots to making a circuit of two miles. M. le Marquis will kindly lend me the support of his arm, I have no doubt."

And so, the path being too narrow to admit of more than two persons walking abreast, Jeanne had to fall back, and accept Saint-Luc's society, whether she liked it or not. Silently they scrambled over the rocks and boulders, Saint-Luc offering an assisting hand from time to time, and being as often politely but firmly waved aside. At length he stopped short, and faced his companion.

"Mademoiselle," said he.

"Monsieur."

"You are angry with me."

"I assure you I was not thinking about you."

She looked down upon him from the rocky ledge upon which she was standing. A tangled growth of cactus and myrtle and asphodel, overspread with festoons of the pale green clematis, rose behind her, and from between the silvery leaves of the olive-tree over her head rays of sunlight streamed down and made moving patterns of light and shade upon her white dress. Her beautiful lips were curved into a smile of innocent candor, into which a touch of perfect disdain had somehow found its way. It was not the least strange feature in Saint-Luc's infatuation that the small stabs which Jeanne was always inflicting upon him never angered, but only hurt him. In the old Paris days he had not borne the reputation of a man easily snubbed, and had never failed to hold his own against any man or woman who had shown a disposition to attack him; but he had no retort ready now, and had no wish to seek for one. He resumed, quite humbly, "I ought perhaps to have said that, as far as appearances go, you have reason to be angry with me. I promised, you know, to try and keep your brother away from Madame de Trémonville, and in truth I have done what I could. I was speaking to him about her this very afternoon, and my visit to her was meant to be as much one of ceremony as your own. I certainly should not have gone, if I had had any idea that I should be forced into playing that ridiculous game."

"Why should you not play any game that you find amusing?" returned Jeanne, indifferently. "It was foolish in me to speak to you about Léon and Madame de Trémonville at all. Will you please forget that I ever said anything upon the subject?"

"Just as you please, mademoiselle; but why do you say that your speaking to me was foolish?"

"I will say useless, if you prefer it. Pray let us talk no more about it."

Saint-Luc was silent for a few minutes; then he broke out abruptly—

"Why do you mistrust me so, mademoiselle? I could not prevent your brother from calling upon Madame de Trémon-

ville this afternoon. I told him what I thought of her, and advised him to drop her acquaintance. What more could I, or any one, do? I have been unfortunate enough to incur your dislike: I have seen that for some time, and have no right to complain of it; but at least I have never given you any reason to suppose that I do not tell the truth. What makes you think so ill of me?"

Jeanne had resumed her march; but she faced about upon this challenge. "It is not that I dislike or distrust you, M. de Saint-Luc," she said; "and I don't think that you mean unkindly towards Léon; but sometimes I feel afraid for him—he has changed so much of late. After what you have said, I am sure that you have done your best to warn him, though I confess I did not think so just now. But I suppose the truth is, that Léon has reached an age at which warnings are not of much service. He is at an age, too, when young men generally imitate those about them."

"I understand. And I am not an example to be imitated. You are perfectly right, mademoiselle; no one could have wasted his life more hopelessly than I have done; also no one could be more conscious of his worthlessness than I am. At the same time, I don't think your brother has learnt much harm from me since I have been here. The only bad habit of any sort or kind that he has seen me indulge in is occasional gambling; and if you wish it, I will gladly promise you now never to touch a card again so long as I am in Algiers."

"No, no!" she interrupted, hastily; "let us have no promises. Who knows whether it would be possible to keep them? I cannot expect you to change all your habits to suit my convenience; and, indeed, I should not wish it. We will try to be better friends for the future," she added, extending her hand to him frankly.

He took it, held it in his own for a second, and then let it fall. It was probably the very first time in his life that he had allowed a woman's hand to escape from his possession without a pressure.

"You know that the will is not wanting on my part," he answered, in a low voice.

Her brow clouded, but cleared again

almost at once, and she looked at him not unkindly.

"I wish—" she began, and then broke off.

And Saint-Luc never knew in what manner she had intended to finish her sentence; for at that moment Madame de Vaublanc's shrill voice was heard calling, "Jeanne, make haste! you will keep Madame la Duchesse waiting for dinner." And so the colloquy came to an end.

CHAPTER IX.

GRANDE KABYLIE.

IN selecting for narration a portion out of the lives of certain people, and endeavoring to interest others therein, the veracious historian is apt, ere long, to find himself hemmed in between two difficulties. For whereas if, upon the one hand, he attempt to follow the subjects of his story through those uneventful scenes in which, generally speaking, their desires, their characters, and their destinies slowly develop themselves, he is in danger of becoming tedious to his readers; it is certain, upon the other, that if he pass over such periods in silence, he must risk the charge of in-consequence. The former peril appearing, all things considered, the more formidable of the two, it seems wisest to the present chronicler to dismiss in as few sentences as may be all account of the months of April and May, 1870—precisely the two months, as it happens, of which the personages with whom he is concerned have since declared that they cherish a keener, fonder memory than of any other period of their career.

The fact is, that nothing whatever took place during these two months but what might have been anticipated from the outset. Barrington finished his picture, began a second one, and established himself upon a footing of complete intimacy at the Campagne de Mersac; Léon went on flirting foolishly with Madame de Trémonville; Saint-Luc, though more at his ease with Jeanne, and more kindly received by her after the conversation recorded in the last chapter, made but little advance towards the fulfilment of his hopes; the Duchess and M. de Fontvieille continued their abortive support of the luckless suitor; and old Time plodded on in

his dogged, relentless way, bringing all of them nearer and nearer to the inevitable end. Here is an extract from Barrington's correspondence—the last with which the reader shall be troubled—whence the results of eight weeks of glorious weather, combined with lamentable supineness on the part of those who should have been able to exercise some control over the march of events, may be succinctly gleaned.

"Your last letter tickled me immensely. That you should claim credit for penetration in having discovered the very thing that I have been laboriously striving for some time past to make clear to you, is such a good joke that I am sure you will never see the point of it. 'Mark my words,' you observe in that pithy and sagacious style which is all your own, 'you are falling in love with that Mademoiselle Thingummy; and if I don't see you home before the Derby is run, I shall look upon your case as a hopeless one!' I had been laughing at your letter from the commencement; but when I reached that sentence, I positively roared. Why, my dear, good soul, of course I am in love with Mademoiselle de Mersac (of whom, by the way, I will thank you not to speak as 'Mademoiselle Thingummy' again). The indisputable fact that nobody could be as much in her society as I have been without falling in love with her, is one with which you cannot be expected to be acquainted; but if you haven't burnt my previous letters, and will refer back to them, you will surely admit that I have never drawn the thinnest veil over my attachment—or at least, if I have (for I don't exactly remember all I may have said), it has been one that any fool might have seen through. Heavens and earth! what is it that makes people talk of love as though there were something ridiculous in it—something to be ashamed of? Is it ignorance, or folly, or envy? Ignorance it cannot be, for everybody must have been in love at least once; in your case, I should imagine it to be a mixture of the two latter causes. Come, old fellow, you and I have been friends ever since we wore jackets and turn-down collars, and played five against the chapel-wall on Saturday afternoons, because we were too small to be allowed

possession of one of the fives-courts ; we have wintered one another and summered one another, and I have a right to put any question I please to you, and to expect a truthful reply. Divest yourself for a few minutes of your twopenny-half-penny cynicism, and tell me honestly—Wouldn't you give a year's income to be in love yourself ? Wouldn't your heart leap with joy if you could feel again the delicious tremors, the exquisite joys, the doubts, the fears, the hopes of bygone days ? Wouldn't you, if you could, choose to live again, in a queer, delightful, glorified world, inhabited, for all practical purposes, by one person only besides yourself ? Wouldn't you, on the approach of that person, like to experience a certain odd spasm, half painful, half delightful, somewhere about the middle of your waistcoat ?—it is a physical sensation, and you know it as well as I do, if your memory is not growing feeble. Ah, my dear old boy, there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream ! Love's middle-aged dream is a very close imitation of it—*experto crede !* Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story ! What are honors and wealth and gratified ambition in comparison with this divine ecstasy ? It is a disease, you will grant. I don't say no ; but it is sent straight from heaven.

Oh, Fame, if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding
phrases
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one
discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

You will perhaps pardon my bursting into poetry ; it is a trick incidental to my condition. I see you reading this in your arm-chair at the club, doubled up with merriment, your long nose almost touching your chin, as it does in moments when you are enjoying a fancied superiority over one of your fellow-creatures. My dear fellow, you are most heartily welcome to your joke. Your correspondence is often so irresistibly comical to me, that it would be hard indeed if I were to grudge you an occasional chuckle ; and in the present instance I can't help thinking that I have the best of the laugh.

"Yes, I am in love with Jeanne de Mersac ; and I rejoice in being so ! Your sage and trite warnings against

what you are pleased to term a 'romantic marriage with a foreigner,' and your doubts as to how a Frenchwoman and a Catholic would be received by the society of Surrey, are altogether irrelevant to the subject, and I am not going to discuss their soundness. The notion that love and marriage are inseparably connected, and that the one is invariably and necessarily a prelude to the other, always seems to me to arise out of a certain vulgarity of mind. You, who are nothing if not conventional, probably hold a different opinion ; but really if you will think for a moment of the refining, ennobling influence of love—of how it takes us out of ourselves and raises us above the level of this commonplace, sordid world ; and if you will then consider the perfectly earthly character of marriage, with its dull respectabilities and tedious monotony—you will perceive the bathos of degrading the former into a mere stepping-stone towards the latter.

Ach ! des Lebens schönste Feier
Endigt auch den Lebensmaï
Mit dem Gürtel, mit dem Schleier
Reizt der schöne Wahn entzwei !

I don't, of course, mean to assert that a man should not marry the woman he loves, or even that matters may not end that way in my own case ; I simply say that love is enough. I decline to be worried with remote contingencies. I fall down and worship at the feet of this beautiful goddess ; I bask in the sunshine of her smiles, and I am content. I don't know, and don't want to know, towards what rocks and shoals I may be drifting. I have not even the slightest clue as to the state of her feelings towards myself. I know that she *likes* me, but more than that I cannot say. Sometimes I get a look or a word which makes me tremble with hope ; sometimes I am greeted with the most discouraging friendliness. I accept it all with such equanimity as I can muster ; and am thankful that at least I am spared the pangs of jealousy ; for my one rival (that Saint-Luc of whom I have already written to you) is scarcely formidable. I pity that poor devil. I don't like him, as I think I have said before, but I am genuinely sorry for him. He is a man with whom you would find yourself in complete sympathy, for his love is of

that uncompromising kind which leads direct to the Mairie and the altar, and will be satisfied with nothing less. Humility appears to be his idea of courtship. In Jeanne's presence he is silent, and rather awkward. He gazes at her with great eyes of despair, he agrees with every word that she utters, and he sends her bouquets three or four times a week. Bouquets! That of itself is sufficient to stamp the man, and to show how little he understands the lady whose affections he hopes to captivate. Cut flowers, if you like—though she has more roses in her own garden than she knows what to do with; but bouquets—stiff, accurate bouquets—arranged by means of wires and surrounded by a border of perforated paper—to *her*! But what can you expect of a man who says, 'Mademoiselle, permit me to congratulate you upon your exquisite toilette!' or, 'Mademoiselle, allow me to offer you my compliments upon your charming coiffure!' and then imagines that he has made himself agreeable? I think she would hate him, but for her goodness and generosity. I can't believe that anything would ever induce her to become his wife, though all her friends and relations favor the match, and make no secret of their wishes.

"It is not likely that you will see me at the Derby this year. I don't care a brass farthing what wins, and shall not take advantage of your tip about Macgregor. The life which I am now leading—and which entirely satisfies my soul—has interests independent of horse-racing; and, indeed, of the world (in your sense of the word) altogether. I very seldom glance at a newspaper. I haven't the faintest idea of what is taking place in the Parliament of Great Britain; it is as much as I can do to get up a feeble excitement over the Emperor's *plébiscite*, which is making a great stir in this rather Radical community. You ask how I manage to kill time, and whether I have had any sport. Well, I have shot a wild boar and an eagle and an old Kabyle woman whom I peppered about the legs in mistake for a quail, and who raised no end of a hullabaloo, refusing to be pacified at any less price than a hundred francs; but the fact is, I don't care about going very far away from the town. I have always plenty to

do—and, whether it is the delicious climate, or whether it is the result of my mental condition, I can't say, but I am always in the best of health and spirits. I begin to whistle quite naturally as soon as I wake in the morning. I get up and have a bathe in the sea; then I come home to breakfast; then I paint a little; and then I pretty generally ride up to El Biar, where the De Mersacs live. There is often a dance somewhere in the evening. Failing that, I play a game or two of billiards with one or other of the young French officers quartered here—not half bad fellows, by the way—or else I climb up the narrow streets of the old town and get a peep at some weird Moorish ceremony or *fête*. I have no plans at present, and have no wish to form any. It is possible that I may be home for Ascot, but it is not probable. I suppose the heat will drive me north eventually; but, as far as I can see, there will be no necessity for a move on that score for some time to come; and I don't see why I should pack up before I am obliged. The London season has no temptations for me. Indeed, setting aside all personal feeling in the matter, I am convinced that Algiers is an infinitely more agreeable place of residence in the month of May than London."

Here we may take leave of Mr. Barrington's rather long-winded narrative. The impression produced by it upon the mind of its recipient was one which may very possibly be shared in by the reader. "Just like Barrington!" he muttered, as he restored the bulky epistle to its envelope. "For a man who goes in for philanthropy and that kind of thing, I must say he is about the most selfish beggar out. Making love is very good fun, as everybody knows; but, hang it all! if a man don't mean anything by it, it's deuced hard lines on the girl."

Mademoiselle de Mersac would have been very much astonished if this expression of opinion could have reached her ears. That her peace of mind was likely to become in any way endangered through the proximity of Mr. Barrington was a notion which certainly had not as yet suggested itself to her. She had liked him from the outset; he belonged to a different species from that of the men who had hitherto come in her way; she fancied, rightly or wrongly, that he

was more honest and manly than they ; and, as she grew to know him better, her liking for him increased, till his visits became almost a necessary part of her daily life. She knew also, of course, that he admired her. But from admiration, or liking, to love is a long step, and Jeanne did not choose to think that Mr. Barrington had taken it—much less that she could have done so herself.

So, as the Duchess had a happy faculty of disbelieving in inconvenient potentialities ; as M. de Fontvieille found it wisest, as a general thing, to hold the same opinions as the Duchess ; as Léon was too much occupied with his own concerns to keep a watchful eye upon those of his sister ; and, as Saint-Luc had no power to speak a warning word, it came to pass that Barrington arrived at the Campagne de Mersac every day as regularly as the post, and that poor M. de Saint-Luc, who never ventured to present himself more than twice in the course of a week, invariably found his rival installed in the drawing-room when he was announced, and was not unfrequently made to feel that his entrance had interrupted a pleasant conversation.

In the first days of June, when the Hôtel d'Orient and the Hôtel de la Régence had bidden adieu to the last of their winter guests ; when the Governor-General had migrated from the town to his fairy-like palace on the leafy heights of Mustapha ; when the smaller fry of officials were, in imitation of him and in preparation for the hot season, transplanting themselves and their families to the coolest attainable villas ; when the aloes were in flower and the air was full of a hundred faint scents, and the corn and barley fields were very nearly ripe for the sickle—at the time of year, in short, when the luxuriant life and rich beauty of Algeria were at their climax—it occurred to Léon that it would be a good thing to make a journey into Kabylia. For in the grassy plains of that region, near the first spurs of the great Djurdjura range, dwelt one Señor Lopez, a Spanish colonist and a breeder of horses, who was generally open to a deal, and who, at this particular time, had a nice lot of foals on hand, out of some of which a discriminating young man might see his way to make honest profit. But as few people, be they never

so self-confident, like to rely upon their own judgment alone in so delicate a matter as the purchase of a foal, Léon conceived it to be a *sine quâ non* that his sister should accompany him. And then M. de Saint-Luc, hearing of the projected expedition, must needs declare that he could not possibly leave Algeria without revisiting the scene of his former campaigns, and that the opportunity of doing so in congenial society was one that he would not miss for any imaginable consideration. After which, oddly enough, Mr. Barrington, too, found out that to make acquaintance with the mountain scenery of Kabylia had always been one of his fondest dreams, and added—why not push on a little farther, and see some of the hill-villages and the famous Fort Napoléon ?

Neither Léon nor Jeanne offered any objection to this plan ; but when it was communicated to the Duchess, she held up her hands in horror and amazement.

"And your chaperon, mademoiselle ?" she ejaculated. And the truth is that both the young folks had overlooked this necessary addition to their party.

Now, as the Duchess herself would no more have thought of undertaking a weary drive of three or four days' duration over stony places than of ordering a fiery chariot to drive her straight to heaven, and as no other available lady of advanced years could be discovered, it seemed, for a time, as if either Mademoiselle de Mersac or her two admirers would have to remain in Algiers ; but at the last moment a *deus ex machinâ* was found in the person of M. de Fontvieille, who announced his willingness to join the party, and who, as Léon politely remarked, when he was out of ear-shot, was, to all intents and purposes, as good as any old woman.

Poor old M. de Fontvieille ! Nobody thanked him for what was an act of pure good-nature and self-sacrifice—nobody, at least, except Jeanne, who, by way of testifying her gratitude, spent a long morning with him, examining his collection of gems and listening to the oft-told tale of their several acquisitions, and, at the end, presented him with an exquisite Marshal Niel rose-bud for his button-hole.

"Ah, mademoiselle," said he, as he

pinned the flower into his coat, "you do well to reserve your roses for old men, who appreciate such gifts at their right value. Give none to the young fellows; it would only increase their vanity, which is great enough already."

"I never give roses to anybody," said Jeanne.

"So much the better. Continue, my child, to observe that wise rule. And remember that if the Lily of France is a stiffer flower than the Rose of England, it is still our own, and French women ought to love it best."

"What do you mean?" asked Jeanne, who objected to insinuations.

"I meant nothing, my dear; lilies, I am aware, are out of fashion; choose violets, if you prefer them," answered the old gentleman, with a chuckle.

And Jeanne, having no rejoinder ready, took up her sunshade in dignified silence, and went home.

In the garden she met Barrington and Léon, and to them she communicated her design for the journey in her usual brief, authoritative fashion. "We will take the light carriage," she said. "Pierre Cauvin can drive us; and M. de Fontvieille, Mr. Barrington, and I can occupy it. M. de Saint-Luc can ride with you, Léon."

"But I think Saint-Luc would like to drive part of the way," answered Léon.

"Oh, no; why should he? He is sure to prefer riding."

"We can change about," said Barrington, magnanimously; and then the subject dropped.

But when the appointed day came, M. de Saint-Luc rode up to the door, with a very long face, and announced that it would be impossible for him to leave Algiers for the next forty-eight hours at least. "An old friend and brother-officer of mine arrived from Oran last night," he said. "He has made a *détour* on his way back to France on purpose to see me, and he would not like me to go away immediately."

"Of course you could not think of such a thing," Jeanne answered, decisively; "but you will be able to go into Kabylia some other time; it will not be at all too hot for another month at least."

The Vicomte made a grimace. "If I do not go with you, Kabylia will have to

make its arrangements for doing without me this year," he said. "I suppose—I suppose you could not postpone your departure for a day or two?"

"Oh, no; I am afraid not. Léon has made an appointment with Señor Lopez."

"Then I can only trust to overtaking you before you have finished your tour. I shall start on horseback as soon as my friend leaves, and, as I suppose you will stay a day or two at Fort Napoléon, I may perhaps have the good fortune to find you there—that is, if you do not object to my following you."

"Not in the least," replied Jeanne, not very cordially; "but it will be hardly worth while—will it?"

"If you were going to the Cape of Good Hope, instead of to Fort Napoléon, I should think it worth while to follow you," said poor Saint-Luc.

Whereupon Jeanne turned impatiently away.

An hour later, she and Barrington were seated opposite to one another in the dilapidated waggonnette which Léon used for country journeys. It was an ancient vehicle, with patched cushions and travel-stained leather roof and curtains; but its springs were strong, and it had outlived the jolts and shocks of many an unmetalled road and stony watercourse. Jeanne loved it for association's sake; and Barrington, in his then state of mind, would not have changed it for the car of Aurora.

It is eight years or more since Mr. Barrington was borne swiftly along the dusty road which leads eastward from Algiers, in that shabby old shandrydan—and in eight years, the doctors tell us, our whole outer man has been renewed, so that the being which calls itself I to-day inhabits a changed prison from that which it dwelt in ninety-six months ago, and will, if it survive, occupy ninety-six months hence. Mental statistics are less easy to arrive at, and it may be that our minds are not as subject to the inexorable law of change as our bodies. Barrington, at all events, whose views upon more subjects than one have unquestionably become modified by the lapse of eight years, still asserts, in confidential moments, that he looks back upon that drive into Kabylia as the happiest episode in his existence. "Life," he

says, in that melancholy tone which perfectly prosperous men have a trick of assuming, "is a dull enough business, take it all in all; but it has its good days here and there." And then he sighs, and puffs silently at his cigar for a minute or two. "Old de Fontvieille sat on the box," he goes on presently, "and talked to the driver. Young De Mersac had ridden ahead, and she and I were as completely alone together as if we had been upon a desert island. It was a situation in which human nature instinctively shakes itself free of commonplace conventionality. We did not flirt—thank Heaven, we were neither of us so *vulgar* as to think of flirting!—but we talked together as freely and naturally as Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden." And then he generally heaves another sigh, and rhapsodises on and on till, patient as one is, one has to remind him that it is long past bedtime.

As (to use a hackneyed illustration) the traveller looks back upon distant purple mountains, forgetting, as he contemplates their soft beauty, the roughness of the track by which he crossed them, so Barrington recalls the happy bygone days of his Kabylean journey, and ignores the petty annoyances which somewhat marred his enjoyment of it while it lasted. To hear him talk, you would think that the sun had never been too hot, nor the roads too dusty, during that memorable excursion; that good food was obtainable at every halting-place, and that he had never had cause to complain of the accommodation provided for him for the night. Time has blotted out from his mental vision all retrospect of dirt, bad food, and the virulent attacks of the African flea—a most malignant insect—*impiger*, *iracundus*, *inexorabilis*, *acer*—an animal who dies as hard as a rhinoceros, and is scarcely less venomous than a mosquito. He dwells not now upon the horrors of his first night at Bou-Douaou, during which he sat up in bed, through long wakeful hours, doggedly scattering insecticide among his savage assailants, and producing about as much effect thereby as a man slinging stones at an ironclad might do. The place where there was nothing but briny bacon to eat, the place where there was nothing but a broken-down billiard-table and a rug to sleep upon,

and the place where there was nothing to drink, except bad absinthe—all these have faded out of his recollection. But, in truth, these small "discomforts" were soon forgotten, even at the time.

For when the baking plain was left behind, and the travellers stood upon the windy summit of the Col Ben-Aicha, with great Kabylia beneath their feet, and the tumbled mass of the Djurdjura mountains, towering, snow-crowned, against a cloudless sky, before them, even M. de Fontvieille—no great enthusiast in respect of scenery—was fain to confess that so magnificent a prospect and such a strong, bracing air were well worth the inconvenience it had cost him to obtain them; while Barrington broke forth into the most exaggerated expressions of eulogy, gladdening thereby the heart of Jeanne, who felt something of the pride of ownership in the beauty of her beloved Algeria.

When Thomas of Ercildoune took his famous ride with the Queen of the Fairies, and reached a region unknown to man, it will be remembered that the fair lady drew rein for a few minutes and indicated to her companion the various paths that lay before them. There was the thorny way of righteousness and the broad road of iniquity—neither of which have ever been found entirely free from drawbacks by mortals—but besides these, there was a third path.

O see ye not that bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

And Thomas seems to have offered no objection to his leader's choice.

Even so Barrington, though capable of distinguishing between broad and narrow paths, and their respective goals; capable also—which is perhaps more to the purpose—of forecasting the results of prudence and folly, chose at this time to close his eyes, and wander, with Jeanne, into that fairy-land of which every man gets a glimpse in his time, though few have the good fortune to linger within its precincts as long as did Thomas the Rhymer.

And so there came to him five days of which he will probably never see the like again. Five days of glowing sun-

shine; five luminous, starlit nights—eighty hours, more or less (making deductions for sleeping time) of unreasoning, unthinking, unmixed happiness—such was Barrington's share of Fairyland—and a very fair share too, as the world goes. He would be puzzled now—and indeed, for that matter, he would have been puzzled a week after the excursion—to give any accurate description of the country between Algiers and Fort Napoléon. The sum of his reminiscences was that, in the dewy mornings and the cool evenings, he drove through a wooded, hilly country with Jeanne; that he rested in the noonday heat at spacious whitewashed caravanserais or small wayside taverns, and talked to Jeanne; that her tall, graceful figure was the first sight he saw in the morning and the last at night; that he never left her side for more than ten minutes at a time; that he discovered some fresh charm in her with each succeeding hour; and that when he arrived at Fort Napoléon, and the limit of his wanderings, he was as completely and irretrievably in love as ever man was.

In truth, the incidents of the journey were well calculated to enhance the mixture of admiration and reverence with which Barrington had regarded Mademoiselle de Mersac from the moment of his first meeting with her. Her progress through Kabylia was like that of a gracious queen among her subjects. The swarthy Kabyle women, to whom she spoke in their own language, and for the benefit of whose ragged children she had provided herself with a multitude of toys, broke into shrill cries of welcome when they recognised her; the sparse French colonists, at whose farms she stopped, came out to greet her with smiles upon their careworn faces; at the caravanserai of the Issers, where some hundreds of Arabs were assembled for the weekly market, the Caid of the tribe, a stately grey-bearded patriarch, who wore the star of the Legion of Honor upon his white burnous, stepped out from his tent, as she approached, and, bowing profoundly, took her hand and raised it to his forehead; even the villanous, low-browed, thin-lipped Spanish countenance of Señor Lopez assumed an expression of depre-

cating amiability when she addressed him; he faltered in the tremendous lies which, from mere force of habit, he felt constrained to utter about the pedigree of his colts; his sly little beady eyes dropped before her great grave ones, he listened silently while she pointed out the inconsistencies of his statements, and finally made a far worse bargain with M. Léon than he had expected or intended to do.

And if anything more had been needed to complete Barrington's subjugation, the want would have been supplied by Jeanne's demeanor towards himself. Up to the time of this memorable journey she had treated him with a perceptible measure of caprice, being kind or cold as the humor took her—sometimes receiving him as an old friend, sometimes as a complete stranger, and even snubbing him without mercy, upon one or two occasions. It was her way to behave so towards all men, and she had not seen fit to exempt Mr. Barrington altogether from the common lot of his fellows. But now—perhaps because she had escaped from the petty trammels and irritations of every-day life, perhaps because the free air of the mountains which she loved disposed her to cast aside formality, or perhaps from causes unacknowledged by herself—her intercourse with the Englishman assumed a wholly new character. She wandered willingly with him into those quaint Kabyle villages which stand each perched upon the apex of a conical hill—villages which took a deal of fighting to capture, and might have to be taken all over again, so Léon predicted, one fine day; she stood behind him and looked over his shoulder while he dashed off hasty likenesses of such of the natives as he could induce, by means of bribes, to overcome their strong natural aversion to having their portraits taken; she never seemed to weary of his company; and if there was still an occasional touch of condescension in her manner, it is probable that Barrington, feeling as he then did, held such manifestations to be only fitting and natural as coming from her to him.

And then, by degrees, there sprang up between them a kind of mutual understanding, an intuitive perception of

each other's thoughts and wishes, and a habit of covertly alluding to small matters and small jokes unknown to either of their companions. And sometimes their eyes met for a second, and often an unintelligible smile appeared upon the lips of the one to be instantaneously reflected upon those of the other. All of which things were perceived by the observant M. de Fontvieille, and caused him to remark aloud every night, in the solitude of his own chamber, before going to bed: "Madame, I was not the instigator of this expedition; on the contrary, I warned you against it. I had no power and no authority to prevent its consequences, and I wash my hands of them."

The truth is, that the poor old gentleman was looking forward with some trepidation to an interview with the Duchess which his prophetic soul saw looming in the future.

Fort Napoléon, frowning down from its rocky eminence upon subjugated Kabylia, is the most important fortress of that once turbulent country, and is rather a military post than a town or village. It has, however, a modicum of civilian inhabitants, dwelling in neat little white houses on either side of a broad street, and at the eastern end of the street a small church has been erected. Thither Jeanne betook herself, one evening, at the hour of the Ave Maria, as her custom was. The sun was sinking in the glow of a cloudless sky; the breeze, which had rioted all day among the heights, had died away into a dead calm, and the universal rest and silence was broken only by the ting-ting of the little church-bell—

Che paia il giorno pianger che si muore.

Jeanne passed in to her devotions, and the heretic Englishman lounged at the door and listened to the slumberous droning of the priest within. After a time the voice ceased, and then the worshippers—two or three old crones and a couple of black-robed Sisters of Charity—trooped out, and passed away down the sunny street. Then there was unbroken stillness for five minutes; and then the door swung back on its hinges, and Jeanne emerged from the gloom of the church and met the dazzling blaze of the sunset, which streamed full upon

her, making her cast her eyes upon the ground.

She paused for a moment upon the threshold, and as she stood there, with her pale face, her drooped eyelids, and a sweet, grave smile upon her lips, Barrington, whose imagination was for ever playing him tricks, mentally likened her to one of Fra Angelico's angels. She did not in reality resemble one of those ethereal beings much more than she did the heathen goddess to whom he had once before compared her; but something of the sanctity of the church seemed to cling about her, and that, together with the tranquillity of the hour, kept Barrington silent for a few minutes after they had walked away side by side. It was not until they had reached the western ramparts, and, leaning over them, were gazing down into purple valleys lying in deep shade beneath the glowing hill-tops, that he opened his lips.

"So we really go back again to-morrow," he sighed.

"Yes, to-morrow," she answered, absently.

"Back to civilisation—back to the dull, monotonous world! What a bore it all is! I wish I could stay here for ever!"

"What? You would like to spend the rest of your life at Fort Napoléon?" said Jeanne, with a smile. "How long would it take you to tire of Kabylia? A week—two weeks? Not perhaps so much."

"Of what does not one tire in time?" he answered. "I have tried most things, and have found them all tolerably wearisome in the end. But there is one thing of which I could never tire."

"And that?"—inquired Jeanne, facing him with raised eyebrows of calm interrogation.

He had been going to say "Your society;" but somehow he felt ashamed to utter so feeble a commonplace, and substituted for it, rather tamely, "My friends."

"Ah! there are many people who tire of them also, after a time," remarked Jeanne. "As for me, I have so few friends," she added, a little sadly.

"I hope you will always think of me as one of those few," said Barrington.

"You? Oh, yes, if you wish it,"

she answered, rather hurriedly. Then, as if desiring to change the subject, "How quiet everything is!" she exclaimed. "Quite in the distance I can hear that there is somebody riding up the hill from Tizi-Ouzou; listen!"

Barrington bent his ear forward, and managed just to distinguish the faint ringing of a horse's hoofs upon the road far below. Presently even this scarcely perceptible sound died away, and a universal hush brooded over the earth and air. Then, for a long time, neither of them spoke again—Jeanne because her thoughts were wandering; Barrington because he was half afraid of what he might say if he trusted himself to open his lips.

The sun dipped behind the mountain ridge; a little breeze rose, shivered, and fell, and then the galloping of a horse smote once more loud and clear upon the ears of the listeners. Nearer and nearer it sounded, till at last horse and rider shot out from behind a shoulder of rock directly beneath them; showed, for a moment, huge and black, against the ruddy sky; and then, clattering under the arched gateway of the town, disappeared.

"It is M. de Saint-Luc!" ejaculated Jeanne, in a tone of some dismay.

And Barrington, beneath his breath, muttered "Hang him!" with most heartfelt emphasis.

CHAPTERS ON SOCIALISM.

BY JOHN STUART MILL.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF SOCIALISM.

AMONG those who call themselves Socialists, two kinds of persons may be distinguished. There are, in the first place, those whose plans for a new order of society, in which private property and individual competition are to be superseded and other motives to action substituted, are on the scale of a village community or township, and would be applied to an entire country by the multiplication of such self-acting units; of this character are the systems of Owen, of Fourier, and the more thoughtful and philosophic Socialists generally. The other class, who are more a product of the Continent than of Great Britain and may be called the revolutionary Socialists, propose to themselves a much bolder stroke. Their scheme is the management of the whole productive resources of the country by one central authority, the general government. And with this view some of them avow as their purpose that the working classes, or somebody in their behalf, should take possession of all the property of the country, and administer it for the general benefit.

Whatever be the difficulties of the first of these two forms of Socialism, the second must evidently involve the same difficulties and many more. The for-

mer, too, has the great advantage that it can be brought into operation progressively, and can prove its capabilities by trial. It can be tried first on a select population and extended to others as their education and cultivation permit. It need not, and in the natural order of things would not, become an engine of subversion until it had shown itself capable of being also a means of reconstruction. It is not so with the other: the aim of that is to substitute the new rule for the old at a single stroke, and to exchange the amount of good realised under the present system, and its large possibilities of improvement, for a plunge without any preparation into the most extreme form of the problem of carrying on the whole round of the operations of social life without the motive power which has always hitherto worked the social machinery. It must be acknowledged that those who would play this game on the strength of their own private opinion, unconfirmed as yet by any experimental verification—who would forcibly deprive all who have now a comfortable physical existence of their only present means of preserving it, and would brave the frightful bloodshed and misery that would ensue if the attempt was resisted—must have a serene confidence in their own wisdom on the one hand and a recklessness of other peo-

ple's sufferings on the other, which Robespierre and St. Just, hitherto the typical instances of those united attributes, scarcely came up to. Nevertheless this scheme has great elements of popularity which the more cautious and reasonable form of Socialism has not; because what it professes to do it promises to do quickly, and holds out hope to the enthusiastic of seeing the whole of their aspirations realised in their own time and at a blow.

The peculiarities, however, of the revolutionary form of Socialism will be most conveniently examined after the considerations common to both the forms have been duly weighed.

The produce of the world could not attain anything approaching to its present amount, nor support anything approaching to the present number of its inhabitants, except upon two conditions: abundant and costly machinery, buildings, and other instruments of production; and the power of undertaking long operations and waiting a considerable time for their fruits. In other words, there must be a large accumulation of capital, both fixed in the implements and buildings, and circulating, that is, employed in maintaining the laborers and their families during the time which elapses before the productive operations are completed and the products come in. This necessity depends on physical laws, and is inherent in the condition of human life; but these requisites of production, the capital, fixed and circulating, of the country (to which has to be added the land, and all that is contained in it), may either be the collective property of those who use it, or may belong to individuals; and the question is, which of these arrangements is most conducive to human happiness. What is characteristic of Socialism is the joint ownership by all the members of the community of the instruments and means of production; which carries with it the consequence that the division of the produce among the body of owners must be a public act, performed according to rules laid down by the community. Socialism by no means excludes private ownership of articles of consumption; the exclusive right of each to his or her share of the produce when received, either to enjoy, to give, or to

exchange it. The land, for example, might be wholly the property of the community for agricultural and other productive purposes, and might be cultivated on their joint account, and yet the dwelling assigned to each individual or family as part of their remuneration might be as exclusively theirs, while they continued to fulfil their share of the common labors, as any one's house now is; and not the dwelling only, but any ornamental ground which the circumstances of the association allowed to be attached to the house for purposes of enjoyment. The distinctive feature of Socialism is not that all things are in common, but that production is only carried on upon the common account, and that the instruments of production are held as common property. The *practicability* then of Socialism, on the scale of Mr. Owen's or M. Fourier's villages, admits of no dispute. The attempt to manage the whole production of a nation by one central organization is a totally different matter; but a mixed agricultural and manufacturing association of from two thousand to four thousand inhabitants under any tolerable circumstances of soil and climate would be easier to manage than many a joint stock company. The question to be considered is, whether this joint management is likely to be as efficient and successful as the managements of private industry by private capital. And this question has to be considered in a double aspect; the efficiency of the directing mind, or minds, and that of the simple workpeople. And in order to state this question in its simplest form, we will suppose the form of Socialism to be simple Communism, *i.e.* equal division of the produce among all the sharers, or, according to M. Louis Blanc's still higher standard of justice, apportionment of it according to difference of need, but without making any difference of reward according to the nature of the duty nor according to the supposed merits or services of the individual. There are other forms of Socialism, particularly Fourierism, which do, on considerations of justice or expediency, allow differences of remuneration for different kinds or degrees of service to the community; but the consideration of these may be for the present postponed.

The difference between the motive powers in the economy of society under private property and under Communism would be greatest in the case of the directing minds. Under the present system, the direction being entirely in the hands of the person or persons who own (or are personally responsible for) the capital, the whole benefit of the difference between the best administration and the worst under which the business can continue to be carried on accrues to the person or persons who control the administration: they reap the whole profit of good management except so far as their self-interest or liberality induce them to share it with their subordinates; and they suffer the whole detriment of mismanagement except so far as this may cripple their subsequent power of employing labor. This strong personal motive to do their very best and utmost for the efficiency and economy of the operations, would not exist under Communism; as the managers would only receive out of the produce the same equal dividend as the other members of the association. What would remain would be the interest common to all in so managing affairs as to make the dividend as large as possible; the incentives of public spirit, of conscience, and of the honor and credit of the managers. The force of these motives, especially when combined, is great. But it varies greatly in different persons, and is much greater for some purposes than for others. The verdict of experience, in the imperfect degree of moral cultivation which mankind have yet reached, is that the motive of conscience and that of credit and reputation, even when they are of some strength, are, in the majority of cases, much stronger as restraining than as impelling forces—are more to be depended on for preventing wrong, than for calling forth the fullest energies in the pursuit of ordinary occupations. In the case of most men the only inducement which has been found sufficiently constant and unflagging to overcome the ever-present influence of indolence and love of ease, and induce men to apply themselves unrelaxingly to work for the most part in itself dull and unexciting, is the prospect of bettering their own economic condition and that of their family; and the closer the connection

of every increase of exertion with a corresponding increase of its fruits, the more powerful is this motive. To suppose the contrary would be to imply that with men as they now are, duty and honor are more powerful principles of action than personal interest, not solely as to special acts and forbearances respecting which those sentiments have been exceptionally cultivated, but in the regulation of their whole lives; which no one, I suppose, will affirm. It may be said that this inferior efficacy of public and social feelings is not inevitable—is the result of imperfect education. This I am quite ready to admit, and also that there are even now many individual exceptions to the general infirmity. But before these exceptions can grow into a majority, or even into a very large minority, much time will be required. The education of human beings is one of the most difficult of all arts, and this is one of the points in which it has hitherto been least successful; moreover improvements in general education are necessarily very gradual, because the future generation is educated by the present, and the imperfections of the teachers set an invincible limit to the degree in which they can train their pupils to be better than themselves. We must therefore expect, unless we are operating upon a select portion of the population, that personal interest will for a long time be a more effective stimulus to the most vigorous and careful conduct of the industrial business of society than motives of a higher character. It will be said that at present the greed of personal gain by its very excess counteracts its own end by the stimulus it gives to reckless and often dishonest risks. This it does, and under Communism that source of evil would generally be absent. It is probable, indeed, that enterprise either of a bad or of a good kind would be a deficient element, and that business in general would fall very much under the dominion of routine; the rather, as the performance of duty in such communities has to be enforced by external sanctions, the more nearly each person's duty can be reduced to fixed rules, the easier it is to hold him to its performance. A circumstance which increases the probability of this result is the limited power which the managers would have of inde-

pendent action. They would of course hold their authority from the choice of the community, by whom their function might at any time be withdrawn from them; and this would make it necessary for them, even if not so required by the constitution of the community, to obtain the general consent of the body before making any change in the established mode of carrying on the concern. The difficulty of persuading a numerous body to make a change in their accustomed mode of working, of which change the trouble is often great, and the risk more obvious to their minds than the advantage, would have a great tendency to keep things in their accustomed track. Against this it has to be set, that choice by the persons who are directly interested in the success of the work, and who have practical knowledge and opportunities of judgment, might be expected on the average to produce managers of greater skill than the chances of birth, which now so often determine who shall be the owner of the capital. This may be true; and though it may be replied that the capitalist by inheritance can also, like the community, appoint a manager more capable than himself, this would only place him on the same level of advantage as the community, not on a higher level. But it must be said on the other side that under the Communist system the persons most qualified for the management would be likely very often to hang back from undertaking it. At present the manager, even if he be a hired servant, has a very much larger remuneration than the other persons concerned in the business; and there are open to his ambition higher social positions to which his function of manager is a stepping-stone. On the Communist system none of these advantages would be possessed by him; he could obtain only the same dividend out of the produce of the community's labor as any other member of it; he would no longer have the chance of raising himself from a receiver of wages into the class of capitalists; and while he could be in no way better off than any other laborer, his responsibilities and anxieties would be so much greater that a large proportion of mankind would be likely to prefer the less onerous position. This difficulty was foreseen by Plato as an

objection to the system proposed in his Republic of community of goods among a governing class; and the motive on which he relied for inducing the fit persons to take on themselves, in the absence of all the ordinary inducements, the cares and labors of government, was the fear of being governed by worse men. This, in truth, is the motive which would have to be in the main depended upon; the persons most competent to the management would be prompted to undertake the office to prevent it from falling into less competent hands. And the motive would probably be effectual at times when there was an impression that by incompetent management the affairs of the community were going to ruin, or even only decidedly deteriorating. But this motive could not, as a rule, expect to be called into action by the less stringent inducement of merely promoting improvement; unless in the case of inventors or schemers eager to try some device from which they hoped for great and immediate fruits; and persons of this kind are very often unfitted by over-sanguine temper and imperfect judgment for the general conduct of affairs, while even when fitted for it they are precisely the kind of persons against whom the average man is apt to entertain a prejudice, and they would often be unable to overcome the preliminary difficulty of persuading the community both to adopt their project and to accept them as managers. Communist management would thus be, in all probability, less favorable than private management to that striking out of new paths and making immediate sacrifices for distant and uncertain advantages, which, though seldom unattended with risk, is generally indispensable to great improvements in the economic condition of mankind, and even to keeping up the existing state in the face of a continual increase of the number of mouths to be fed.

We have thus far taken account only of the operation of motives upon the managing minds of the association. Let us now consider how the case stands in regard to the ordinary workers.

These, under Communism, would have no interest, except their share of the general interest, in doing their work honestly and energetically. But in this

respect matters would be no worse than they now are in regard to the great majority of the producing classes. These, being paid by fixed wages, are so far from having any direct interest of their own in the efficiency of their work, that they have not even that share in the general interest which every worker would have in the Communistic organization. Accordingly, the inefficiency of hired labor, the imperfect manner in which it calls forth the real capabilities of the laborers, is matter of common remark. It is true that a character for being a good workman is far from being without its value, as it tends to give him a preference in employment, and sometimes obtains for him higher wages. There are also possibilities of rising to the position of foreman, or other subordinate administrative posts, which are not only more highly paid than ordinary labor, but sometimes open the way to ulterior advantages. But on the other side is to be set that under Communism the general sentiment of the community, composed of the comrades under whose eyes each person works, would be sure to be in favor of good and hard working, and unfavorable to laziness, carelessness, and waste. In the present system not only is this not the case, but the public opinion of the workman class often acts in the very opposite direction: the rules of some trade societies actually forbid their members to exceed a certain standard of efficiency, lest they should diminish the number of laborers required for the work; and for the same reason they often violently resist contrivances for economising labor. The change from this to a state in which every person would have an interest in rendering every other person as industrious, skilful, and careful as possible (which would be the case under Communism), would be a change very much for the better.

It is, however, to be considered that the principal defects of the present system in respect to the efficiency of labor may be corrected, and the chief advantages of Communism in that respect may be obtained, by arrangements compatible with private property and individual competition. Considerable improvement is already obtained by piece-work, in the kinds of labor which admit of it. By

this the workman's personal interest is closely connected with the quantity of work he turns out—not so much with its quality, the security for which still has to depend on the employer's vigilance; neither does piece-work carry with it the public opinion of the workman class, which is often, on the contrary, strongly opposed to it, as a means of (as they think) diminishing the market for laborers. And there is really good ground for their dislike of piece-work, if, as is alleged, it is a frequent practice of employers, after using piece-work to ascertain the utmost which a good workman can do, to fix the price of piece-work so low that by doing that utmost he is not able to earn more than they would be obliged to give him as day wages for ordinary work.

But there is a far more complete remedy than piece-work for the disadvantages of hired labor, viz., what is now called industrial partnership—the admission of the whole body of laborers to a participation in the profits, by distributing among all who share in the work, in the form of a percentage on their earnings, the whole or a fixed portion of the gains after a certain remuneration has been allowed to the capitalist. This plan has been found of admirable efficacy, both in this country and abroad. It has enlisted the sentiments of the workmen employed on the side of the most careful regard by all of them to the general interest of the concern; and by its joint effect in promoting zealous exertion and checking waste, it has very materially increased the remuneration of every description of labor in the concerns in which it has been adopted. It is evident that this system admits of indefinite extension and of an indefinite increase in the share of profits assigned to the laborers, short of that which would leave to the managers less than the needful degree of personal interest in the success of the concern. It is even likely that when such arrangements become common, many of these concerns would at some period or another, on the death or retirement of the chiefs, pass, by arrangement, into the state of purely co-operative associations.

It thus appears that as far as concerns the motives to exertion in the general body, Communism has no advantage

which may not be reached under private property, while as respects the managing heads it is at a considerable disadvantage. It has also some disadvantages which seem to be inherent in it, through the necessity under which it lies of deciding in a more or less arbitrary manner questions which, on the present system, decide themselves, often badly enough, but spontaneously.

It is a simple rule, and under certain aspects a just one, to give equal payment to all who share in the work. But this is a very imperfect justice unless the work also is apportioned equally. Now the many different kinds of work required in every society are very unequal in hardness and unpleasantness. To measure these against one another, so as to make quality equivalent to quantity, is so difficult that Communists generally propose that all should work by turns at every kind of labor. But this involves an almost complete sacrifice of the economic advantages of the division of employments, advantages which are indeed frequently over-estimated (or rather the counter-considerations are under-estimated) by political economists, but which are nevertheless, in the point of view of the productiveness of labor, very considerable, for the double reason that the co-operation of employment enables the work to distribute itself with some regard to the special capacities and qualifications of the worker, and also that every worker acquires greater skill and rapidity in one kind of work by confining himself to it. The arrangement, therefore, which is deemed indispensable to a just distribution would probably be a very considerable disadvantage in respect of production. But further, it is still a very imperfect standard of justice to demand the same amount of work from every one. People have unequal capacities of work, both mental and bodily, and what is a light task for one is an insupportable burthen to another. It is necessary, therefore, that there should be a dispensing power, an authority competent to grant exemptions from the ordinary amount of work, and to proportion tasks in some measure to capabilities. As long as there are any lazy or selfish persons who like better to be worked for by others than to work, there will be frequent attempts to obtain

exemptions by favor or fraud, and the frustration of these attempts will be an affair of considerable difficulty, and will by no means be always successful. These inconveniences would be little felt, for some time at least, in communities composed of select persons, earnestly desirous of the success of the experiment; but plans for the regeneration of society must consider average human beings, and not only them but the large residuum of persons greatly below the average in the personal and social virtues. The squabbles and ill-blood which could not fail to be engendered by the distribution of work whenever such persons have to be dealt with, would be a great abatement from the harmony and unanimity which Communists hope would be found among the members of their association. That concord would, even in the most fortunate circumstances, be much more liable to disturbance than Communists suppose. The institution provides that there shall be no quarrelling about material interests; individualism is excluded from that department of affairs. But there are other departments from which no institutions can exclude it: there will still be rivalry for reputation and for personal power. When selfish ambition is excluded from the field in which, with most men, it chiefly exercises itself, that of riches and pecuniary interest, it would betake itself with greater intensity to the domain still open to it, and we may expect that the struggles for pre-eminence and for influence in the management would be of great bitterness when the personal passions, diverted from their ordinary channel, are driven to seek their principal gratification in that other direction. For these various reasons it is probable that a Communist association would frequently fail to exhibit the attractive picture of mutual love and unity of will and feeling which we are often told by Communists to expect, but would often be torn by dissension and not unfrequently broken up by it.

Other and numerous sources of discord are inherent in the necessity which the Communist principle involves, of deciding by the general voice questions of the utmost importance to every one, which on the present system can be and are left to individuals to decide, each for

his own case. As an example, take the subject of education. All Socialists are strongly impressed with the all-importance of the training given to the young, not only for the reasons which apply universally, but because their demands being much greater than those of any other system upon the intelligence and morality of the individual citizen, they have even more at stake than any other societies on the excellence of their educational arrangements. Now under Communism these arrangements would have to be made for every citizen by the collective body, since individual parents, supposing them to prefer some other mode of educating their children, would have no private means of paying for it, and would be limited to what they could do by their own personal teaching and influence. But every adult member of the body would have an equal voice in determining the collective system designed for the benefit of all. Here, then, is a most fruitful source of discord in every association. All who had any opinion or preference as to the education they would desire for their own children, would have to rely for their chance of obtaining it upon the influence they could exercise in the joint decision of the community.

It is needless to specify a number of other important questions affecting the mode of employing the productive resources of the association, the conditions of social life, the relations of the body with other associations, &c., on which difference of opinion, often irreconcilable, would be likely to arise. But even the dissensions which might be expected would be a far less evil to the prospects of humanity than a delusive unanimity produced by the prostration of all individual opinions and wishes before the decree of the majority. The obstacles to human progression are always great, and require a concurrence of favorable circumstances to overcome them; but an indispensable condition of their being overcome is, that human nature should have freedom to expand spontaneously in various directions, both in thought and practice; that people should both think for themselves and try experiments for themselves, and should not resign into the hands of rulers, whether acting in the name of a few

or of the majority, the business of thinking for them, and of prescribing how they shall act. But in Communist associations private life would be brought in a most unexampled degree within the dominion of public authority, and there would be less scope for the development of individual character and individual preferences than has hitherto existed among the full citizens of any state belonging to the progressive branches of the human family. Already in all societies the compression of individuality by the majority is a great and growing evil; it would probably be much greater under Communism, except so far as it might be in the power of individuals to set bounds to it by selecting to belong to a community of persons like-minded with themselves.

From these various considerations I do not seek to draw any inference against the possibility that Communistic production is capable of being at some future time the form of society best adapted to the wants and circumstances of mankind. I think that this is, and will long be, an open question, upon which fresh light will continually be obtained, both by trial of the Communistic principle under favorable circumstances, and by the improvements which will be gradually effected in the working of the existing system, that of private ownership. The one certainty is, that Communism, to be successful, requires a high standard of both moral and intellectual education in all the members of the community—moral, to qualify them for doing their part honestly and energetically in the labor of life under no inducement but their share in the general interest of the association, and their feelings of duty and sympathy towards it; intellectual, to make them capable of estimating distant interests and entering into complex considerations, sufficiently at least to be able to discriminate, in these matters, good counsel from bad. Now I reject altogether the notion that it is impossible for education and cultivation such as is implied in these things to be made the inheritance of every person in the nation; but I am convinced that it is very difficult, and that the passage to it from our present condition can only be slow. I admit the plea that in the points of moral education on which the success

of Communism depends, the present state of society is demoralising, and that only a Communistic association can effectually train mankind for Communism. It is for Communism, then, to prove, by practical experiment, its power of giving this training. Experiments alone can show whether there is as yet in any portion of the population a sufficiently high level of moral cultivation to make Communism succeed, and to give to the next generation among themselves the education necessary to keep up that high level permanently. If Communist associations show that they can be durable and prosperous, they will multiply, and will probably be adopted by successive portions of the population of the more advanced countries as they become morally fitted for that mode of life. But to force unprepared populations into Communist societies, even if a political revolution gave the power to make such an attempt, would end in disappointment.

If practical trial is necessary to test the capabilities of Communism, it is no less required for those other forms of Socialism which recognise the difficulties of Communism and contrive means to surmount them. The principal of these is Fourierism, a system which, if only as a specimen of intellectual ingenuity, is highly worthy of the attention of any student, either of society or of the human mind. There is scarcely an objection or a difficulty which Fourier did not foresee, and against which he did not make provision beforehand by self-acting contrivances, grounded, however, upon a less high principle of distributive justice than that of Communism, since he admits inequalities of distribution and individual ownership of capital, but not the arbitrary disposal of it. The great problem which he grapples with is how to make labor attractive, since, if this could be done, the principal difficulty of Socialism would be overcome. He maintains that no kind of useful labor is necessarily or universally repugnant, unless either excessive in amount or devoid of the stimulus of companionship and emulation, or regarded by mankind with contempt. The workers in a Fourierist village are to class themselves spontaneously in groups, each group undertaking a different kind

of work, and the same person may be a member not only of one group but of any number; a certain minimum having first been set apart for the subsistence of every member of the community, whether capable or not of labor, the society divides the remainder of the produce among the different groups, in such shares as it finds attract to each the amount of labor required, and no more; if there is too great a run upon particular groups it is a sign that those groups are over-remunerated relatively to others; if any are neglected their remuneration must be made higher. The share of produce assigned to each group is divided in fixed proportions among three elements—labor, capital, and talent; the part assigned to talent being awarded by the suffrages of the group itself, and it is hoped that among the variety of human capacities all, or nearly all, will be qualified to excel in some group or other. The remuneration for capital is to be such as is found sufficient to induce savings from individual consumption, in order to increase the common stock to such point as is desired. The number and ingenuity of the contrivances for meeting minor difficulties, and getting rid of minor inconveniences, is very remarkable. By means of these various provisions it is the expectation of Fourierists that the personal inducements to exertion for the public interest, instead of being taken away, would be made much greater than at present, since every increase of the service rendered would be much more certain of leading to increase of reward than it is now, when accidents of position have so much influence. The efficiency of labor, they therefore expect, would be unexampled, while the saving of labor would be prodigious, by diverting to useful occupations that which is now wasted on things useless or hurtful, and by dispensing with the vast number of superfluous distributors, the buying and selling for the whole community being managed by a single agency. The free choice of individuals as to their manner of life would be no further interfered with than would be necessary for gaining the full advantages of co-operation in the industrial operations. Altogether the picture of a Fourierist community is both attractive in itself and requires less from common humanity than

any other known system of Socialism ; and it is much to be desired that the scheme should have that fair trial which alone can test the workableness of any new scheme of social life.*

The result of our review of the various difficulties of Socialism has led us to the conclusion that the various schemes for managing the productive resources of the country by public instead of private agency have a case for a trial, and some of them may eventually establish their claims to preference over the existing order of things, but that they are at present workable only by the *élite* of mankind, and have yet to prove their power of training mankind at large to the state of improvement which they presuppose. Far more, of course, may this be said of the more ambitious plan which aims at taking possession of the whole land and capital of the country, and beginning at once to administer it on the public account. Apart from all consideration of injustice to the present possessors, the very idea of conducting the whole industry of a country by direction from a single centre is so obviously chimerical, that nobody ventures to propose any mode in which it should be done ; and it can hardly be doubted that if the revolutionary Socialists attained their immediate object, and actually had the whole property of the country at their disposal, they would find no other practicable mode of exercising their power over it than that of dividing it into portions, each to be made over to the administration of a small Socialist community. The problem of management, which we have seen to be so difficult even to a select population well prepared beforehand, would be thrown down to be

solved as best it could by aggregations united only by locality, or taken indiscriminately from the population, including all the malefactors, all the idlest and most vicious, the most incapable of steady industry, forethought, or self-control, and a majority who, though not equally degraded, are yet, in the opinion of Socialists themselves, as far as regards the qualities essential for the success of Socialism, profoundly demoralised by the existing state of society. It is saying but little to say that the introduction of Socialism under such conditions could have no effect but disastrous failure, and its apostles could have only the consolation that the order of society as it now exists would have perished first, and all who benefit by it would be involved in the common ruin—a consolation which to some of them would probably be real, for if appearances can be trusted the animating principle of too many of the revolutionary Socialists is hate ; a very excusable hatred of existing evils, which would vent itself by putting an end to the present system at all costs even to those who suffer by it, in the hope that out of chaos would arise a better Kosmos, and in the impatience of desperation respecting any more gradual improvement. They are unaware that chaos is the very most unfavorable position for setting out in the construction of a Kosmos, and that many ages of conflict, violence, and tyrannical oppression of the weak by the strong must intervene ; they know not that they would plunge mankind into the state of nature so forcibly described by Hobbes (*Leviathan*, Part I. ch. xiii.), where every man is enemy to every man :—

“ In such condition there is no place for industry, because the fruit thereof is uncertain, and consequently no culture of the earth, no navigation, no use of the commodities that may be imported by sea, no commodious building, no instruments of moving and removing such things as require much force, no knowledge of the face of the earth, no account of time, no arts, no letters, no society ; and, which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death ; and the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.”

If the poorest and most wretched members of a so-called civilised society are in as bad a condition as every one would be in that worst form of barbarism produced by the dissolution of civil-

* The principles of Fourierism are clearly set forth and powerfully defended in the various writings of M. Victor Considérant, especially that entitled *La Destinée Sociale* ; but the curious inquirer will do well to study them in the writings of Fourier himself ; where he will find unmistakable proofs of genius, mixed, however, with the wildest and most unscientific fancies respecting the physical world, and much interesting but rash speculation on the past and future history of humanity. It is proper to add that on some important social questions, for instance on marriage, Fourier had peculiar opinions, which, however, as he himself declares, are quite independent of, and separable from, the principles of his industrial system.

ised life, it does not follow that the way to raise them would be to reduce all others to the same miserable state. On the contrary, it is by the aid of the first who have risen that so many others have escaped from the general lot, and it is only by better organization of the same process that it may be hoped in time to succeed in raising the remainder.

THE IDEA OF PRIVATE PROPERTY NOT FIXED BUT VARIABLE.

The preceding considerations appear sufficient to show that an entire renovation of the social fabric, such as is contemplated by Socialism, establishing the economic constitution of society upon an entirely new basis, other than that of private property and competition, however valuable as an ideal, and even as a prophecy of ultimate possibilities, is not available as a present resource, since it requires from those who are to carry on the new order of things qualities both moral and intellectual, which require to be tested in all, and to be created in most; and this cannot be done by an Act of Parliament, but must be, on the most favorable supposition, a work of considerable time. For a long period to come the principle of individual property will be in possession of the field; and even if in any country a popular movement were to place Socialists at the head of a revolutionary government, in however many ways they might violate private property, the institution itself would survive, and would either be accepted by them or brought back by their expulsion, for the plain reason that people will not lose their hold of what is at present their sole reliance for subsistence and security until a substitute for it has been got into working order. Even those, if any, who had shared among themselves what was the property of others would desire to keep what they had acquired, and to give back to property in the new hands the sacredness which they had not recognised in the old.

But though, for these reasons, individual property has presumably a long term before it, if only of provisional existence, we are not, therefore, to conclude that it must exist during that whole term unmodified, or that all the rights now regarded as appertaining to property belong to it inherently, and must endure

while it endures. On the contrary, it is both the duty and the interest of those who derive the most direct benefit from the laws of property to give impartial consideration to all proposals for rendering those laws in any way less onerous to the majority. This, which would in any case be an obligation of justice, is an injunction of prudence also, in order to place themselves in the right against the attempts which are sure to be frequent to bring the Socialist forms of society prematurely into operation.

One of the mistakes oftenest committed, and which are the sources of the greatest practical errors in human affairs, is that of supposing that the same name always stands for the same aggregation of ideas. No word has been the subject of more of this kind of misunderstanding than the word property. It denotes in every state of society the largest powers of exclusive use or exclusive control over things (and sometimes, unfortunately, over persons) which the law accords, or which custom, in that state of society, recognises; but these powers of exclusive use and control are very various, and differ greatly in different countries and in different states of society.

For instance, in early states of society, the right of property did not include the right of bequest. The power of disposing of property by will was in most countries of Europe a rather late institution; and long after it was introduced it continued to be limited in favor of what were called natural heirs. Where bequest is not permitted, individual property is only a life interest. And in fact, as has been so well and fully set forth by Sir Henry Maine in his most instructive work on Ancient Law, the primitive idea of property was that it belonged to the family, not the individual. The head of the family had the management and was the person who really exercised the proprietary rights. As in other respects, so in this, he governed the family with nearly despotic power. But he was not free so to exercise his power as to defeat the co-proprietors of the other portions; he could not so dispose of the property as to deprive them of the joint enjoyment or of the succession. By the laws and customs of some nations the property could not be alienated without the consent of the male children; in

other cases the child could by law demand a division of the property and the assignment to him of his share, as in the story of the Prodigal Son. If the association kept together after the death of the head, some other member of it, not always his son, but often the eldest of the family, the strongest, or the one selected by the rest, succeeded to the management and to the managing rights, all the others retaining theirs as before. If, on the other hand, the body broke up into separate families, each of these took away with it a part of the property. I say the property, not the inheritance, because the process was a mere continuance of existing rights, not a creation of new; the manager's share alone lapsed to the association.

Then, again, in regard to proprietary rights over immovables (the principal kind of property in a rude age) these rights were of very varying extent and duration. By the Jewish law property in immovables was only a temporary concession; on the Sabbatical year it returned to the common stock to be redistributed; though we may surmise that in the historical times of the Jewish state this rule may have been successfully evaded. In many countries of Asia, before European ideas intervened, nothing existed to which the expression property in land, as we understand the phrase, is strictly applicable. The ownership was broken up among several distinct parties whose rights were determined rather by custom than by law. The government was part owner, having the right to a heavy rent. Ancient ideas and even ancient laws limited the government share to some particular fraction of the gross produce, but practically there was no fixed limit. The government might make over its share to an individual, who then became possessed of the right of collection and all the other rights of the state, but not those of any private person connected with the soil. These private rights were of various kinds. The actual cultivators, or such of them as had been long settled on the land, had a right to retain possession; it was held unlawful to evict them while they paid the rent—a rent not in general fixed by agreement, but by the custom of the neighborhood. Between the actual cultivators and the state, or the substitute

to whom the state had transferred its rights, there were intermediate persons with rights of various extent. There were officers of government who collected the state's share of the produce, sometimes for large districts, who, though bound to pay over to government all they collected, after deducting a percentage, were often hereditary officers. There were also, in many cases, village communities, consisting of the reputed descendants of the first settlers of a village, who shared among themselves either the land or its produce according to rules established by custom, either cultivating it themselves or employing others to cultivate it for them, and whose rights in the land approached nearer to those of a landed proprietor, as understood in England, than those of any other party concerned. But the proprietary right of the village was not individual, but collective; inalienable (the rights of individual sharers could only be sold or mortgaged with the consent of the community) and governed by fixed rules. In mediæval Europe almost all land was held from the sovereign on tenure of service, either military or agricultural; and in Great Britain even now, when the services as well as all the reserved rights of the sovereign have long since fallen into disuse or been commuted for taxation, the theory of the law does not acknowledge an absolute right of property in land in any individual; the fullest landed proprietor known to the law, the freeholder, is but a "tenant" of the Crown. In Russia, even when the cultivators of the soil were serfs of the landed proprietor, his proprietary right in the land was limited by rights of theirs belonging to them as a collective body managing its own affairs, and with which he could not interfere. And in most of the countries of continental Europe when serfage was abolished or went out of use, those who had cultivated the land as serfs remained in possession of rights as well as subject to obligations. The great land reforms of Stein and his successors in Prussia consisted in abolishing both the rights and the obligations, and dividing the land bodily between the proprietor and the peasant, instead of leaving each of them with a limited right over the whole. In other cases, as in Tuscany, the *metayer* farmer

is virtually co-proprietor with the landlord, since custom, though not law, guarantees to him a permanent possession and half the gross produce, so long as he fulfils the customary conditions of his tenure.

Again, if rights of property over the same things are of different extent in different countries, so also are they exercised over different things. In all countries at a former time, and in some countries still, the right of property extended and extends to the ownership of human beings. There has often been property in public trusts, as in judicial offices, and a vast multitude of others in France before the Revolution; there are still a few patent offices in Great Britain, though I believe they will cease by operation of law on the death of the present holders; and we are only now abolishing property in army rank. Public bodies, constituted and endowed for public purposes, still claim the same inviolable right of property in their estates which individuals have in theirs, and though a sound political morality does not acknowledge this claim, the law supports it. We thus see that the right of property is differently interpreted, and held to be of different extent, in different times and places; that the conception entertained of it is a varying conception, has been frequently revised, and may admit of still further revision. It is also to be noticed that the revisions which it has hitherto undergone in the progress of society have generally been improvements. When, therefore, it is maintained, rightly or wrongly, that some change or modification in the powers exercised over things by the persons legally recognised as their proprietors would be beneficial to the public and conducive to the general improvement, it is no good answer

to this merely to say that the proposed change conflicts with the idea of property. The idea of property is not some one thing, identical throughout history and incapable of alteration, but is variable like all other creations of the human mind; at any given time it is a brief expression denoting the rights over things conferred by the law or custom of some given society at that time; but neither on this point nor on any other has the law and custom of a given time and place a claim to be stereotyped for ever. A proposed reform in laws or customs is not necessarily objectionable because its adoption would imply, not the adaptation of all human affairs to the existing idea of property, but the adaptation of existing ideas of property to the growth and improvement of human affairs. This is said without prejudice to the equitable claim of proprietors to be compensated by the state for such legal rights of a proprietary nature as they may be dispossessed of for the public advantage. That equitable claim, the grounds and the just limits of it, are a subject by itself, and as such will be discussed hereafter. Under this condition, however, society is fully entitled to abrogate or alter any particular right of property which on sufficient consideration it judges to stand in the way of the public good. And assuredly the terrible case which, as we saw in a former chapter, Socialists are able to make out against the present economic order of society, demands a full consideration of all means by which the institution may have a chance of being made to work in a manner more beneficial to that large portion of society which at present enjoys the least share of its direct benefits.—*Fortnightly Review*.

A MAY-SONG.

I.

WHEN the winds go Maying,
 All in the woods so green,
 The village chimes,
 In the good old times,
 Rung out for the young May Queen.
 'Twas a goodly sight
 When the maidens bright,
 And the lads of generous mould,

Went out with the winds a-Maying
 In the merry days of old.
 A-Maying! A-Maying!
 Went out with the winds a-Maying
 In the merry days of old!

II.

When the winds go Maying
 The emerald meadows through,
 'Twas a maiden freak,
 Each rosy cheek,
 To bathe in the young May dew;
 And the dainty girls,
 With the dewy pearls,
 Decked their hair of the silken gold,
 When they went with the winds a-Maying
 In the merry days of old.
 A-Maying! A-Maying!
 When they went with the winds a-Maying
 In the merry days of old!

III.

When the winds go Maying
 By streamlet, grove, and hill,
 Young Summer, drest
 In her May-day vest,
 Will gladly hail them still.
 And the maidens gay
 Will dance and play
 With the lads of generous mould,
 As they did when the winds went Maying
 In the merry days of old.
 A-Maying! A-Maying!
 As when the winds went Maying
 In the merry days of old.—*Temple Bar.*

THE KING'S SECRET.*

SOME people have been astonished at the romantic title which M. de Broglie has given to a purely historical work. They had not yet read the book in question; otherwise they would have recognised that this title has the twofold advantage of faithfully indicating the kind of interest to be looked for in the work, and of reproducing the very name by which contemporaries designated the secret correspondence. The subject dealt with by the Duc de Broglie is not entire-

ly novel to those who recall a publication of M. Boutaric's* in 1866. This publication obtained more than a mere antiquarian success; some writers took occasion from it to attempt a rehabilitation of Louis XV., to magnify his personal aims and policy, and to throw on his Ministers the exclusive responsibility for the disasters and disgraces of his reign. Whatever may be thought as to the legitimacy of this reaction against current opinion, M. Boutaric's volume only gave us the least interesting portion of the secret correspondence, the king's

* *The King's Secret.* By the Duc de Broglie. Being the Secret Correspondence of Louis XV. with his Diplomatic Agents, from 1752 to 1774. Two volumes. London and New York: Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

* *Correspondance secrète inédite de Louis XV. sur la politique étrangère avec le comte de Broglie, Tercier, etc.* (Paris: Plon.)

orders and replies, while it is only from the correspondence of his agents that a just idea can be formed of the organisation, duration, and importance of the secret diplomacy. M. de Broglie found a portion of these documents in his family archives, for one of his ancestors, the Comte de Broglie, was the soul of the secret diplomacy; the others he has discovered in the Archives of Foreign Affairs, at the War Office, in the D'Aiguillon papers, of which the Marquis de Chabrilan is now the fortunate possessor. Thanks to these extensive researches, M. de Broglie has been enabled to speak the last word on a subject which had remained mysterious even after M. Boutaric's publication. If his friends regret the leisure which the course of politics has placed at his disposal, all his readers will congratulate themselves on the use which he has made of that leisure to the advantage of history and letters.

The affairs of Poland were the origin and never ceased to be the chief object of the secret diplomacy. But, the Polish Question being intimately connected with the general system of French policy, this diplomacy was not conducted exclusively, as might be supposed, between its chiefs at Paris and its agents in Poland, but included correspondents in other countries, especially at the minor Courts of Europe. It was purely as a means of serving a system of general policy that it was regarded by him whose life was so closely associated with this diplomacy that it would be impossible to describe the one without writing a biography of the other. When in 1752 the Comte de Broglie, then in the full ardor of youth and ambition, was called upon to further the private views of the king with regard to Poland, it was as Ambassador at the Court of Augustus III., and with a secret mission to aggrandise French influence in Poland, and to pave the way for the candidature of the Prince de Conti. But the interests of the latter were very speedily sacrificed to a plan, at once more comprehensive and more practical, which consisted in strengthening the House of Saxony in Poland, and in diverting the Electorate from the English alliance in order to attach it to the cause of France. In the scheme devised by the Comte de Broglie, Prussia had a part to play: she

was to keep England in check on the Continent and to deprive her of Hanover. Unfortunately, the Treaty of Neutrality, signed on January 18, 1756, between Frederick II. and Great Britain, speedily baffled the calculations of the Count, and at the same time overturned the whole system of European policy. The unforeseen invasion of Saxony by Frederick set the seal to the reconciliation between the Electoral House and the ambassador. The latter induced the feeble king not to abandon his States, and to concentrate his troops in a strong position, so as to stop the progress of the enemy, and to save Austria from a sudden aggression very like that of which, under almost identical circumstances, she was to be the victim a century later, in 1866. Some time later the Count, passing through Vienna on his return to his post, found the Court and people in the utmost consternation at the defeat of Prague and the siege of that city. He knew the ground on which the fate of the Austrian monarchy was to be decided from having served there under his father's command; he gave fresh courage to the dispirited, offered useful advice, and shared in the honor of the battle of Kolin, which saved Prague and Austria. We are a long way here, as may be seen, from the secret correspondence, and the following chapter ("Secret Diplomacy in the Army") does not go far toward recalling us thereto; for, though the Comte de Broglie from the heart of Germany, whither he accompanied his brother as chief of the staff, never ceased to superintend it, its interest grows singularly dim beside that of the battles of Bergen and Minden. The correspondence did not cease even during the exile of the two brothers, but it was not again the chief business, the most serious anxiety, of the Count until it became a means of extortion in the hands of the Chevalier d'Eon, and until the arrest of Dumouriez and Fabvier all but threw it into those of the Duc d'Aiguillon. These two episodes are the most entertaining in a book which is entertaining from one end to the other. Louis XV. never thought seriously of giving a king to Poland, or even of strengthening the French party there; on the contrary, the idea of preparing a descent upon England, against the day

on which war should break out afresh, had struck such firm root in his mind that he had taken into consideration the means of carrying it into effect. How was a notorious intriguer like D'Eon taken into partnership in an enterprise of such consequence? It was the Comte de Broglie who was guilty of the imprudence of selecting him. For several years the dignity of the King of France, the peace of two great States, were at the discretion of an adventurer, who was a singular mixture of folly and rascality, partly the dupe of his own inventions, but skilful enough to interest the middle and lower classes of London in his fate, and to obtain from a jury a true bill against the French ambassador for an alleged attempt to assassinate him. This affair, grave yet ridiculous as it was, had an exclusively comic ending. D'Eon was brought face to face with another adventurer, Caron de Beaumarchais, who for once found his master, for the document which he drew up to attest the transfer of papers and the engagements he had entered into with D'Eon show that he regarded the latter in a serious light.

Two other very curious personages are those whose arrest compromised the Comte de Broglie and made him appear an unauthorised intriguer. One, Fabvier, a clerk in the Foreign Office, a man of disorderly life, but possessing a thorough acquaintance with the state of the Powers of Europe, and a decided partisan of the old alliances of France; the other, who was to render the name of Dumouriez illustrious, and who meanwhile was practising diplomacy as an amateur, and without giving himself the least concern as to fidelity to his instructions; unequally treated by fortune, but both belonging equally to that class of restless and distinguished men to whom the Revolution was to assign such an important part. By a natural attraction these two personages, charged with wholly distinct missions, formed a combination, and conceived the bold project of effecting a change in their country's system of alliances. The execution of this plan was cut short almost before it had well begun, and consigned its authors to the Bastille. D'Aiguillon, who saw an opportunity of destroying all his enemies at a single blow, nominated a

commission of enquiry; but the king took care that Sartines, lieutenant of police, who had been apprised of the secret, should be a member of this Commission, and he succeeded in restricting the investigation to the three prisoners directly concerned. The reader must be referred to the book itself for the details of this *imbroglio*, which in the long run only injured the Count, as it involved him in a vague suspicion of having abused the king's confidence by exceeding his instructions. His efforts to justify himself only brought upon him a fresh sentence of exile, and he was only able to obtain his rehabilitation from Louis XV.'s successor.

The new king went no further. He thought, no doubt, that the secret mission fulfilled by the Count for the late king had rather compromised than served the interests of the monarchy, or perhaps the queen, prejudiced against the prime mover in the secret diplomacy, deprived him of the reward which seemed only due to services equally prolonged and disagreeable. It is time to ask why the Comte de Broglie never declined a mission which, without being of use to the country, injured his own personal interests. He certainly had no difficulty in recognising that the king was merely seeking an amusement in all this mysterious diplomacy, rather than the means of preparing the ground for a policy more intelligent and more spirited than that of his Ministry. But he no doubt cherished to the end the illusion that Louis XV. would one day reward in him the devoted and discreet confidant of his secret thoughts, and would summon him to take the official management of foreign affairs. But the king would by no means deprive the secret correspondence of him who was its very soul, who gave it by the boldness of his views its chief attraction in his eyes. Little did the monarch care that a man of talent with a future before him was wasting his strength in a barren intrigue, and that he was excluded by ministerial hostility from posts in which he might have done good service to the country. Circumstances had marked him out to play the first part in the comedy with which the monarch was fain to amuse himself, and the sovereign had no notion of replacing him by a substitute.

He did not even think that there was due from him to the Count a word of encouragement and hope. The author has not concealed, he could not conceal, the odious selfishness of the prince; but he has not always been so explicit as he might be on the subject of his intelligence. "A childish king," he says in one place of Louis XV. Certainly this is plain enough, and we believe that the phrase is no more than strictly just. But why has not M. de Broglie stuck to it? Why does he sometimes speak of the enlightenment, the sagacity of the king, opposing these qualities to his weakness and immorality? The notes quoted by the author would suffice to attest the confusion that reigned in the royal mind, and to show that Louis XV.'s intellect was as feeble as his character. I think we may perceive here and elsewhere that the author, compelled to pass a severe judgment on a *régime* which cost France her colonial empire and her influence in Europe, has sought to do so with all the reticence and reserve compatible in a certain degree with historical truth, because, after all, this *régime* has the merit in his eyes of not being a democracy. Yet another reason, easy to be guessed, has prevented his remarking how undignified was the complaisance of the Comte de Broglie in lending himself to the royal caprice; the *bourgeois* morality of our time would scarcely be as indulgent. If the Count sincerely believed himself bound by his duty as a subject to play the ridiculous and unworthy part assigned him by the king, it must be admitted that this heroism of servility was scarcely fitted to form characters or to impose fixed limits on the arbitrary power of the sovereign. It is doubtless in obedience to the same feeling of respect, we may almost say of filial piety, toward the *ancien régime* that M. de Broglie relates without comment the means employed to prevent the discovery of the "king's secret," after the arrest of the Count's secretary, and D'Eon's courier. The lieutenant of police tampering with seals, carrying off and altering papers which were before the courts of justice, a Governor of the Bastille violating judicial secrecy, and all this in complicity with an ex-ambassador and a superior official of the Foreign Office—such is the edifying spectacle

which M. de Broglie's narrative brings before our eyes. Of course the historian is not bound to stigmatise every crime or every abuse which he makes known. Yet the author who informs us that traditions of foreign policy are so wholly forgotten in our days that no instructions are given to ambassadors, and who points out, not without wit and reason, instances of the tender consideration shown by the humanitarian philosophy of the eighteenth century toward the abuses of force committed by its crowned favorites, almost owed us, I think, an appreciation of the facts which show us the course of justice suspended and exalted personages betraying their duties.

But we would not have our readers believe that M. de Broglie has often yielded to the suggestions of ill-humor, or that he has carried his indulgence for the policy and government of Louis XV. to the verge of blindness. When he says in his Preface that his book has no relation to those matters with which his name has been recently associated, he is almost entirely correct. If he has exaggerated the talents of the Comte de Broglie, if he has closed his eyes to the want of dignity, the taste for intrigue, which mar so many fine qualities in his hero's character—defects which are rendered the more striking by their contrast with the high-minded and resigned attitude of the Marshal—he has enabled his readers to understand perfectly the absolute nullity of our foreign policy during the last twenty years of the reign of Louis XV. His work is, accurately speaking, of greater interest than importance, as the existence of the secret diplomacy was known, and as that diplomacy had absolutely no influence on events. But the very imperfection of our knowledge only stimulated curiosity; henceforth that curiosity has abundant material for its complete satisfaction. M. de Broglie's high qualities—the subtlety and ingenuity of his mind, his style easy, bright, ever happy in the choice of terms, and reminding us less of a professional author than of an accomplished man of the world—were well employed in unravelling a complicated intrigue of personages and incidents. Finally, we must not forget that this intrigue is played out amid events of the utmost

consequence, which has allowed the author to widen his sphere, and to make excursions into the general history of Europe which are always full of interest.

It only remains to add that the translation is of exceptional excellence. The English is thoroughly idiomatic, and gives little sign of its derivation from a

French original. It would have been better, perhaps, not to talk of François I. and Henri III. At all events, the rule which leaves these names in their native forms should have given us August III. and Friedrich II. in the case of German sovereigns.—*The Academy*.

AN IRISH IDYLL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE QUEEN OF CONNAUGHT.'

WE had been out all night watching the herring-fishers; but as soon as the work was over, and the faint glimmering of dawn appeared in the east, we turned our boat's bow towards the shore, and pulled swiftly homewards. There lay the group of curraghs, still upon the scene of their labor, loaded with phosphorescent fish and dripping nets, and manned with crews of shivering weary men. The sea, which during the night had been throbbing convulsively, was calm and bright as a polished mirror, while the gaunt grey cliffs were faintly shadowed forth by the lustrous light of the moon.

Wearied with my night's labor I lay listlessly in the stern of the boat, listening dreamily to the measured splash, splash, of the oars, and drinking in the beauty of the scene around me: the placid sea, the black outline of the hills and cliffs, the silently sleeping village of Storport. Presently, however, my ears detected another sound, which came faintly across the water, and mingled softly with the monotonous splashing of the oars and the weary washing of the sea.

'Is it a mermaid singing?' I asked sleepily. 'The village maidens are all dreaming of their lovers at this hour, but the Midian Maras sing of theirs. Oh, yes, it must be a mermaid, for hark! the sound is issuing from the shore yonder, and surely no human being ever possessed a voice half so beautiful!'

To my question no one vouchsafed a reply, so I lay still half-sleepily and listened to the plaintive wailing of the voice, which every moment grew stronger. It came across the water like the low sweet sound of an Æolian harp touched by the summer breeze; and as

the boat glided swiftly on, bringing it ever nearer, the whole scene around seemed suddenly to brighten as if from the touch of a magical hand. Above me sailed the moon, scattering pale vitreous light around her, and touching with her cool white hand the mellow thatched cabins, lying so secluded on the hillside, the long stretch of shimmering sand, the fringe of foam upon the shingle, the peaks of the hills which stood silhouetted against the pale grey sky.

A white owl passing across the boat, and almost brushing my cheek with its wing, aroused me at length from my torpor. The sound of the voice had ceased. Above my head a flock of sea-gulls screamed, and, as they sailed away, I heard the whistle of the curlew; little puffins were floating thick as bees around us, wild rock-doves flew swiftly from the caverns, and beyond again the cormorants blackened the weed-covered rocks. The splash of our oars had for a moment created a commotion; presently all calmed down again, and again I heard the plaintive wailing of the mermaid's voice. The voice, more musical than ever, was at length so distinct as to bring with it the words of the song:—

My Owen Bawn's hair is of thread gold spun;
Of gold in the shadow, of light in the sun;
All curled in a coolun the bright tresses are,
They make his head radiant with beams like
a star!

My Owen Bawn's mantle is long and is wide,
To wrap me up safe from the storm by his
side;

And I'd rather face snow-drift and winter
wind there,
Than be among daisies and sunshine else-
where.

My Owen Bawn Con is a bold fisherman,
He spears the strong salmon in midst of the
Bann,

And, rocked in the tempest on stormy Lough Neagh,
Draws up the red trout through the bursting
of spray.'

The voice suddenly ceased, and as it did so, I saw that the singer was a young girl, who, with her hands clasped behind her, and her face turned to the moonlit sky, walked slowly along the shore. Suddenly she paused, and while the sea kissed her bare feet, and the moon laid tremulous hands upon her head, began to sing again :

'I have called my love, but he still sleeps on,
And his lips are as cold as clay :
I have kissed them o'er and o'er again—
I have pressed his cheek with my burning
brow.'

And I've watched o'er him all the day ;
Is it then true that no more thou'lt smile
On Moína ?

Art thou then lost to thy Moína ?

I once had a lamb my love gave me,
As the mountains snow 'twas white ;
Oh, how I loved it nobody knows !
I decked it each morn with the myrtle rose ;
With "forget-me-not" at night.
My lover they slew, and they tore my lamb
From Moína.
They pierced the heart's core of poor Moína !'

As the last words fell from her tremulous lips, and the echoes of the sweet voice faded far away across the sea, the boat gliding gently on ran her bow into the sand, and I, leaping out, came suddenly face to face with the loveliest vision I had ever beheld.

'Is it a mermaid?' I asked myself again, for surely I thought no human being could be half so lovely.

I saw a pale madonna-like face set in a wreath of golden hair, on which the moonlight brightened and darkened like the shadows on a wind-swept sea. Large lustrous eyes which gazed earnestly seaward, then filled with a strange wandering far-off look as they turned to my face. A young girl, clad in a peasant's dress, with her bare feet washed reverently by the sighing sea ; her half-parted lips kissed by the breeze which travelled slowly shoreward ; her cheeks and neck were pale as alabaster, so were the little hands which were still clasped half nervously behind her ; and as she stood, with her eyes wandering restlessly first to my face, then to the dim line of the horizon, the moon, brightening with

sudden splendor, wrapt her from head to foot in a mantle of shimmering snow.

For a moment she stood gazing with a peculiar far-away look into my face ; then with a sigh she turned away, and with her face still turned oceanward, her hands still clasped behind her, wandered slowly along the moonlit sands.

As she went, fading like a spirit amid the shadows, I heard again the low sweet sound of the plaintive voice which had come to me across the ocean, but soon it grew fainter and fainter until only the echoes were heard.

I turned to my boatman, who now stood waiting for me to depart.

'Well, Shawn, is it a mermaid?' I asked, smiling.

He gravely shook his head.

'No, yer honor ; 'tis only a poor Colleen wid a broken heart !'

I turned and looked questioningly at him, but he was gazing at the spot whence the figure of the girl had disappeared.

'God Almighty, risht the dead !' he said, reverently raising his hat, 'but him that brought such luck to Norah O'Connell deserved His curse, God knows !'

This incident, coupled with the strange manner of my man, interested me, and I began to question him as to the story of the girl whose lovely face was still vividly before me. But for some reason or other he seemed to shun the subject. So for a time I too held my peace. But as soon as I found myself comfortably seated in the cosy parlor of the lodge, with a bright turf fire blazing before me and hot punch steaming on the table at my side, I summoned my henchman to my presence.

'Now, Shawn,' I said, holding forth a steaming goblet which made his eyes sparkle like two stars, 'close the door, draw your chair up to the fire, drink off this, and tell me the story of the lovely Colleen whom we saw to-night.'

'Would yer honor really like to hear ?'

'I would ; it will give me something to dream about, and prevent me from thinking too much of her beautiful face.'

Shawn smiled gravely.

'Yer honor thinks her pretty ? Well, then, ye'll believe me when I tell ye that if ye was to search the country at the present moment ye couldn't find a Colleen

to match Norah O'Connell. When she was born the neighbors thought she must be a fairy child, she was so pretty and small and white; and when she got older, there wasn't a boy in Storport but would lay down his life for her. Boys wid ortunes and boys widout fortunes tried to get her; and, begging yer honor's pardon, I went myself in wid the rest. But it went one way wid us all: Norah just smiled and said she did not want to marry. But one day, two years ago now come this Seraph, that lazy shaughraun, Miles Doughty (God rest his soul!) came over from Ballygally, and going straight to Norah, widout making up any match at all, asked her to marry him.

'Well?'

'Well, yer honor, this time Norah brightened up, and though she new well enough that Miles was a dirty blackguard widout a penny in the world—though the old people said no, and there was plenty fortunes in Storport waitin' on her—she just went against everyone of them and said she must marry Miles. The old people pulled against her at first, but at last Norah, with her smiles and pretty ways, won over Father Tom—who won over the old people, till at last they said that if Miles would go for a while to the black pits of Pennsylvania and earn the money and buy a house and a bit of land, he should marry her.'

He paused, and for a time there was silence. Shawn looked thoughtfully into the fire; I lay back in my easy-chair and carelessly watched the smoke which curled from my cigar, and as I did so I seemed to hear again the wildly plaintive voice of the girl as I had heard it before that night:

I have called my love, but he still sleeps on,
And his lips are as cold as clay:

and as the words of the song passed through my mind, they seemed to tell me the sequel of the story.

'Another case of disastrous true love,' I said, turning to Shawn; and when he looked puzzled I added, 'He died, and she is mourning him?'

'Yes, yer honor, he died; but if that was all he did, we would forgive him. What broke the poor Colleen's heart was that he should forget her when he got

to the strange land, and marry another Colleen at the time he should have married her; after that, it was but right that he should die.'

'Did he write and tell her he was married?'

'Write? devil the bit, nor to tell he was dead neither. Here was the poor Colleen watching and waiting for him, for two whole years, and wondering what could keep him; but a few months ago Owen Macgrath, a boy who had gone away from the village long ago on account of Norah refusing to marry him, came back again, and told Norah that Miles was dead, and asked her to marry him. He had made lots of money, and was ready to take a house and a bit of land and to buy up cattle if she would but say the word to him.'

'Well?'

'Well, yer honor, Norah first shook her head and said that now Miles was dead 'twas as well for her to die too. At this Owen spoke out and asked where was the use of grieving so, since for many months before his death Miles had been a married man! Well, when Owen said this, Norah never spoke a single word, but her teeth set, and her lips and face went white and cold as clay, and ever since that day she has been so strange in her ways that some think she's not right at all. On moonlight nights she creeps out of the house and walks by the sea singing them strange old songs, then she looks out as if expecting him to come to her—and right or wrong, she'll never look at another man!'

As Shawn finished, the hall clock chimed five; the last spark faded from my cigar; the turf fell low in the grate: so I went to bed to think over the story alone.

During the three days which followed this midnight adventure, Storport was visited by a deluge of rain, but on the fourth morning I looked from my window to find the earth basking in summer sunshine. The sky was a vault of throbbing blue, flecked here and there with waves of summer cloud, the stretches of sand grew golden in the sun-rays, while the saturated hills were bright as if from the smiling of the sky. The sight revived me, and as soon as my breakfast

was over, I whistled up my dogs and strolled out into the air.

How bright and beautiful everything looked, after the heavy rain! The ground was spongy to the tread; the dew still lay heavily upon the heather and long grass; but the sun seemed to be sucking up the moisture from the bog. Everybody seemed to be out that day; and most people were busy. Old men drove heavily laden donkeys along the muddy road; young girls carried their creels of turf across the bog; and by the roadside, close to where I stood, the turf-cutters were busy.

I stood for a while and watched them at their work, and when I turned to go, I saw for the first time that I had not been alone. Not many yards from me stood a figure watching the turf-cutters too.

A young man dressed like a grotesque figure for a pantomime: with high boots, felt hat cocked rakishly over one eye, and a vest composed of all the colors of the rainbow. His big brown fingers were profusely bedecked with brass and steel rings, a massive brass chain swung from his waistcoat, and an equally showy pin adorned the scarf at his throat. When the turf-cutters, pausing suddenly in their work, gazed at him with wonder in their eyes, he gave a peculiar smile and asked with a strong Yankee accent if they could tell him where one Norah O'Connell lived: he was a stranger here, and brought her news from the States! In a moment a dozen fingers were outstretched to point him on, and the stranger, again smiling strangely to himself, swaggered away.

I stood for a time and watched him go, then I too sauntered on. I turned off from the road, crossed the bog, and made direct for the sea-shore.

I had been walking there for some quarter of an hour, when suddenly a huge shadow was flung across my path, and looking up I again beheld the stranger. His hat was pushed back now, and I saw for the first time that his face was handsome. His cheeks were bronzed and weather-beaten, but his features were finely formed, and on his head clustered a mass of curling chestnut hair. He was flushed as if with excitement; he cast me a hurried glance and disappeared.

Five minutes after, as I still stood wondering at the strange behavior of the man, my ears were greeted with a shriek which pierced to my very heart. Running in the direction whence the sound proceeded, I reached the top of a neighboring sand-hill, and gazing into the valley below me I again beheld the stranger. This time his head was bare—his arms were outstretched, and he held upon his breast the half-fainting form of the lovely girl whom I had last beheld in the moonlight. While I stood hesitating as to the utility of descending, I saw the girl gently withdraw herself from his arms, then, clasping her hands around his neck, fall sobbing on his breast.

'Well, Shawn, what's the news?' I asked that night when Shawn rushed excitedly into my room. For a time he could tell me nothing, but by dint of a few well-applied questions I soon extracted from him the whole story. It amounted to this: that after working for two years like a galley-slave in the black pits of Pennsylvania, with nothing but the thought of Norah to help him on, Miles Doughty found himself with enough money to warrant his coming home; that he was about to return to Storport, when, unfortunately, the day before his intended departure, a shaft in the coal-pit fell upon him and he was left for dead; that for many months he lay ill, but as soon as he was fit to travel he started for home. Arrived in Storport, he was astonished to find that no one knew him, and he was about to pass himself off as a friend of his own, when the news of his reported death and Norah's sorrow so shocked him that he determined to make himself known at once.

'And God help the villain that told her he was married,' concluded Shawn, 'for he swears he'll kill him as soon as Norah—God bless her!—comes out o' the fever that she's in to-night.'

Just three months after that night, I found myself sitting in the hut where Norah O'Connell dwelt. The cabin was illuminated so brightly that it looked like a spot of fire upon the bog; the rooms in the house were crowded; and without, dark figures gathered as thick as bees in swarming-time. Miles

Doughty, clad rather less gaudily than when I first beheld him, moved amidst the throng with bottle and glass, pausing now and again to look affectionately at Norah, who, decorated with her bridal flowers, was dancing with one of the straw men who had come to do honor to her marriage feast. When the dance was ended she came over and stood beside me.

'Norah,' I whispered, 'do you remember that night when I heard you singing songs upon the sands?'

Her face flashed brightly upon me, then it grew grave,—then her eyes filled with tears.

'My dear,' I added, 'I never meant to pain you. I only want you to sing a sequel to those songs to-night!'

She laughed lightly, then she spoke

rapidly in Irish, and merrily sang the well-known lines:—

'Oh, the marriage, the marriage,
With love and mo bouchal for me:
The ladies that ride in a carriage
Might envy my marriage to me.'

Then she was laughingly carried off to join in another dance.

I joined in the fun till midnight; then, though the merriment was still at its height, I quietly left the house and hastened home. As I left the cabin I stumbled across a figure which was hiding behind a turf-stack. By the light of my burning turf I recognised the features of Owen Macgrath. He slunk away when he saw me, and never since that night has he been seen in Storport.

UPHILL WORK.

So deep lies the love of variety in our nature that few people do not, in the long run, find it more fatiguing to keep entirely upon level ground than to take hill and dale, rough and smooth, as they come. If the actual force spent in occasional climbing is greater than is required for level walking, it is more healthily distributed among the different muscles, and the exhilaration of perpetual change more than compensates for the mere physical effort. There is a somewhat similar advantage in the fact that the figurative journey of life seldom remains long at one level. All work has its times of toiling ascent and of easy downward silding. Life itself generally begins with a stiff climb, and ends with less of active effort and more rapid progress. Or, from another point of view, we may compare youth to a rush down towards the plains, from which, later in life, we hope gradually to rise to the serene heights of experience. There is a delightful adaptability about the up and down hill metaphor; it runs equally well backwards and forwards. But, on the whole, the most natural use of it is that which treats the morning's journey as uphill work; and typifies the absence of conscious effort, the quick flight of time, and the sense of gradual closing in and loss of vantage ground which creeps over us with advancing years, by the one

word "downwards." Down from the level table-land upon which middle age takes its stand and does its work, down into the gathering shades of evening, down towards the valley through which all must pass—such is the course which to the imagination most lives seem to pursue. At any rate, the sort of effort required at one stage of life is quite unlike that which we have to make at another; and these changes would alone suffice to secure us against stagnation.

There is in most people's minds such a prejudice in favor of youth that they scarcely recognize the amount of toil which is imposed upon the young at every step, by want of familiarity with their tools and their materials. We refer of course to the considerable majority who do bear the yoke in their youth; not to those whose only business up to the beginning of middle age is to give free play to the instinctive arts of pleasing themselves and others, in which some young people display a proficiency as surprising as that of the half-hatched chick in picking up corn. Less spontaneous natures may be only beginning to master the same arts as the occasion for practising them passes finally away. All those who are called to the more truly human tasks which involve thought and struggle must have the opportunity of observing, as life goes on, how strangely

the burden of toil seems to shift its place. What strange, blundering struggles it used to cost us to accomplish things which now we do almost unconsciously ; how much more exhausting often was the bewilderment of groping our way and beating the air than the effort by which, later in life, we produce much more tangible results ! It would often be an encouragement to the young if it were but possible to explain to them how necessary a foundation for future usefulness they may be laying while they seem to themselves to be merely finding themselves out in one mistake after another. If we reckoned the value of our work by its immediate results, most of the labor spent in youth would go for very little. Its chief effect is to pile up mounds of failures, over which we may climb to a vantage ground for future activity. Happily this upward struggle has its own exhilarating sense of infinite possibilities ahead which enables us to make light of toil and of failure. In a later phase we become chary of uncertain effort, and, while every stroke begins to tell, we also begin to think twice before striking. On the level table-lands of middle life we can calculate precisely how much effect we shall produce ; we are no longer liable to lose our footing and roll down the slope after the ludicrous and exasperating fashion of our youth ; but neither have we any sort of expectation of reaching the clouds ; and, if what we do looms larger in other people's eyes, we often know quite well that we are not really putting half as much labor into it as we spent upon the scrambling attempts of earlier years.

On a smaller scale, every one who has produced any kind of work of art knows what different kinds of effort are required for beginning, carrying on, and finishing any design. Most people probably feel that in the first sketch there is a nameless charm which is almost inevitably obscured as the work advances, to reappear, if all goes well, in a different form as it draws towards its completion. Here the uphill part of the work comes in the middle, while the beginning and the end seem almost to do themselves. Probably few experienced artists would attach much importance to their own judgment of the value of their work during the familiar uphill stage. Not only

in painting, but in all sustained effort, there is sure to be a time when the general plan or effect, clear enough at the outset, is lost sight of in the labor of working out details before it can be restored in its fulness. But in painting this is actually visible to the eye, because, as long as any one part is less complete than the rest, there is a real discord of color which the painter must disregard while he steadily pursues the processes required for bringing out the ultimate harmony, until, as the long labor draws to its close, every separate touch acquires an almost magical power and value as it falls into the place prepared for it by previous toil and sacrifice. Something of the same kind happens in most lives. Youth is full of interest and picturesqueness, like a sketch freshly dashed off by the hand of a master, and age may have all the stately harmony of a finished picture ; but the intermediate stage is apt to be blurred and confused with a multitude of details. Happily the pressure of business generally distracts the attention of the artist in life from the inevitable flatness (if we may be permitted suddenly to reverse our metaphor) which attends its middle period. The most romantic of us have scarcely time to miss from their own lives at their fullest that picturesque effect which is often so marked in youth and in old age, and which is to the flatness of middle age what the hills are to the plains.

The slowness with which time passes in youth is another point which almost forces us to think of it as of an uphill road. Rejoice as we may to run the race, we cannot climb as fast as we shall descend. We have to put forth all our will to advance not only forwards, but upwards. Every step on an uphill road not only brings us nearer to the goal, but also requires a victory over the force of gravitation ; so that it is no wonder if our steps are slow. But when we have passed the watershed, and begin to tend downwards, we have only to yield ourselves passively to the same force, and we are carried forward with but little effort of our own—quickly and more quickly as the path grows steeper. The involuntariness of much of our action as life advances is a startling change to those who care to notice it. Once

perhaps it was a daily act of self-denial to set to work at all. Later in life not to work would be the severest of penances.

The act of engaging in labor may be uphill work only at the outset of life ; but the work itself which we do may become ever more and more arduous, if we are not content with quantity of effect, but aspire to perfection in quality. Those who are possessed by this ambition will find the whole of their life's journey lying uphill. There are for them no level plains on which to settle down to reap the reward of former toil. For them the shades of evening bring no relaxation of effort. Their expectations may be less unlimited as time goes on, and less of their strength will be wasted in vain endeavors to grasp at what is beyond their reach ; but the upward strain will not be relaxed ; it will only be economized, as experience takes the guidance of their steps. And with the life-long toil of ascent comes the life-long expansion of horizon ; the journey which is all uphill must needs conduct the wayfarer to fresher air and seener solitudes ; away from the crowd and the smoke, up to the heights from which what is mean and trivial falls out of sight, and the sounds of strife are hushed. A freshness more exquisite than the freshness of youth is reserved for some of the aged ; but it can be attained only by a path which lies from first to last uphill.

Uphill work, both literally and figuratively, means work in two directions at once ; literally, it is going forwards while we raise our own weight ; figuratively, it is doing things and learning how to do them at the same time ; thus lifting ourselves on to a higher platform of moral or intellectual being. There is always in some senses an ascending slope before us, which we may scale if we will. But happily it does not rest with ourselves to decide whether the general tenor of our lives shall be that of laborious ascent or of gentle downward gliding. The force of gravitation need not be always regarded as a type

of the depraved tendencies of the human heart. There is a time for all things, says the wise man, and if there is a time for learning, so is there, happily, a time for forgetting ; and also a time for idly applying and enjoying what we have learnt. There is a time for scrambling upwards, and a time for lying on the grass in the valley ; a time for climbing fruit-trees, and a time for letting the ripe fruit drop into our mouths. Even Christian, who was not the man to flinch from his share of climbing, found rest and refreshment in the Valley of Humiliation, and it would be a poor view of life which valued nothing that was not gained by the sweat of our brow. Let life tend ever so steadily upwards in its moral and spiritual aspects, and intellectual labor be ever so strenuously directed towards higher and higher levels of attainment, still there will be in the outward life pauses from all activity, and welcome and gentle relaxations of effort, when our wisdom is to sit still and receive the riches which flow into our souls from above. Hard work is no doubt a cure for many evils, and the taste for it a most excellent one to acquire if we can ; but not to be able to abstain from it for a time, not to have any idea of enjoyment without it, is a miserable slavery and blindness.

The most exquisite pleasure which we ever take in the work of our own hands or brains is probably derived from some rapid achievement wrought without conscious effort in some direction in which we have lately been working hard. After making a series of laborious studies, with perhaps little apparent result, we suddenly find ourselves rendering an impression, either in words or in color, with an unstudied felicity which has gone far beyond the result of all our former labor, and perhaps by means of which we can give no complete account. Such moments are like those in which, after a long steep climb in the shadow up the jutting shoulder of a mountain, we suddenly turn a corner, and find ourselves face to face with the whole expanse of the western heavens.—*Saturday Review*.

THE VIZIER AND THE HORSE.

A SULTAN, hearing that a steed
 Unmatched in beauty, strength, and breed,
 Grazed somewhere in remote Cathay,
 Fearful the prize might slip away,
 Resolved his Vizier to require
 To wend with Hassan, faithful squire,
 And close the bargain there and then.
 At first, so scribes of credit pen,
 Scatheless the high commission sped
 In quest of that rare quadruped.
 Like Cæsar vanquishing the East,
 They came, they saw, they bought the beast.
 But, this achieved, with much disgust
 They found it next to be discussed
 How best to them it might befall
 To bring him home, or if at all,
 The natives of those parts excelling
 Not less in stealing steeds than selling.
 Yet all went well with them the while
 Till, at an inn of humble style,
 The prudent Minister perceives
 Sheer symptoms of a den of thieves.
 'Our desperate case,' decided he,
 Demands as desperate remedy.
 Chamber and bed we will forego
 (Not missing much by doing so
 In this vile hovel), and, of course,
 Sleep on the straw beside the horse;
 That is to say, that *I* shall sleep,
 While, Hassan, thou strict watch wilt keep.
 Yet, as mortality is frail,
 And sleep's seductions might prevail,
 I charge thee, lest thou idly dream,
 To muse on some momentous theme
 Such as Philosophy revolves
 From age to age, nor e'er resolves.
Can it in any manner be
Affirmed that two and two make three?
Do geese their origin deduce
From eggs? or comes the egg from goose?
 Rapt in such studies, 'twill be odd
 If thou hast any mind to nod.
 He ceased, but soon awaking cried,
 'Hassan, how art thou occupied?'
 'Sir,' Hassan said, 'I strive to find
 What is the color of the wind.'
 'A meet gymnastic for thy brain :'
 The Vizier thus, then slept again ;
 But presently was heard to call :
 'Ho, Hassan ! ponderest thou at all ?
 I trust to Allah 'tis the fact.'
 'Sir,' answered he, 'my brain is racked,
 Devising, if a hole immense
 Were dug, and earth extracted thence
 Employed to fill the monstrous main,
 How best to fill the hole again.'

'Good,' said the Vizier, 'here is stuff
 For cogitation *quantum suff.*;
 And turned him, and contented slept,
 And quiet for a season kept,
 Till, stung by some uneasy dream,
 Starting he cried, 'Hast thou a theme,
 Hassan, and ponderest thou thereon?'
 'Sir,' said the man, 'the horse is gone!
 And now in sooth my brains I addle
 Touching the bridle and the saddle;
 Whether 'twere best to let them stay,
 Or strive to carry them away,
 Or if to watch them here while you
 The predatory rogues pursue.'—*Fraser's Magazine.*

SPENCER F. BAIRD, SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

BY THE EDITOR.

SPENCER FULLERTON BAIRD was born at Reading, Penn., on the 3d of February, 1823. He was educated at Dickinson College, and in 1846 became Professor of Natural Science in that institution. Four years later, in 1850, he was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, a position which he continued to hold until the death of Professor Henry in 1878, when he was appointed to the place of the latter as Secretary of the Institution.

Professor Baird's first scientific and literary work of any magnitude was a translation from the German of the *Bilder-Atlas* of Heck, a supplement to the *Conversations-Lexikon* of Brockhaus, in which he was assisted by several specialists in different departments. The title of the work was "The Iconographic Encyclopædia," and it was published in New York in 1849 in four volumes 8vo of text, and two volumes 4to of plates. His next important publication was the report on the Mammals of North America, constituting volume VIII. of the "Reports of the Survey of the Railroad Routes to the Pacific." This, which appeared in 1857, was fol-

lowed in 1858 by a still more extended work (volume IX. of the series) upon the Birds of North America. In 1864 he began the publication of a work, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, on the birds of the New World generally, under the title of "Review of American Birds in the Museum of the Smithsonian Institution." He has also written, in conjunction with Dr. T. M. Brewer and R. Ridgway, "A History of the Birds of North America," of which the three volumes on "Land Birds" have been published (Boston, 1874-'6). In 1871 he was appointed by President Grant United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, for the purpose of making inquiries into the causes of the decrease of the supply of food fishes of the United States, and the methods of restoring it. Besides his more extended works Professor Baird has contributed numerous minor papers upon the mammals, birds, reptiles, and fishes of North America to the "Proceedings" of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, the New York Lyceum of Natural History, and to other periodicals.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ENGLISH PLAYS. Selected, Edited, and Arranged by Professor Henry Morley. Being Vol. III. of "Cassell's Library of English Literature." London and New York: Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

The "Library of English Literature," edited by Professor Morley, and published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, promises to be the most comprehensive in scope and the most thorough in execution of any thing of the sort



Engraved for the Edinburg by J. J. Cade, New York.

PROF. SPENCER F. BAIRD.

(SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION)

that has yet been attempted. It will comprise five large quarto volumes, each dealing with a distinct branch of literature, and therefore complete in itself, and for the purposes of the ordinary reader they will serve as an efficient substitute for a whole library. Three of these volumes have already appeared, the first being devoted to "Shorter English Poems," and the second to "Illustrations of English Religion," the latter comprising specimens of hymns, devotional poems, scriptural exegesis, and pulpit eloquence.

The present volume, being the third of the series, is assigned to "Plays," and contains a complete outline history of the English drama from its origin to the present time. The opening chapter embraces a period of over four centuries, and describes "acted pieces earlier than the first English comedy." These "pieces" consisted of the old Miracle Plays of Moralities and of Interludes, and of each of these characteristic specimens are given. We have, as a specimen of the Mysteries, "The Shepherd's Play," one of the pieces from the Sequences preserved at Coventry, and relating to the message of the angels. In the second chapter, the first English comedy, "Ralph Roister Doister" (1535), is printed entire with historical introduction and copious explanatory notes; and of the first English tragedy, "Gorboduc" (1562), ample extracts are given from the first three acts, while acts IV. and V. are printed complete—also with elaborate introduction and notes. For this early period, indeed, even the student of the drama will hardly require a more detailed record than is given in these two chapters; and just here is the only serious fault that we have to find with Professor Morley's most instructive and admirable work. The interest of "The Shepherd's Play," of "Ralph Roister Doister," and of "Gorboduc" is almost solely antiquarian or linguistic, and the account of them should occupy but a small space in a library of *literature*. Of course, if the editor were under no limitations as to space, he might be justified in lingering over them on account of their curious interest as the beginning or starting-point of English drama; but, as a matter of fact, Professor Morley is obviously hampered through all the later stages of his record by the lack of the very space which has been occupied by these earlier chapters. For example, fewer pages are devoted to the great and copious Elizabethan drama than to "Ralph Roister Doister" and "Gorboduc" alone, and while these two plays with their commentary fill thirty-eight pages, the entire period from 1789 to the present time has to be content with four pages. No doubt a large amount of valuable facts and suggestive criticism can be compressed by Professor Morley into four pages,

but there certainly seems to be here some lack of due proportion and perspective.

The first great dramatic name that we come to is that of Marlowe, and his "Dr. Faustus" is given in a nearly complete form. Ben Jonson's "Poetaster" is also given nearly complete, and the answers which Dekker and Marston made to it in "Satiromastix." "As You Like It" is the only play of Shakespeare's that is mentioned in detail, but Professor Morley's exposition of the essential qualities and characteristics of the great dramatist's genius is in the highest degree luminous and suggestive. The limits assigned to the post-Elizabethan dramatists are rapidly contracted, and modern dramatists have, as we have said, but slender space indeed. It is interesting to note that Professor Morley dates the decadence of the drama from the period when "the idlers about town" became accepted in the theatres as the arbiters of taste, and that he is very hopeful for the immediate future.

The book is issued in handsome and substantial style, and is illustrated with many rare and curious engravings, possessing a genuine historical value, and drawn from sources inaccessible to the general reader.

DESTRUCTION AND RECONSTRUCTION: PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF THE LATE WAR.

By Richard Taylor. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

For many years to come any graphic and authentic account of personal experiences in the recent civil war can hardly fail to be of present interest and valuable to the future historian. Mr. Taylor (who has died since the publication of his book) was peculiarly well placed for contributing to our knowledge of the methods and issues of the conflict. He was brother-in-law to Jefferson Davis, was Lieutenant-General in the Confederate army, participated in the early campaigns in Virginia, and during the latter part of the war was commander-in-chief of the trans-Mississippi department, surrendering the last army which the Confederacy was able to maintain in the field. Always occupying a position of influence and responsibility, and brought into intimate relations with the leading soldiers and statesmen of the South, he has something to communicate besides a mere external narrative of events, and his reminiscences throw new light upon the causes which led to secession, upon the opening scenes of the war, upon the Peninsular campaign and "the seven days around Richmond," and upon the operations in Louisiana and on the Mississippi.

These features will secure the book a permanent place in the literature of the war, but its present popularity and interest will probably be owing much more to its vivid personal

sketches and its piquant revelations of the author's own character. General Taylor was a man of warm feelings, of earnest convictions, of quick and enduring personal antipathies, and of exceptional capacity for hearty and loyal friendship. All these qualities are displayed in his book with characteristic openness and freedom, and with no pretence to an impartiality which he did not feel. His sketches of his comrades in arms, and of the Confederate civil functionaries with whom he was brought in contact, are always vigorous and lively, and in those cases where his antipathies or prejudices had been aroused are caustic and pungent in a remarkable degree. Even more animated and vitriolic are his animadversions upon the methods and results of Reconstruction, and upon Northern politicians and certain phases of Northern social life. These are far too exaggerated for truth, and are almost too bitter for satire, but their austere wit and sparkling vivacity of style makes them very amusing reading, and they certainly plunge the knife into some of the plague-spots of our body politic.

Altogether the book is a remarkably readable one, and would be interesting, if for nothing else, for the illustration which it affords of a striking and picturesque type of character which could hardly be again produced under the new régime at the South, and which has never found a congenial soil in any other part of the country.

THE DAWN OF HISTORY: AN INTRODUCTION TO PRE-HISTORIC STUDY. Edited by C. F. Keary, M.A., of the British Museum. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In this useful and well-written volume the authors—there are three of them—have summarized the discoveries concerning the condition of primitive man which have been achieved up to this time by the combined labors of archaeologists, antiquarians, and philologists. Pre-historic archaeology is the latest-born of the sciences, and is yet no doubt in its infancy; but it has already ascertained much that is interesting and important concerning the condition and doings of man prior to his advent upon the stage of recorded history, and every year an increasing number of workers is being attracted to its field. One result of all these investigations is that the beginnings of authentic history have been carried back far beyond what has hitherto been commonly accepted as the starting-point, and the student who now commences with Egypt, Assyria, and the story of the Israelites, is really leaving untouched a most significant portion of the race's annals which throws valuable light upon all the rest.

As long as the facts and methods of pre-historic science were expounded only in the works of specialists or scholars, it was not surprising

that only specialists or scholars should have a knowledge of them; but this compact and luminous treatise of Mr. Keary and his collaborators ought to render them the common possession of the general reading public. It surveys most of the ground covered by pre-historic inquiry, explaining the method or mechanism of the science—the way in which it pieces together its acquisitions and argues upon the facts it has ascertained,—and summing up the general results up to this time achieved. For the assistance of such readers as may desire to continue their researches, lists are given of the chief authorities consulted on the subject of each chapter, with some notes upon questions of peculiar interest.

WANDERINGS IN PATAGONIA, OR LIFE AMONG THE OSTRICH-HUNTERS. By Julius Beerbohm. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

This is a fresh and pleasing description of travel and adventure in a new field, and in point of interest is equal to the liveliest novel; nor does it deserve less attention as a valuable contribution to our knowledge of a comparatively unknown part of the world. In the year 1877 the author found himself on the east coast of Patagonia with a company of engineers sent out from Buenos Ayres to survey the country between Port Desire and Santa Cruz. After several weeks spent in exploring the country about St. Julian, he joined a party of ostrich-hunters bound for Sandy Point on the Straits of Magellan, expecting to arrive there in about ten days and catch the steamer returning to Buenos Ayres. The incidents and adventures of this trip—prolonged by accidents to several weeks—are highly interesting and exciting, several of them being of an exceedingly perilous nature, and in two instances nearly costing the author his life. The pictures of Patagonian scenery, of the life of the professional ostrich-hunter and his methods of hunting the ostrich and guanaco, are particularly vivid and interesting; as are also the descriptions of a native encampment, an Indian ball, and some curious exhibitions of Indian character. A careful and detailed account is given of the native tribes of Indians, and several popular errors in regard to them are corrected. Instead of being a race of giants, as was once the accepted tradition, the Patagonians are a people varying not much from the ordinary stature of men, and the only attribute of giants that they possess is a remarkable development of physical strength, due to their mode of life. They are, indeed, very attractive specimens of wild life, graceful and dignified in their carriage, and polite in their manners towards strangers. "In general intelligence," says the author, "gentleness of tem-

per, chastity of conduct, and conscientious behavior in their social and domestic relations, they are immeasurably superior not only to the other South American tribes, but also, all their disadvantages being taken into consideration, to the general run of civilized white men."

The book is furnished with two full-page illustrations, a chart showing the geological formation of Patagonia, an index, and an excellent map illustrating the author's journey.

THE GREAT ITALIAN AND FRENCH COMPOSERS. By George T. Ferris. Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This volume was prepared by Mr. Ferris as a companion to his "Great German Composers," which appeared earlier in the Handy-Volume Series, and achieved a well-merited success. The design of both volumes is to furnish such sketches of the character and careers of the leading composers, and such an account of their contributions to music as will meet the wants of the general music-loving public, who perhaps care little for elaborate biographies or technical criticism. The salient facts and events in the lives of the different composers are given with precision and sufficient fulness, and the record is enlivened with characteristic anecdotes and picturesque personal details. The critical or interpretive portions of the work, where music and musical compositions are dealt with, are acute and suggestive, and, as is not always the case with the musical criticism even of so-called popular works, perfectly intelligible to the non-professional reader. Taken together, the two little books, in addition to their graphic biographical sketches, furnish a tolerably fair and satisfactory account of the history and development of modern music.

The volume on the German composers comprises chapters on Bach, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Chopin, Weber, Mendelssohn, and Wagner. The present volume on the French and Italian composers has chapters on Palestrina; Piccini, Paisiello, and Cimarosa; Rossini, Donizetti, and Bellini; Verdi; Cherubini and his predecessors; Méhul, Spontini, and Halévy; Boieldieu, and Auber; Meyerbeer; and Gounod. Both volumes are issued in neat cloth binding as well as in paper.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. TENNYSON, it is rumored, received 350*l.* for "The Defence of Lucknow," with its dedication.

M. CALMANN LÉVY has just published a volume of inedited essays by Michelet under the title of *Le Banquet: papiers intimes*.

THE Bey of Tunis has opened an Arabic printing office. The director is likewise editor of the *Raid el Tunsi*, the only paper that appears in Tunis.

THE amount to be paid by the insurance offices for damage done by the late fire at the Birmingham Free Library has, we hear, been assessed at rather more than 20,000*l.*

DR. SCHLIEMANN has invited Dr. Virchow and Dr. Lindenschmidt, the greatest authority in Germany on prehistoric archaeology, to assist him in his excavations at Hissarlik. Dr. Virchow has accepted.

MR. WILLIAM ALLINGHAM will retire in June from the editorship of *Fraser's Magazine*, which he has held for the last five years, and is to be succeeded by the Rev. Principal Tulloch, of the University of St. Andrews.

PART I of Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Morality," entitled *The Data of Morality*, is about to be published, and will form a small volume of 250 pages. German and French translations of it, by Professors Vetter of Leipzig and Penjon of Besançon, will appear at the same time.

BJÖRNSTERN BJÖRNSON has just completed another new drama, entitled *Leonarda*, which has been sent to the theatres of Christiania, Stockholm, and Copenhagen. It will also be produced in a German translation at Munich and Vienna. According to those who have seen the MS., this drama is of high poetical value and great scenic effect.

THE death is announced of M. de Villemessant, who made himself a conspicuous figure among Parisian journalists by successfully reviving the *Figaro*, in April, 1854. After having carried it on for over ten years, M. de Villemessant turned the *Figaro* into a daily paper, and conducted it till his death.

THE publication of a new monthly periodical, entitled *A Arte*, has recently been commenced in Portugal. In addition to numerous engravings, copies of celebrated pictures and reproductions of artistic, historical, and archaeological monuments of all countries, it is to contain artistic and literary articles by the best Portuguese writers, poetry, notes of travel, etc.

SHAKESPEARIAN scholars, writes *Notes and Queries*, will be glad to hear that Mr. Furnivall has undertaken to superintend the issue of a series of photo-lithographic *fac similes* of all the most important Shakespeare quartos, to be executed by Mr. W. Griggs. The Duke of Devonshire, the Trustees of the British Museum, and the Master and Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, have promised to allow their book treasures to be photographed.

LEO XIII. has made a valuable addition to the Vatican Library in the shape of 135 volumes of the *Moniteur Universel* of Paris, containing the continuous issue of that newspaper, without a break, from the day of the publication of its first number on November 15th, 1789, to the end of the year 1861. The volumes were offered for sale at a recent auction at the starting price of 2000 francs. The Pope gave an unlimited commission, and they were knocked down to him at 4000 francs.

MR. ISAAC TAYLOR has in the press a book on the origin of the Scandinavian runes, and their connection with the Irish Oghams. He comes to the conclusion that the Gothic tribes east of the Vistula acquired a knowledge of the alphabet from the Greek colonists and traders on the Dnieper. This volume will form the first instalment of a much larger work on the History of the Alphabet, which has been in preparation for several years. The publishers are Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

SCIENCE AND ART.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—The Geographical Society, with a view to make geography more widely known, have enlarged the size of their *Proceedings*, and filled it with accounts of travels and explorations, and reports of discovery in all parts of the globe, interesting not only to scientific geographers, but to what is called the ordinary reader. Among the contents of the new number, illustrated by maps, are the Arctic Expeditions of 1878, in which the northern coast of Asia was visited; the mountain passes of Afghanistan; and Signor D'Albertis' voyage of five hundred miles up the Fly River in New Guinea. This voyage was undertaken in the hope of collecting birds and novel objects in natural history; but it was diversified by many adventurous incidents. New Guinea is not more than eighty miles from the northern extremity of Australia: the intervening sea-channel is shallow, and Mr. D'Albertis is of opinion that the two countries will at no distant day be united, not, as he remarks, by Nature's great agencies of subterranean upheaval, but by "the modest yet laborious and industrious operatives which are now at work. It will be the polypus and corals which will gradually unite in one those two largest islands in the world."

PREHISTORIC DISCOVERIES.—The Lake of Neuchâtel, Switzerland, is lower than has ever before been known, and continues to yield rich rewards to the researches of antiquarian explorers. Professor Forel, of Neuchâtel, found a few days since at the lacustrine station of

Corcelet an earthenware vase dating from the Age of Bronze. On the bottom of the vase was plainly visible the impressions made by the fingers of the prehistoric potter in the plastic clay. Of these fingers—or, rather, of the thumb and forefinger, for the other digits are lacking—the professor has taken a plaster of Paris cast and submitted them to a minute examination. He pronounces the maker of the vase to have been a woman. There are two impressions of the thumb and three of the forefinger. The prints left by the nails are perfect—that of the thumb, which must have been regular, well-shaped, and of an excellent convexity, measures in length 12 millimètres, in breadth 11 millimètres; the length and breadth of the finger nail, equally well modelled, are 11 and 9 millimètres respectively, the traverse convexity representing a curve or rise of 2 millimètres. These nails, considers M. Forel, can only have belonged to a female hand. The vase has been placed in the cabinet of antiquities in the Vaudois Cantonal Museum at Lausanne. Another investigator, who has been cutting trenches in ground left bare by the abatement of the waters of the lake, has arrived, after careful examination of the débris and relics which his explorations have brought to light, at some interesting conclusions concerning the way in which certain of these lake dwellings were destroyed, the time of the year when they disappeared, and the level of the lake at the epoch of their extinction.

He believes they were destroyed by fire. This opinion he bases on the fact that, in all his explorations, he finds the same mixture of gravel and sand blackened and interspersed with charcoal and partly burnt seeds and bits of wood. This débris has evidently been carried to its present position by the waters of the lake, and varies in thickness according to the inclination of the slope on which it has been deposited. In other places besides those where the trenches have been cut similar indications are observable—for example, at Bied, where, in sinking for the foundations of a house, a lacustrine cemetery was some time ago discovered; and at Colombier, where a stream running over the dry bed of the lake near the shore has laid bare débris identical with that brought to light by the excavations in question. From the quality and quantity of the winter stores, such as nuts, seeds and berries, found among these remains, the burning of the lake dwellings probably occurred in spring or early summer. In one place a vessel was found filled with acorns, which, not being a favorite food, would naturally, it is presumed, be left to the last, and only used in default of something more palatable. From these facts and considerations it is inferred that at the time when many, if not all, the lake villages of Neu

châtel fell a prey to the flames, its waters were at the height usual with them in spring before their level had been artificially lowered by the engineering operations recently undertaken for confining within their channels the streams of that part of the Jurassic range which dominates the valleys of Neuchâtel and Morat.

SUNSPOTS AND RAINFALL.—A pamphlet has recently been published by Prof. Archibald, of Patna, on the rainfall of the world in connection with the eleven-year period of sunspots. The author is an ardent advocate of the modern theory of the existence of such a connection, and he states his views very clearly in the present paper. We may say that his idea is that the *minimum* of sunspot frequently corresponds to a *maximum* of terrestrial temperature, and he is thus in accordance with Dr. F. G. Hahn and some other European, as distinguished from English, physicists who have dealt with the question. Not only does Prof. Archibald endeavor to prove the existence of the relation in temperature, but also in vapor tension and in wind force, assuming that the solar periodicity of typhoons requires no further proof. The most interesting portion of the paper is the explanation of the reason why some stations afford results as to periodicity of rainfall diametrically opposite to those exhibited by the records on which Meldrum has based his theory. Prof. Archibald points out that in general the periodicity has been sought for in the annual amounts, but that if the seasonal falls be examined the figures will be much more favorable. He divides the globe into certain zones, in some of which a defect, and in others an excess, of rain characterizes a sunspot maximum.

AIR-FLUSHING.—By air-flushing is meant that process in ventilation whereby the atmosphere of a room is suddenly changed, and replaced by a volume of air direct from without. In houses this is brought about chiefly by the action of the windows, which are suddenly opened to admit of a deluge of the purer element. The advantages which follow this action of extraordinary ventilation are at all times most grateful, and it can be effected by the use of the ordinary sash window in the following manner:—The window of a room has the top sash lowered and the bottom sash raised until the top and bottom rails of both the upper and lower sashes meet in the middle of the window, leaving a quarter space of the window open at the top, and the same at the bottom of the window aperture. As a rule, after this has been done, the cold air will rush in at the bottom opening, and find an exit at the top one. The clearing of the room is quickened if the door be opened, and the

staircase window as well, whereupon a direct sweep of air will take place. It is astonishing how pleasant the atmosphere of a room can be made by this simple proceeding, when, after a long sitting with an extra number of inmates, the ordinary ventilating media of the apartment have been overtaxed, and nothing can more readily restore a student who has been burning the midnight oil or, still worse, gas, in a close room, the ventilating arrangements of which are imperfect, than a resort once or twice during the evening to this simple cure. When the apartment has several windows, the process of air-flushing is very quickly performed, as one window is certain to act as an outlet; and when the room is pierced with window openings made opposite each other, a very few moments will suffice to make the requisite change in the atmosphere.—*Sanitary Record*.

ELECTRIC LIGHT SCREENS.—One of the objections urged against the electric light is, that in order to subdue its dazzling brilliance nearly one-half of the light must be cut off by screens more or less opaque. It occurred to a Frenchman that as clouds temper the brightness of the sun, so an imitation of clouds by wadding made of glass fibre would temper the electric light; and by substituting screens of glass wadding he reduces the loss of light to twenty-five per cent, and at the same time gets rid of the shadows thrown by the opaque screens.

THE SPHYGMOPHONE.—The sphygmoscope, as many readers know, is an instrument which records the beats of the pulse, and is very useful in diagnosis. Under a modified form it now appears as the sphygmophone, with which the beats of the pulse or of the heart can be heard at a distance; hence the application of the medical adviser's ear to the patient's breast is no longer necessary. We mentioned some months ago that the telephone had been tried in a surgical operation to ascertain whether stone existed in the bladder; and the sphygmophone may be regarded as a further adaptation.



VARIETIES.

ANTIQUITY OF GLOVES.—As Xenophon, in his "Cyropædia," mentions that on one occasion Cyrus went without his gloves, there are good grounds for believing that the ancient Persians were not ignorant of their use, and it is known that both Greeks and Romans sometimes wore them. The period when gloves were first used in England, however, is likely to be of more interest to our readers; and this could not have been much before the time of Ethelred II., when five pairs made a consider-

able part of the duty paid by some German merchants to that king for the protection of their trade. In the reign of Richard and John gloves were worn by the higher classes, sometimes short and sometimes to the elbow, jewelled on the backs and embroidered at the tops. Our ancestors closely connected gloves with chivalry, both in love and war; and the custom of throwing down the glove was equivalent to a challenge; the person defied signifying his acceptance of it by taking up his opponent's glove and throwing down his own. Biting the gloves meant, on the Border, a pledge of mortal revenge, and a story is told of a gentleman of Teviotdale who, after a hard drinking bout, observing in the morning that he had bitten his glove, inquired with whom he had quarrelled, and finding he had had words with one of his companions, insisted on satisfaction, saying that although he remembered nothing of the dispute, he would never have bitten his glove unless he had received unpardonable insult. He fell in the duel, which was fought near Selkirk. The following lines [from "Marmion" show that the sending of a glove by a lady to her knight was a token of love, and a command to do her bidding:—

For the fair Queen of France
Sent him a turquoise ring and glove,
And charged him, as her knight and love,
For her to break a lance.

In these practical days of ours chivalry has quite died out, and gloves are now for the most part merely regarded as a covering for the hands. One important use made of them in modern society is in the form of bets between the two sexes on such occasions as the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, Royal Ascot, and other races. There is yet one old custom connected with gloves which has lived down to our times, but is seldom called into practice. I allude to "gloves in law." At an assize, when no prisoners are to be tried, the sheriff presents the judge with a pair of white gloves, and this custom is also observed in Scotland.—*Boot and Shoe Maker.*

A HYMN FROM THE RIG-VEDA.—"1. In the beginning there arose the source of golden light. He was the one born Lord of all that is. He established the earth and this sky. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?"

"2. He who gives life, He who gives strength; whose command all the bright gods revere; whose shadow is immortality; whose shadow is death: who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?"

"3. He who through his power is the one King of the breathing and awaking world. He who governs all, man and beast. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?"

"4. He whose power these snowy moun-

tains, whose power the sea proclaims, with the distant river. He whose these regions are as it were His two arms. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?"

"5. He through whom the sky is bright and the earth firm. He through whom the heaven was established, nay, the highest heaven. He who measured out the light in the air. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?"

"6. He to whom heaven and earth, standing firm by His will, look up, trembling inwardly. He over whom the rising sun shines forth. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?"

"7. Wherever the mighty water-clouds went, where they placed the seed and lit the fire, thence arose he who is the sole life of the bright gods. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?"

"8. He who by His might looked even over the water-clouds, the clouds which gave strength and lit the sacrifice. He who alone is God above all gods. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?"

"9. May He not destroy us. He the Creator of the earth, or He the Righteous who created the heaven. He who also created the bright and mighty waters. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?—*Translated by Professor Max Müller.*

MORTALITY.

How do the roses die?
Do their leaves fall together,
Thrown down and scattered by the sky
Of angry weather?
No, the sad thunder-stroke
O'er sweeps their lowly bower;
The storm that tramples on the oak
Relents above the flower.

No violence makes them grieve,
No wrath hath done them wrong,
When with sad secrecy they leave
The branch to which they clung.
They yield them, one by one,
To the light breeze and shower,
To the soft dew, cool shade, bright sun,
Time and the hour.

J. S. D.

BETWEEN TWO POSTS.

STAY with me, relic of the rose
I gave her in love and June;
I knew she must send you back, I suppose,
Some Autumn day, but the day she chose
Seems many a day too soon.

Silken-coffined you lay in her breast
And felt her heart grow cold,
And so died slowly, at least soft-prest,
Not as my heart dies now; for the rest,
'Tis much the same when told.

A word may come, there may yet be room
To hope and hold your troth;
Lie here at my heart and share its doom—
If life, you may yet come forth from your tomb
If death, I have buried you both.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

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PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY.

Jan 1879

1879.

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The accession of several new monthlies to the already full rank of foreign periodicals during the last two years, has been a great gain to the *ECLECTIC*, and we have drawn largely upon them, as our readers are aware.

We shall try to make the *ECLECTIC* for the new year, even better than the past, and we shall be glad of the support and subscriptions of all our old subscribers, and as many new ones as we can obtain.

A USEFUL HOLIDAY PRESENT.—We know of no more useful and acceptable present for young or old, than one of Mr. F. A. Sinclair's "Common Sense Chairs." They are of all sizes and kinds, from the pretty little child's rocker, to the heavy substantial chair for the solid head of the family, so that one can as easily select an appropriate chair as any other gift. Whether they are large or small, plain or ornamental, they all have that peculiar fitness for the back which makes them in point of comfort the best chair in use.

Look at the advertisement in this number of *ECLECTIC*, and see if you can, find anything more acceptable for the holidays.

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which the people are slowly winding their way, while on the other side is a vista of old-fashioned houses, such as are seen in the older New England towns. The artist has made a speciality of this class of subjects, and seems to us to have treated it with the happiest effect. It is so truthful a picture that we understand quite a number of New England villages have claimed it, as having been copied from their own quiet streets, but from whatever spot the artist has made his study, he has achieved a success for which many will be grateful, as it recalls to them the old homestead of their childhood's days.

GOOD TIMES IN FRANCE.—The *République Française* gives the following particulars relative to the trades in Paris during the latter half of October: "All the specialities in clothes are in full activity. The tailors keep their men at work until eleven at night. The ready-made establishments receive numerous orders. The 'dead season' for the seamstresses is at an end, and hopes of a thriving winter are entertained. The feather and artificial flower trade, which a fortnight ago was doing very little, now keeps its hands going full time. Cabinet-makers are fully occupied. Piano-manufacturers are taking on more men. The manufacture of jewelry is also active, and the approach of New Year's Day is expected to give it still greater animation. Building is going on rapidly. The contractors are hastening to complete their works with the greater anxiety, as the bad weather will very soon force them to come to a stop. Other trades continue satisfactory. The Paris Gas Company, whose good season has returned, daily takes on fresh hands, of whom it has now 3,370 in its employment. In the railway companies no less than 8,000 laboring men are occupied.

WILLIAM LONGSTREET, who resided in Augusta, Georgia, in 1790, and was the grandfather of General Longstreet, who was the cause of some bother to the Federal forces in the late misunderstanding, is said to have been the first man to supply steam-power to working steamboats. In the latter part of the last century, it is claimed, he coursed the Savannah River with a steamboat of his own

Jan 1879

PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY.

1879.

WITH the new year, the *ECLECTIC* attains the mature age of thirty-five years, and with the exception of the *North American Review*, in, we believe, the oldest of American periodicals.

The present number begins the twenty-ninth volume of the new series, which began in 1865.

Of the long list of volumes that have preceded the year 1878, we think, none of them will be found to excel it in point of interest, value, and variety.

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construction twelve or fifteen years before Fulton went up the Hudson. The sewing-machine is also claimed as a Georgia invention, and the inventor, Dr. William Goulding, author of *The Young Marooners*, is now living.

FORS CLAVIGERA.—Much curiosity has been excited as to what the title of Mr. Ruskin's publication, *Fors Clavigera*, means. Mr. Ruskin now answers the question himself: "That title means many things, and is in Latin because I could not have given an English one that meant so many. *Fors* is the best part of three good English words—force, fortitude, and fortune. *Clavigera* may mean either club-bearer, key-bearer, or nail-bearer. *Fors* the club-bearer means the strength of Hercules or of deed; *fors*, the key-bearer means the strength of Ulysses, or of patience; *fors* the nail-bearer means the strength of Lycurgus, or of law. Briefly, the first *fors* is courage, the second patience, the third fortune."

CATALOGUE OF HOLIDAY BOOKS.—We call attention to the Christmas number of the *Publishers' Weekly*, advertised in this number of the *ECLECTIC*. It contains a list of all the holiday books of the year, together with specimen pages and the choicest illustrations from nearly all of them, so that a fair idea of the book itself can be had from this list.

It is beautifully printed on tinted paper, and contains 160 pages the size of the *ECLECTIC*. Before making selection of books for the holidays send for it.

LIGHT-HOUSES IN THE UNITED STATES.—It may surprise those who are not familiar with statistics concerning light-houses to know that, while the number of these safeguards around the coasts of England and France is, respectively, between three and four hundred only, there are 1200 light-houses around the shores and in the rivers of the United States. Of these, 447 are along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts alone. The mode adopted by our government of supplying the light-house keepers and their families with reading matter is somewhat curious. Under direction of the Light-house Bureau, there have been prepared 150 boxes to contain books. These boxes are in the form of strong packing cases, to endure rough handling in frequent shipment. Each case holds fifty well-assorted volumes, and is left at a light-house station, to remain for

three months, after which it is regularly shipped for circulation among the other light-houses along the coast.

WHEN the yellow fever epidemic was pronounced, at an end in New Orleans the total number of cases had been 13,166, and of deaths 3,945.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

Prince Deukalion: A Lyrical Drama. By BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 4to, cloth, pp., 171. Price, \$3.

Poems. By SARAH HELEN WHITMAN, with Portrait. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp., 261. Price, \$1.50.

Boston Monday Lectures. Conscience: with Preludes on Current Events. By JOSEPH COOK. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp., 279. Price, \$1.50.

The First Violin. A Novel. By JESSIE FOTHERGILL. (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp., 433. Price, \$1.

Life and Faith. Sonnets. By GEORGE MCNIGHT. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, cloth, gilt, pp., 136. Price, \$2.

Hand-Books for Students and General Readers. Astronomy. By R. S. BALL, LL.D. F.R.S. Specially revised for American readers, by SIMON NEWCOMB, LL.D. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 154. Price, 60 cents.

How to Read, and Hints in Choosing the Best Books. By AMELIE V. PETIT. New York: S. R. Wells & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 220. Price, \$1.

Angelo, the Circus Boy. By FRANK SEWALL. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 16mo, pp., 232. Price, \$1.

Catholicity in its Relationship to Protestantism and Romanism. Being six Conferences delivered at Newark, N. J. By the Rev. F. C. EWER, S. T. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, cloth, pp., 296. Price, \$1.50.

Oratory and Orators. By WILLIAM MATHEWS, LL.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp., 456. Price, \$2.

A face Illumined. A Novel. By E. P. ROE. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 12mo, pp. 658. Price, \$1.50.

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A NEW TREATMENT for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Headache, Debility, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders. **NOT A DRUG** but Nature's own life-giving element. It does not cure by substituting one disease for another, as when drugs are taken, but by a natural process of revitalization. **REMARKABLE CURES** have been made in Chronic and Nervous Diseases, which are attracting wide attention.

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FOR 1879.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Monthly of Literature, Science, Art, and Travel.

With the January number commences the twenty-third volume and twelfth year of **LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE**. The conductors take pleasure in stating that during the coming year they will spare no efforts to supply their patrons with a fund of

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The contents of the Magazine will embrace attractive

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OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP, always an important department of this journal, will be carefully sustained.

The **PICTORIAL EMBELLISHMENT** of the Magazine will be a matter of careful attention, with the object of rendering it an especially attractive feature.

Among the contributions that will appear in the new volume are the following :

- A Series of Illustrated Papers on **FRENCH TOWNS**, by EDWARD KING, L. LEJEUNE, and others.
- A Series of Articles on **GERMAN POLITICAL LIFE**, by the author of "German Home Life."
- A Series of Illustrated Sketches of **RAMBLING IN THE WILDS OF MEXICO AND CENTRAL AMERICA**, by Dr. FELIX L. OSWALD.
- A Series of Society Stories, under the title of "**WOMAN'S HUSBANDS**," by an anonymous writer.
- A Series of Sketches of **VILLAGE LIFE IN THE SOUTH**, by Miss ANNIE PORTER.
- Illustrated Articles descriptive of Life and Adventures in the Caucasus, by GEORGE KENNAN, author of "Tent Life in Siberia;" Wild Boars and Boar Hunting, by Dr. G. A. STOCKWELL; Capri, by DWIGHT BENTON; English Scenery, by HENRY JAMES, Jr., etc., etc. Contributions from the author of "The Honorable Miss Ferrard," Mrs. R. H. DAVIS, OLIVE LOGAN, JENNIE WOODVILLE, SHERWOOD BONNER (author of "Like unto Like,"), MARY DEAN (author of "The Boy on a Hill Farm"), etc., etc.

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It is designed that each number of the Magazine shall contain some valuable original contribution to Engineering literature. Each number of the Magazine will hereafter contain something of value relating to each of the great departments of Engineering labor.

More space than heretofore will be devoted to short discussions or elucidations of important formulae, especially such as have proved valuable in the practice of working engineers; our facilities for affording such items are extensive and rapidly increasing.

The progress of great engineering works in this country will be duly chronicled.

Selected and condensed articles, with their illustrations, from English, French, German, Austrian, and American scientific periodicals, will contribute to make this Magazine more than ever valuable to the engineering profession, and will afford a compilation without which the library of the working engineer will be incomplete.

Notice to New Subscribers.—Persons commencing their subscriptions with the Twentieth Volume (January, 1879), and who are desirous of possessing the work from its commencement, will be supplied with Volumes I. to XVIII. inclusive, neatly bound in cloth, for \$50; in half morocco, \$78.

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SCRIBNER FOR 1879.

THE SCRIBNER EXPEDITION TO BRAZIL.

The January number opens with a Christmas ballad by CONSTANTINA E. BROOKS, "BIORN, THE BOLD," illustrated by Mary Hallock Foote.

"Old Maryland Manners,"

By a Southern author, follows—a portrayal of the quaintness and romance of Maryland institutions of 150 years ago, the author's illustrations greatly enhancing the interest.

"The Tile Club at Work."

By W. M. LAFFAN, is a description of the origin and life of one of the New York outgrowths of decorative art. The design for tiled mantel-piece by ABBEY, the tile in relief by O'DONOVAN, the sculptor, and other tiles or sketches accompanying, by HOPKINSON SMITH, WINSLOW HOMER, CHASE, WALTER PARIS, WEIR, REINHART, WIMBRIDGE, QUARTLEY, and the author, will be found unique and charming. This will be followed in February, by another "Tile Club" article, showing the club "on the tramp."

"Haworth's,"

Mrs. Burnett's new novel, is continued. The *Christian Union* says of this, "Haworth's" unfolds with a vigor that recalls the earlier and better stories of George Eliot." And another paper, "The opening chapters seem to promise a novel of as much strength and artistic management as the one that first gave her fame."

Of the three poems delivered at the Century Club in memory of William Cullen Bryant,

Bayard Taylor's

Appears in this number of *Scribner*, and R. H. Stoddard's is announced for February.

"Leonardo da Vinci,"

By CLARENCE COOK, brings with it copies of Leonardo's masterpieces, "The Last Supper," "Mona Lisa," etc., engraved by Marsh and Cole, and shows him not only as a great painter, but as the most wonderful inventor of his age.

"The Mountain Lakes of California,"

From the pen of JOHN MUIR, the naturalist, is fitly illustrated by THOMAS MORAN.

Boyesen's "Falconberg"

Continues. This novel is now being translated into several languages in Europe.

Among the many other papers are two short stories, "CENTURY PLANTS," by ISABELLA T. HOPKINS, author of "Miss Widgery's Evenings," etc., and "NINON," by ANNIE PORTER; "COLLEGE HAZING," by CHARLES F. THWING; a reply to Mr. Richardson's paper, in November *SCRIBNER*, on Western Railroads vs. Patent Laws, by the Secretary of the Western Railroad Association, Mr. J. H. RAYMOND; an interesting article, "AT THE OLD BULL'S HEAD," with illustrations by Kelly, and Muhrman, an artist lately from Munich, and new to the art admirers of *SCRIBNER*. "The World's Work" has a description of a novel measuring machine and other important inventions.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

The most important series of illustrated papers which has appeared in *SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY* since "The Great South," by EDWARD KING, will be a series on Brazil, to be brought out in *SCRIBNER* during the year '79. The articles will be of great practical value in respect to the new commercial relations between this country and Brazil, and no expense will be spared in matter and illustrations. This series will alone be worth the subscription price, while in every other department we shall endeavor to make the magazine surpass all previous efforts.

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Wm. Cullen Bryant, J. G. Whittier, Edwin P. Whipple, Theodore D. Woolsey, James McCosh, J. S. Newberry, Bayard Taylor, Chief Justice Cooley, Dr. Philip Schaff, Dr. John Hall, Dr. E. A. Washburn, Simon Newcomb, Charlton T. Lewis, John Bigelow, Francis Wharton, Principal Dawson, David Dudley Field, H. H. Boyesen, John Jay, Alex. H. Stephens, Horace White, Gen'l J. H. Wilson, David A. Wells, Prof. Sumner, Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, A. P. Peabody, A. S. Hill, Mark Hopkins, D.D., President P. A. Chadbourne, Williams College; President Noah Porter, Yale College; President Magoun, Iowa College; Rev. Dr. Ray Palmer, Rev. Dr. Sam'l Osgood, Albert Rhodes, Geo. W. Julian, A. R. Spofford, Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L., James Anthony Froude, LL.D., Philip Gilbert Hamerton, H. Schütz Wilson, Prof. P. G. Tait, Prof. E. H. Palmer, Prof. Sheldon Amos, Dr. J. H. Rigg, Charles Tennyson, Richard H. Proctor, Walter Besant, R. Payne Smith (Dean of Canterbury), Thomas Hughes, Thomas Brassey, M.P., Prof. Wm. B. Carpenter, Wilkie Collins, Ernst Curtius, Baron F. von Holtendorff, J. E. Dörner, J. von Huber, Carl Abel, August Vogel, Max Wirth, Dr. J. P. Thompson, Dr. E. de Pressensé, Charles Gindries, Princess Dora D'Istria, Professor Angelo de Gubernatis, Madame Villari, and others.

A unique and attractive feature of the REVIEW is the Department of Contemporary Literature, which embraces a brief, impartial, and comprehensive summary of the literary movement in all the great countries of Christendom. The movement in England, France and Germany has been carefully outlined in an instructive and entertaining manner, by correspondents residing at the European centres of literary activity. In future like special attention will be given to the leading features of the literary movement in America.

It is the purpose of the Proprietors to regard all matters for the REVIEW from the point of view of Christian faith.

Articles written in a fair and generous spirit from differing points of view, by distinguished writers, will not necessarily be declined. The proprietors of the REVIEW believe that fair and free discussion serves to dispel error which might flourish and do harm in obscurity.

During 1879 articles may be expected from writers of the highest rank on both sides of the Atlantic. While foreign writers will be admitted freely, it will have been observed, from the large amount of space devoted to their contributions in the past, that American writers have had the preference. It is especially purposed to encourage young men of genius by giving them an audience, when other conditions placed by the public on the REVIEW will permit.

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DAIRY PRODUCTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

—Few persons realize the magnitude and increasing importance of the dairy industry in America. The International Dairy Fair, which opened on December 2d, at the American Institute Building, has excited great interest, not only among dairymen in all parts of the United States and Canada, and shipping merchants generally, but among all persons who watch with national pride the rapid growth of important industries in our country, and the consequent increase of our export trade. A few figures will show somewhat the extent of this business. There are more than 13,000,000 cows in the United States, and the value of the land and stock employed in furnishing milk, butter, and cheese is estimated at \$1,300,000,000. The annual production of cheese in the United States is estimated at 350,000,000 pounds, and of butter, 1,500,000,000 pounds. Over 3000 factories are engaged in the manufacture of these articles, besides many thousands of private dairies. In 1877 the exports of butter amounted to 21,527,242, and of cheese to 107,164,666 pounds; and during the present year, up to the latest reports, there had been a large increase in exports. There has also been a marked improvement in the quality of the articles made. It is claimed that this country can produce a better quality of butter than any other by the "creamery system," which prevails in many of the States. At the Dairy Fair creameries and cheese factories are displayed in full operation, where the processes of manufacturing butter and cheese will be shown from beginning to end. The most improved implements and machinery used in dairy farming are also exhibited, as well as the best dairy cattle from various parts of the country.

COAL IN JAPAN.—Recent surveys by geologists are said to warrant the estimate that there is workable coal enough in the island of Yezo—one of the Japanese group—to produce an annual yield for a thousand years equal to that of all Great Britain. The Japanese government has agreed to grant a loan of \$1,500,000 for the purpose of working some of these coal-fields, which spread over an immense area. So the supply of coal is not likely to be exhausted just at present.

HISTORY OF A CENT.—An exchange relates the curious history of a nickel cent. In May, 1857, a Mr. C. N. Fuller was married in Gowanda, New York. Hiram Wheeler, a brother of the bride, presented the couple with one of the nickel cent pieces which had just been issued, on which he had engraved the names of the bride and groom, and the date of the marriage. When their first child was born, a year afterward, they attached this coin to a chain and hung it about the babe's neck. The family moved to Ithaca a few years later, and one day the boy, then about six years old, detached the coin from the chain and spent it for candy. Since then father, mother, and son have died. At the recent fair of the Indians in the Cattaraugus Reservation, W. N. Fuller, a brother of the late C. N. Fuller, made a purchase at a stand. In the change that was handed back to him was the identical penny that Hiram Wheeler had engraved twenty-one years ago, and that his little nephew spent in Ithaca thirteen years ago. From appearances the coin had been in circulation ever since.

POPULATION OF THE WORLD.—A German collector of statistics estimates the population of the earth at 1,340,145,000 souls, of whom about 412,000,000 are Christians, and 900,000,000 non-Christians. Catholics number 210,000,000, and Protestants 115,000,000. Of the Greek Church there are 80,000,000, and of other Christians 8,000,000. Jews are reckoned at 7,000,000, Mahometans at 120,000,000, and "the Heathen" of all kinds at 770,000,000.

PROGRESS OF JAPAN.—Japan is pushing ahead quietly but steadily with her industries, and much faster than some people will like. The large cotton mills and spinning factory erected at Sakai several years ago are in successful operation. A visitor to these establishments reports that the buildings are very substantial, and that they are provided with good machinery. In the factory there were employed about 150 hands. In considering the conditions of successful foreign trade, it will not do much longer for Western nations to overlook what the people of the East are doing for themselves, not only in Japan, but in China and India.

THE FIRST CHINAMAN.—The first Chinaman who came to America, according to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, was Chum Ming, in 1847. He was a native merchant of Nai Sang, a province of Canton, intelligent and enterprising. He went into the mountains, and, finding gold, wrote to a friend, Cheong Yum, in 1848, about the new country. Cheong Yum immediately came to the Pacific slope, but, before doing so, told a number of his countrymen of the discovery of gold in America. It was then that the Chinamen began to flock to the Pacific coast. There were at that time no steamers to bring them, so they came in sailing vessels. In 1849, the Argonauts began to arrive from the East, and at that time the Chinese influx was a mere drop in the bucket. Within the next four years the arrivals of Mongolians became more frequent, and in larger proportions, so that in 1852 there were 4000 on the coast, 2000 of whom lived in San Francisco. As soon as the tide of Chinese emigration had set in toward California, the Yeung Wo and the Kong Chow, the first two of the present six companies, began the business of tiding the shipments.

REMAINS OF GLACIERS IN WYOMING.—Prof. F. V. Hayden makes the important announcement that, on the east side of Wind River Peak, Wyoming Territory, and on the east base of Fremont's Peak, the remains of the huge glaciers which once covered the region have been discovered. On the west side of the Wind River range the moraines and glaciated rocks were found on an immense scale. He thinks that on this side a glacier must have formerly existed having a length of eighty miles and a width of twelve miles, with arms extending up the gorges of the streams to the very water divide.

PORTRAIT OF LOWELL.—The publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly* have prepared for their subscribers an admirable life-size portrait of Hon. James Russell Lowell. It is uniform with the *Atlantic Portraits of Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier*, issued previous years. It is far the best portrait ever made of Mr. Lowell, and as Mr. George William Curtis says: "The expression is most characteristic, and those who have hitherto known the poetry and not the poet, will like the poetry all the more now that they have seen the poet in so true a likeness."

A POSTAL card has been around the world from Chemnitz, Saxony, in 117 days. The

card contained six different addresses of the German Consuls at Alexandria, Singapore, Yokohama, San Francisco, New York, and that of the sender at Chemnitz, besides a polite request that the card be sent on without delay, and the exact time of receipt and dispatch noted on the card; an explanation of the circumstances of the case being at the same time given. These instructions seem to have been promptly fulfilled, and the card made its appearance again at Chemnitz 117 days after it had been dispatched, covered with the stamps of the various stations. It is stated that it would have gone around in 96 days if it had been posted an hour earlier, and probably if it had been an American instead of a German postal card it would have made the circuit in much less time.

FROM the debris of the coal mines, France makes annually 700,000 tons of excellent fuel, and Belgium 500,000 tons. In England, where there is not so much waste in coal mining, and where coal is much cheaper, the manufacture of artificial fuel is only about 200,000 tons a year. Germany makes fuel, for the most part, from peat and similar earths.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

The Return of a Native. A Novel. By THOMAS HARDIE. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 420. Price, \$1.

The Bohemian. A Tragedy of Modern Life. By CHARLES DE KAY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 16mo, cloth, pp. 107. Price, \$1.

The Diary of a Woman. From the French of OCTAVE FEUILLET. Collection of Foreign Authors, No. XVI. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, paper, pp. 212. Price, 50 cents.

As It May Happen. A Story of American Life and Character. By TREBOR. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 12mo, pp. 416. Price, \$1.50.

Change: The Whisper of the Sphinx. A Poem. By WILLIAM LEIGHTON. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 143. Price, \$1.50.

The Life of John Lothrop Motley. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. With Portrait. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 302. Price, \$1.50.

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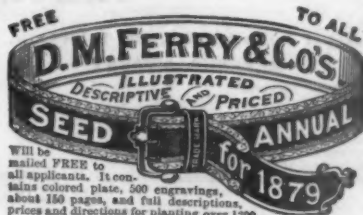
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JANUARY 1, 1879.

Amount of Net Cash Assets, Jan. 1, 1878,.....\$34,452,905.29

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums received and deferred.....	\$6,121,856.04
Less deferred premiums, Jan. 1, 1878.....	306,290.26—\$5,725,565.78
Interest received and accrued.....	2,264,580.48
Less interest accrued Jan. 1, 1878.....	315,806.35—\$1,948,685.19—\$7,674,231.91
	\$42,127,137.20

DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Losses by death, including reversionary additions to same.....	\$1,687,675.61
Endowments matured and discounted, including reversionary additions to same.....	673,051.74
Life annuities and reinsurance.....	231,005.20
Dividends and returned premiums on cancelled policies.....	2,238,674.25
Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses, and physicians' fees.....	518,809.94
Taxes, office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc.....	417,258.78
Reduction of values on United States and other stocks.....	8,568.98—\$5,913,679.59
Profit and loss account.....	\$36,213,457.61

ASSETS.

Cash in bank, on hand, and in transit (since received).....	\$982,839.43
Invested in United States, New York City, and other stocks (market value, \$15,415,105.34)...	14,791,267.72
Real Estate.....	4,582,270.42
Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for \$12,960,000, and the policies assigned to the company as additional collateral security).....	14,364,158.43
*Loans on existing policies (the reserve held by the company on these policies amounts to \$3,225,000).....	621,394.36
*Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1879.....	579,829.09
*Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection (estimated reserve on these policies, \$360,000; included in liabilities).....	145,184.75
Agents' balances.....	85,036.91
Accrued interest on investments to Jan. 1, 1879.....	306,225.93—\$36,213,457.61
Excess of market value of securities over cost.....	623,837.62
CASH ASSETS, Jan. 1, 1879.....	\$36,837,295.23

*A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report, filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

Appropriated as follows:

Adjusted losses, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1879.....	\$399,486.68
Reported losses, awaiting proof, etc.....	180,993.29
Matured endowments, due and unpaid.....	19,601.07
Reserved for reinsurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per cent, Carlisle net premium; non-participating at 5 per cent, Carlisle net premium.....	32,360,333.40
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, over and above a 4 per cent reserve on existing policies of that class.....	1,041,456.87
Reserved for premiums paid in advance.....	14,987.18—\$34,025,658.59
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent.....	2,811,436.64
	\$36,837,295.23

Surplus, estimated by the New York State Standard at 4 1/4 per cent, over \$6,500,000.00.

From the undivided surplus of \$2,811,436.64, the Board of Trustees has declared a Reversionary dividend to participating policies, in proportion to their contribution to surplus, available on settlement of next annual premium. During the year, 5,092 policies have been issued, insuring \$15,949,986.

Number of policies in force Jan. 1, 1878, 44,861.

Amount at risk, \$127,152,119.

Number of policies in force Jan. 1, 1877, 45,421.

Amount at risk, \$127,748,473.

Number of policies in force Jan. 1, 1876, 45,605.

Amount at risk, \$127,901,587.

Number of policies in force Jan. 1, 1875, 45,005.

Amount at risk, \$125,232,144.

Death-Claims paid 1875, \$1,534,315.

Death-Claims paid 1876, 1,547,648.

Death-Claims paid 1877, 1,093,128.

Death-Claims paid 1878, 1,667,976.

Income from Interest, 1875, \$1,870,658.

Income from Interest, 1876, 1,806,950.

Income from Interest, 1877, 1,867,467.

Income from Interest, 1878, 1,945,685.

Divisible surplus at 4 per cent, Jan. 1, 1876, \$2,490,636.

Divisible surplus at 4 per cent, Jan. 1, 1877, 2,626,816.

Divisible surplus at 4 per cent, Jan. 1, 1878, 2,664,144.

Divisible surplus at 4 per cent, Jan. 1, 1879, 2,811,436.

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THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

Office, Nos. 346 and 348 Broadway.

JANUARY 1, 1879.

Amount of Net Cash Assets, Jan. 1, 1878,.....\$34,452,905.29

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums received and deferred.....	\$6,121,856.04
Less deferred premiums, Jan. 1, 1878.....	306,289.26—\$5,725,566.78
Interest received and accrued.....	2,364,560.48
Less interest accrued Jan. 1, 1878.....	315,995.35—\$1,945,665.13—\$7,674,281.91
	\$42,127,187.20

DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Losses by death, including reversionary additions to same.....	\$1,687,675.81
Endowments matured and discounted, including reversionary additions to same.....	673,051.74
Life annuities and reinsurance.....	221,005.39
Dividends and returned premiums on cancelled policies.....	2,288,674.25
Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses, and physicians' fees.....	518,800.94
Taxes, office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc.....	417,258.78
Reduction of values on United States and other stocks.....	86,635.00
Profit and loss account.....	8,568.98—\$5,913,679.59
	\$36,218,457.61

ASSETS.

Cash in bank, on hand, and in transit (since received).....	\$932,839.43
Invested in United States, New York City, and other stocks (market value, \$15,415,106.34)....	14,791,267.72
Real Estate.....	4,362,270.42
Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for \$12,880,000, and the policies assigned to the company as additional collateral security).....	14,364,158.43
*Loans on existing policies (the reserve held by the company on these policies amounts to \$3,225,000).....	621,984.90
*Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1879.....	579,339.10
*Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection (estimated reserve on these policies, \$560,000; included in liabilities).....	146,834.75
Agents' balances.....	66,026.91
Accrued interest on investments to Jan. 1, 1879.....	306,215.47.61
Excess of market value of securities over cost.....	625,837.62
CASH ASSETS, Jan. 1, 1879.....	\$36,887,295.23

*A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report, filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

Appropriated as follows:

Adjusted losses, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1879.....	\$309,486.63
Reported losses, awaiting proof, etc.....	180,993.59
Matured endowments, due and unpaid.....	19,001.07
Reserved for reinsurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per cent, Carlisle net premium; non-participating at 5 per cent, Carlisle net premium.....	32,360,333.40
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Fontaine Dividend Fund, over and above a 4 per cent reserve on existing policies of that class.....	1,041,456.87
Reserved for premiums paid in advance.....	14,987.12—\$34,085,839.59
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent.....	2,811,436.64
	\$36,887,295.23

Surplus, estimated by the New York State Standard at 4 1/4 per cent, over \$6,500,000.00.

From the undivided surplus of \$2,811,436.64, the Board of Trustees has declared a reversionary dividend to participating policies, in proportion to their contribution to surplus, available on settlement of next annual premium. During the year, 5,082 policies have been issued, insuring \$15,949,996.

Number of policies in force Jan. 1, 1878, 44,661.	Amount at risk, \$127,132,119.
Number of policies in force Jan. 1, 1877, 45,421.	Amount at risk, \$127,743,473.
Number of policies in force Jan. 1, 1876, 45,605.	Amount at risk, \$127,901,887.
Number of policies in force Jan. 1, 1875, 45,005.	Amount at risk, \$125,232,144.
Death-Claims paid 1878, 1,534,815.	
Death-Claims paid 1876, 1,547,645.	
Death-Claims paid 1877, 1,698,123.	
Death-Claims paid 1875, 1,687,978.	

Income from Interest, 1875, \$1,570,658.
Income from Interest, 1876, 1,505,890.
Income from Interest, 1877, 1,867,457.
Income from Interest, 1878, 1,948,065.

Divisible surplus at 4 per cent, Jan. 1, 1876, \$2,499,626.
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent, Jan. 1, 1877, 2,626,816.
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent, Jan. 1, 1878, 2,664,144.
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent, Jan. 1, 1879, 2,811,436.

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MARRIAGE BY TELEGRAPH.—For the first time, we believe, the telegraph has been utilized in the marriage service. On the 16th of October a message was sent from Georgetown, Colorado, to Washington Court-House, Ohio, distant 3000 miles, joining "till death shall part" Mr. W. C. Ellis and Miss Lina Sellers. Three years ago Ellis left Washington Court-House, young and poor, to seek his fortune in the far West, leaving his *fiancée* until better circumstances should permit of their marriage. This time had just come, but, on account of business engagements, the young man found he could not make the trip East. A friend, however, who was going East, was commissioned to take the young woman to Georgetown, where the ceremony would be performed. This arrangement, though entirely in accordance with the young lady's wishes, did not suit her mother, who so strenuously objected to this way of the thing being done that some other plan must be adopted or the affair postponed. The girl had waited long already, and nothing but distance seemed to stand in the way, so at the suggestion of Rev. George Carpenter the telegraph was called into service. This calmed the old lady's objections, and the preacher performed the ceremony. No cards. The only spectators were a friend or two. From the time of the first message till the young man answered the solemn "I do" was something over four hours. The bride has started for home and husband. This, we believe, must be recorded as the first instance of a legal marriage having been performed by the wires.

PAY OF THE ENGLISH CLERGY.—The English bishops are not poorly paid. The Archbishop of Canterbury receives \$75,000 a year, and the thirty other prelates an average of \$26,750 a year. The clergy, on the other hand are by no means so well paid generally as are the clergy in the United States. Out of 13,000 Church of England ministers only 250 get more than \$5000 a year, and 2991 get less than \$1000. In the five Protestant Episcopal dioceses in the State of New York there are over 700 clergymen whose salaries will average over \$1000. Other denominations pay quite as liberally.

THE FRENCH NATIONAL LOTTERY.—Out of the great Paris Exhibition grew the great French lottery. About twelve millions of tickets have been sold under the auspices of the so-called National Lottery. The government desired to make the vast amount of unsold goods remaining after the Exhibition a source of revenue; and so while the first prize is 150,000 francs, and there are several thousand prizes of smaller sums, the great majority of numbers entitle the holder to some article in the Palais de l'Industrie, of varying and uncertain value. The drawing for these lottery prizes commenced on January 15, and will continue for about three weeks, during which time the French people will be kept in a most unwholesome state of excitement.

N. Y. ELEVATED RAILROAD.—Every new enterprise encounters difficulties which are gradually removed, or at least diminished by time and the experience of managers. Many complaints have been made in regard to the New York Elevated Railroad—lack of warmth in the cars, interruption in the running of the trains, inattention and negligence of employees, etc. The Railroad company has assured the public that these defects are being remedied as rapidly as possible. The company has 1000 persons in its employ. The Third Avenue line carries hourly during the busiest portions of the day, nearly 10,000 passengers, and it will be necessary to run trains every three-quarters of a minute. Since the opening of the road to the Grand Central Depot the company has transported more than 8,000,000 passengers, to no one of whom, it is stated, an accident has happened through fault of the company or defect in the road.

THE TRADE DOLLAR.—The Director of the Mint's annual report considers it satisfactorily established that the trade dollar has proved beneficial to the Chinese, to the American merchant and to the producer of silver. There have been coined 35,959,360 trade dollars, and 25,708,950 have been exported. The director opposes the repeal of the law authorizing trade dollars, as we must look to China principally for a market for our surplus silver.

THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—The Thirty-fourth Annual Report of this Company has just been published, and, for these times, is certainly encouraging to their officers and policy-holders. The amount of net cash assets has increased, during the year, \$2,384,389.94, and the surplus, estimated by the New York State standard, is over \$6,500,000.

With this enormous amount of assets and surplus, any one seeking life insurance, and looking first to absolute safety (which is the first requisite) should certainly be content.

The statement further shows that this Company is one of the very few institutions which the long continued hard times have failed in any way to shake, and as a new era of prosperity seems to be generally looked for, the business of Life Insurance will no doubt be one of the first to feel its reviving effects.

A detailed statement of the Company's affairs will be found in our pages, and is well worth a careful reading.

GIRTON COLLEGE.—Girton College, England, has been enlarged, so that now there are accommodations for fifty-eight students. Hitherto the largest number received at any one time has been forty-one. It is announced in the *Queen* that an Entrance Scholarship will be established by the gift to the college of £1000. Mrs. Russell Gurney is the donor.

CATALOGUE OF ECLECTIC ENGRAVINGS.—We have added to our Catalogue the engravings which have appeared in the *ECLECTIC* for last year, so that our list now comprises 308 subjects.

CATALOGUE OF NEW AND RARE PLANTS.—The Parson & Sons Co. of Flushing have just issued, in addition to their regular catalogue, a list of new and rare plants and shrubs.

It comprises over one hundred new varieties, many of which have never before been offered to the public, and, among others, the Japanese plants are particularly attractive, and form a separate list.

GRAIN EXPORTS FOR 1878.—The exports of grain from New York to Europe during the year ending Dec. 31st, 1878, were the largest on record—88,353,295 bushels, against 52,471,829 bushels in 1877. The shipments of the past year comprised 52,175,595 bushels Wheat, 26,116,487 bushels Corn, 3,983,619 bushels Rye, 3,110,315 bushels Oats, and 1,567,279 bushels Barley.

PORTUGUESE IN CALIFORNIA.—California has a Portuguese population of 12,000, industrious, peaceable, hardly ever in the courts, civil or criminal, and the most temperate class in the state. They earn their livelihood by agriculture, stock raising, dairying, gardening, mining, and whaling. There are nine whaling companies on the coast of California, composed entirely of Portuguese. The average annual yield of their labor is 128,000 gallons of oil.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

His Heart's Desire. A Novel. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 16mo, paper, pp. 417. Price, 75 cents.

As It May Happen. A Story of American Life and Character. By TREBOR. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 12mo, cloth, pp. 416. Price, \$1.50.

A Selection of Spiritual Songs. With Music for the Church and Choir. Selected and arranged by the Rev. CHARLES S. ROBINSON, D.D. New York: Scribner & Co. Square 12mo, bound in silk, gilt edges, pp. 441. Price, \$2.50.

The Commercial Products of the Sea; or, Marine Contributions to Food, Industry, and Art. By P. L. SIMMONDS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 484. Price, \$1.75.

My Guardian. By ADA CAMBRIDGE. Illustrated by FRANK DICKSEE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, paper, pp. 274. Price, 60 cents.

Modern Fishers of Men among the Various Sexes, Sects, and Sets of Chartville Church and Community. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, paper, pp. 179. Price, 50 cents.

The Multitudinous Seas. With Illustrations. By S. G. W. BENJAMIN. (Appleton's New Handy Volume Series, No. 23.) New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, paper, pp. 133. Price, 25 cents.

Demonology and Devil-Lore. By MONCURE DANIEL CONWAY, M.A. With numerous Illustrations. Two Volumes. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 8vo, cloth, uncut edges, pp. 428, 472. Price, \$7.00.

ETCHINGS.

We have added to our Catalogue of *Fine Engravings* the following list of *Etchings*. They are copied from paintings by the most celebrated masters, and are engraved in the finest manner, India proofs only. Sizes are given to frame. **Price, \$1 each.** Sizes to frame about 12x15 inches.

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Organ-Grinder.....	Knaus.
Homeless.....	Dore.
Un Marche d'Esclaves.....	Gerome.
L'Aime de Livre.....	Meissonier.
Carneval de Venise.....	Becker.
A Tankard of Ale.....	Meissonier.
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MR. FAUSSET'S BIBLE CYCLOPÆDIA.—Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, have published a new Bible Cyclopædia, by the Rev. A. R. Fausset, A.M., and entitled "The Englishman's Critical and Expository Bible Cyclopædia." It forms an octavo volume of about eight hundred pages, and is illustrated with over six hundred illustrative woodcuts from photographs, coins, sculptures, etc.

The aim of this work is to put within the reach of all Bible students, learned and unlearned alike, the fruits of modern criticism and research, and at the same time to set forth, briefly and suggestively, those doctrinal and experimental truths which the Written Word itself contains.

The researches of the Palestine Exploration, and the discoveries of the men who have been enabled to decipher the hieroglyphics of Egypt, the cuneiform inscriptions of Babylon and Assyria, and the archaic characters of the Moabite stone, have thrown fresh light on many obscure questions of sacred topography and history, and, so far as they elucidate the sacred volume, have been embodied in this Cyclopædia. At the same time the commentators, ancient and modern, English and German, have been carefully consulted, and the results given, in respect to difficult passages.

Many subjects which most of the Bible Dictionaries omit, and which are of deep interest, are handled; as, for instance, Anti-christ, The Thousand Years or Millennium, Inspiration, etc. Yet the whole, while containing the substance of all that is valuable in other dictionaries, and several new features, is comprised within much smaller compass, and is offered at considerably less cost. The work is also published in parts and will be sold by subscription.

JOURNEY ON SNOW-SHOES.—Long journeys on snow-shoes are not often undertaken in these days. But two members of the Canadian Parliament, living in Manitoulin, 374 miles from Toronto, resolved to travel the first 200 miles on snow-shoes, as travelling in sleighs

in that part of the Dominion is very tedious, and railways are lacking. Seven persons, including three Indian guides, composed the party. They walked an average of twenty-five miles a day, camped out several times in the snow, and once broke through the ice of a lake, falling into the freezing water. One of the Indians gave out from fatigue, but the others felt no bad effects of their hard work.

FAILURES.—The Commercial Agency of Dunn, Barlow & Co., have issued their annual circular of failures, from which it appears that the failures in the United States for the year 1878 were 10,478 in number, as against 8,872 in 1877, showing an increase in the past year of 1,571. The liabilities for 1878 equal \$234,000,000, compared with \$190,000,000 in 1877, an increase in the past year of \$40,000,000. These large liabilities are approached only by the figures for 1873, when they reached \$228,000,000; but these were divided among only 5,163 failures—less than one-half of the number in 1878.

COURAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The Prince of Wales and Dr. Lyon Playfair were standing near a caldron containing lead which was boiling at white heat. "Has your Royal Highness any faith in science?" said the doctor. "Certainly," replied the Prince. "Will you then place your hand in the boiling metal, and ladle out a portion of it?" "Do you tell me to do this?" asked the Prince. "I do," replied the doctor. The Prince then ladled out some of the boiling lead with his hand, without sustaining any injury. It is a well-known scientific fact that the human hand may be placed uninjured in lead boiling at white heat, being protected from any harm by the moisture of the skin. Should the lead be at a perceptibly lower temperature, the effect need not be described. After this let no one underestimate the courage of the Prince of Wales.

AMERICAN MEAT IN ENGLAND.—In 1876 the entire quantity of meat imported into Great Britain is stated at 16,165,222 pounds.

In 1878 the amount had increased to 53,661,216 pounds. These statements are made with regard to the American trade alone. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in speaking of the increasing dimensions of this trade, remarks that "every year Europe can spare fewer cattle, and it is to America we must look to make up the deficiency in the home supply."

AN OCTOPUS.—The monotony of life at the Ascension Observatory was relieved by walks along the sea-shore, picturesquely lined with volcanic rocks, in which the fierce waves had cut passages and left pools in which millions of shell-fish disported themselves. Mrs. Gill relates an adventure on one of these occasions: "While poking at a lovely pink coralline in one of these grottoes, trying to dislodge it, I felt my stick suddenly pulled from my grasp. Thinking it must have got fixed among the stones in some way, I was about to put down my hand to disengage it, when, to my horror, I saw some ugly slimy tentacles wind themselves round my trusty staff, which was now the prey of a cuttle-fish. There was not the slightest occasion for it, of course; nevertheless I screamed. This was no devil-fish of Victor Hugo dimensions; but so hideous was the creature that disgust, not terror, possessed me. David, who was at a little distance exploring on his own account, concluded that I had at least sprained my ankle, and ran quickly to my assistance. 'Only an octopus! We have seen many of these before.' 'Yes; but only baby ones, who looked innocent enough to be gorged with crabs; this is a monster, a fiend.' We stood watching him. Clearly, my stick was not to his liking, for by and by he gradually unwound himself from it, and sank sullenly down among the coral, looking, as before, like a tuft of harmless sea-weed. How I congratulated myself on not having trusted my hand under water." It was a fortunate escape.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE ZULU WAR.—England's war with the Zulus bids fair to be one of the most serious which she has carried on in South Africa. The immediate cause of hostilities was the redress demanded by the British government for certain brutal acts committed against refugee women who had sought shelter in Natal, and the non-performance of certain

regulations made at the time Cetuywayo was made king. As Zululand is a vast region, and is inhabited by something like 300,000 natives, who are a powerful and warlike race, it is not likely to be subdued without a long struggle.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

Studies in the Model Prayer. By GEORGE D. BOARDMAN, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 201. Price, \$1.25.

Bibelots and Curios: A Manual for Collectors, with a Glossary of Technical Terms. By FREDERIC VORS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, cloth, pp. 116. Price, 75 cents.

The Disturbing Element; or, Chronicles of the Blue-Bell Society. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. (Appleton's New Handy Volume Series, No. 24.) New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, paper, pp. 203. Price, 30 cents.

St. Paul at Athens: Spiritual Christianity in Relation to Some Aspects of Modern Thought. Nine Sermons. By Rev. CHARLES SHAKESPEARE, B.A., with a Preface by Rev. CANON FARRAR, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 16mo, cloth, pp. 167. Price, \$1.25.

Boston Monday Lectures. Heredity, with Preludes on Current Events. By JOSEPH COOK. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 268. Price, \$1.50.

Health, and How to Promote it. By RICHARD MCSHERRY, M.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 165. Price, \$1.25.

Decisive Events in History. By THOMAS ARCHER. London and New York: Cassell, Petter & Galpin. Square 8vo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 178. Price, \$1.75.

Visions of the Future, and other Discourses. By O. B. FROTHINGHAM. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, cloth, pp. 269. Price, \$1.

A Popular Treatise on the Currency Question. Written from a Southern Point of View. By Judge ROBERT W. HUGHES. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, cloth, pp. 218. Price, \$1.25.

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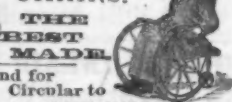
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THE FIRST ICE TO CALCUTTA.—It is half a century since Mr. Tudor, an enterprising merchant of Boston, thought that he might make money if he forwarded a cargo of ice to Calcutta. Before that gentleman undertook the venture a little natural ice was obtained at a place about forty miles from the capital of Bengal. Shallow troughs were dug in the ground, pans of porous earthenware were placed therein, a layer of straw being interposed between the bottom of the pan and the ground, and a little water was poured into each pan. If the wind blew from the north-west during the night the water in the pans would be frozen before the morning. This ice fetched a high price in the market. In 1833 there was no longer any necessity for resorting to this process for getting it, as in that year Mr. Tudor's first ship sailed up the Hooghly with a cargo of ice on board; the cargo was sold in the market for three pence per pound. Since that day the export of ice from Boston has become a regular and most profitable branch of trade. In the warehouses there are as many as 300,000 tons of congealed water are stored away at a time. Many thousand persons are engaged in the ice traffic throughout the United States. The capital invested amounts to \$6,000,000. It was shortly after the beginning of this century that Mr. Tudor began to export ice from Boston. For several years the quantity shipped was small. A quarter of a century after the trade had commenced the number of tons of ice exported was 4352; at the close of the first half century the quantity had risen to nearly 160,000 tons. The commercial success which attended this operation inspired an ingenious Yankee with a more ambitious notion. He proposed to go in quest of an iceberg, to grapple it, and tow it to a convenient place for distribution. The scheme, though a plausible one, has not yet been carried out.—*Good Words.*

TELEGRAPHIC WRITING MACHINE.—An invention which promises to rival, if it does not surpass in its practical application, the telephone, is just announced in the London journals as made by Mr. E. A. Cowper. This consists of a real telegraphic writing machine, by which every record of a pen in the hands

of an operator at one end of the line is reproduced in fac-simile at the other, precisely as if held by a phantom hand. A recent number of *Nature* gives a fac-simile of the writing.

RELIGION OF THE FRENCH CABINET.—Of the nine ministers composing the French cabinet, five, including M. Waddington, the Premier, are Protestants—an unusual circumstance when the fact is considered that in France, out of a population of 36,908,788, there are 35,387,706 Roman Catholics. Nevertheless, the cabinet is said to be very popular with the people.

FEMALE CLERKS IN WASHINGTON.—The employment of female clerks in the government offices in Washington has become an established thing, and purely on merit. At the present time there are employed in the departments 1300 women, at salaries ranging from \$900 to \$1800. But one receives this highest amount, though many receive from \$1200 to \$1400. Few of them resign, and few leave their places to marry and settle into domestic life. The greatest experts in counting money and detecting counterfeits are among the lady employées. The appointment of women to these places was first made by Secretary Chase, in 1862, and the highest salary paid was \$600. Their usefulness and aptness for the work being demonstrated, they have steadily increased in numbers, and have been able to command wages approximating the salaries of men who formerly occupied these places. Few of the many ill things prophesied as the results of such an innovation have occurred, and the heads of departments would seriously object to making any change now. It is a gratification to see new fields of usefulness opening up to the women of the land, more especially when they prove themselves so fully competent as in the departments at Washington.

MANUFACTURE OF GLASS AT PITTSBURG.—Probably few persons realize the extent to which the manufacture of glass is carried on in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. More than half the glass made in the United States is produced in that city. There are about seventy-five factories, which give employment to over five thousand hands.

FISH CULTURE IN MICHIGAN.—The third biennial report of the Commissioners of Fisheries, of Michigan, for 1877 and 1878, is full of interesting information in regard to a successful effort on the part of the Commissioners in restocking many rivers and lakes of that State with useful food fishes. The scale of operations is not exceeded by that of any other State in the Union, and the results are making a very satisfactory showing. As in previous years, the white-fish has been the subject of special attention as a species most closely connected with the fishery interest of Michigan. Over 12,000,000 young fish were deposited in the inland and great lakes, and in the Detroit River. The other species receiving the attention of the Commissioners were the landlocked salmon and the California salmon and salmon-trout.

SEA-WEED IN THE GULF STREAM.—The gulf-weed appears to serve as a sort of emigrant ship for fishes, etc. It affords them food and shelter from storms. The large floating masses of the weed have been described as hugh fish preserves. J. M. Jones, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, who has devoted some study to the subject, says that there is hardly a doubt that it is from this sargassum in mid-Atlantic, that those tropical and semi-tropical forms of fish come which are found occasionally at the Bermudas, Azores, Canaries, Madeira, and the east coast of this country. "The isolated patches of the weed which follow the course of the Gulf Stream and become broken into lesser fragments, are also accompanied by those tropical and semi-tropical fishes which are found almost every summer on the coast of Nova Scotia, and even as far north as Newfoundland, and it is evident that, without some such agency, we could never account for the abundance of certain Southern pelagic fishes which annually occur in our high latitudes."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book-reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

The Barque Future; or, Life in the Far North. By JONAS LIE. Translated by Mrs. OLE BULL. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 13mo, cloth, pp. 253. Price, \$1.

Elflora of the Susquehanna. A Poem. By C. HARLAN, M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 84.

Ocean Wonders: A Companion for the Seaside. Freely Illustrated from Living Objects. By WILLIAM E. DAMON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 229. Price, \$1.50.

Education as a Science. By ALEXANDER BAIN, LL.D. No. 25 of the International Scientific Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 453. Price, \$1.75.

Fairy Tales: Their Origin and Meaning. By J. THACKERAY BUNCE. Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series, No. 25. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, paper, pp. 172. Price, 25 cents.

A Thorough Bohemienne. By Madame CHARLES REYBAUD. Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series, No. 27. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 219. Price, 30 cents.

Health Primers. No. 4. Personal Appearances in Health and Disease. By SIDNEY COUPLAND, M.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, cloth, pp. 96. Price, 40 cents.

Hand-Books for Students and General Readers. Zoölogy of the Invertebrate Animals. By ALEXANDER MCALISTER, M.D. Specially revised for America, by A. S. PACKARD, Jr., M.D. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 18mo, cloth, pp. 143. Price, 60 cents.

Improved Dwellings for the Laboring Classes. The Need, and the Way to Meet it on Strict Commercial Principles in New York and other Cities. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo, paper, pp. 45.]

Economic Monographs. No. XI., Honest Money and Honest Labor. An Address, by the Hon. CARL SCHURZ. No. XII., *National Banking.* A Discussion of the Merits of the Present System. By M. L. SCUDDER, Jr. No. XIII., *Hindrances to Prosperity; or, Causes which Retard Financial and Political Reforms in the United States.* By SIMON STERNÉ. No. XV., *International Copyright, Considered in some of its Relations to Ethics and Political Economy.* By GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, paper. Price, 25 cents each.

The King's Secret. Being the Secret Correspondence of Louis XV. with his Diplomatic Agents, from 1752 to 1774. By the DUC DE BROGLIE. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter & Galpin. Two volumes, 8vo, pp. 399, 535. Price, \$5.

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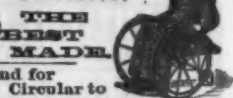
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Over three hundred tons of this magazine were printed during the year 1878. If the pages were fastened together, they would reach about 16,000 miles; and, at the present rate of increase, the publishers have every reason to anticipate their ability to "put a girdle round about the Earth" with the pages of twelve numbers, a few years hence.

The popularity of SCRIBNER was recently attested in a peculiar but none the less striking way. The publishers of a certain almanac offered a prize of \$10 for the best answer to a puzzle, and for the replies most nearly correct a subscription to any one of a list of prominent periodicals. Of the 180 persons who sent replies, every one requested that in case he won a second prize, it be SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. The sentiment was unanimous, no other periodical receiving even "honorable mention."

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The Contents of the Volume

comprise the numbers from November, 1878, to April, 1879, inclusive, with almost a thousand pages of choice reading matter and three hundred and fifty cuts. There are two frontispieces,—portraits of Longfellow and of Emerson, by Eaton and Cole, with elegantly illustrated articles on their homes and surroundings; there are other biographical articles on JOHN ERICSSON (the best popular account of the great engineer ever published), EUGÈNE SCRIBE, LEONARDO DA VINCI, JOHN LEECH, "HENRY BERGH AND HIS WORK," MODJESKA (with a portrait of rare beauty), and others; the wonderful pictures by the members of the Tile Club, which have excited such universal admiration; a paper on "Actors and Actresses of New York," with portraits of many of them in character; "Aërial Navigation," by the poet STEDMAN; an article of great interest on EDISON; fully illustrated papers on Bird Architecture; "Old Maryland Manners"; California Scenery; the "Old Mill" at Newport; short stories by EDWARD BELLAMY, NOAH BROOKS, EDWARD EGGLESTON, FRANK R. STOCKTON, BRET HARTE, and others; the latter half of "Falconberg," BOYESEN's story, which is now being translated into several European languages, and the first six installments of Mrs. BURNETT'S "Haworth's." Every one knows the power and brilliancy of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," and it is certain that this story, which the *London Illustrated News* refers to as "that thoroughly successful novel, 'Haworth's,'" will not fall behind it. "Haworth's" is pronounced by a leading literary critic of New-York to be the most notable publication in American fiction.

* This is not intended to take the place of the extra library style, but many who already have sixteen volumes in maroon cloth may be glad to make a pleasant change to relieve the monotony of their book-shelves. The cost of binding will be the same as in the maroon cloth, and we can supply all the earlier volumes and also covers for binding in this new style. As we shall continue the old style, persons ordering should specify which color is desired; we advise those who have the old, however, to change to the new.

In poetry there is BAYARD TAYLOR'S "Epicædium" in memory of WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, and later in the volume there are tributes to BAYARD TAYLOR from the pens of PAUL H. HAYNE, C. P. CRANCH, and others, and poems by CELIA THAXTER, R. H. STODDARD, R. W. GILDER, G. P. LATHROP, and many more.

The success which has hitherto attended the publication of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, and the many articles of great value now on hand and in preparation, authorize the publishers in announcing that

The Eighteenth Volume,

beginning with the May number, will not fall below the high standard of its immediate predecessors. The first issue will contain a frontispiece portrait of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, and a sketch descriptive of his life; an illustrated article on WILHELMJ and REMÉNYI, by Mr. J. R. G. HASSARD, the well-known musical critic of the *Tribune*; "The New Museum in Rome," in which the Italian people and government are taking such an enthusiastic interest; A Day on the Docks of New-York, etc., etc. In August, the "Midsummer Number," there will be a portrait of WHITTIER, and, during the six numbers, a short novel by HENRY JAMES, JR., and one by Miss TRAFTON; the latter half of "Haworth's;" a finely illustrated paper by RUSSELL STURGIS on features of the Paris Exposition, with engravings of some of the most notable pictures and statuary that were there exhibited, among them DUBOIS' beautiful "Charity" group and Mr. VEDDER'S "Marsyas," from a drawing by the painter himself; a series on European Universities; The American on the Stage; BURROUGHS' charming sketches; papers on Lawn-Planting, and many articles of unusual interest now in preparation. A prominent feature will be the series of illustrated papers on

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which begins in the May number, and will be continued through the volume.

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The remaining articles of the series will be illustrated by Herr BERNHARD WIEGANDT, a young German artist, whose work has never appeared before in this country. This gentleman has made a specialty of tropical foliage; he has

studied it during four years in the matted forests of the Amazons, and among the mountains of the Rio.

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June

PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY.

PAY OF AUTHORS IN THE PAST AND PRESENT TIME.—Milton received \$25 for "Paradise Lost." Pope \$40,000 for his translation of "Homer." Edgar Allan Poe \$10 for "The Raven," his most famous poem. Dr. Holland \$12,000 for "Bitter Sweet," \$8,000 for "Katrina," and \$5,000 for the "Mistress of the Manse." Mr. Bonner, of the *Ledger*, paid Tennyson \$5,000 for a single poem. Augusta Evans Wilson, author of "Beulah," has made \$100,000 in eight years out of her novels. Sir Walter Scott made \$259,000 out of his. Bret Harte received \$10,000 for "Gabriel Conroy." Dickens \$15,000 for the copyright on "Barnaby Rudge" for six months. Stanley has already received \$50,000 for his "Through the Dark Continent." Shakespeare got \$25 for "Hamlet." Boucicault \$150,000 for "The Shaugraun."

BOOK-BUYING AS AN INVESTMENT.—Mr. Irving Brown remarked to a *Troy Times* reporter just after the sale of his books in this city was finished: "I think this sale demonstrates that good books have their value in the hardest times. My books have produced more than 50 per cent of their actual cost, while the dwelling in which they were last housed sold a few months ago for just about half its cost, and then the purchaser had to lay out a large sum of money on it. My books were never taxed, and by the possession of them I was enabled to earn a snug sum every year by my writings, and at the end of twenty years they bring me, reckoning on a gold basis, at least 75 per cent of their cost. My friends will thus see that a man is not necessarily a fool for loving books." Some editor having devoted a column article to Mr. Browne's case of bibliomania, he replies as follows: "That's all right: it doesn't hurt my feelings a bit; only why doesn't the editor write similar essays on 'stock-lunatics,' 'horse-idios,' 'club-eccentrics,' and the like? There has been more money fooled away by many a man in Troy in the last twenty years in stocks and horses and clubs without a cent to show for it, than I put

into my books with \$11,000 to show for them, after using them all these years."

CHURCH PROPERTY IN NEW YORK STATE.—What the freedom of the Church from entangling alliance with the State can effect is shown in the religious condition of the State of New York, according to the official census for 1875. There are 6320 organizations in the entire commonwealth, and 6248 church edifices; the sittings number 2,537,470, and the church-members 1,177,470. The churches, with the ground on which they stand, are valued at \$101,105,765; the sum of \$15,308,231 is paid annually in salaries to the clergy. All these are free gifts of the people. In sittings the leading denominations rank in the following order: Methodists, 700,678; Presbyterians, 372,662; Baptists, 351,308; Protestant Episcopalians, 236,003; Reformed Dutch, 109,815; Congregationalists, 107,847; Lutherans, 77,731. In communicants these same denominations rank as follows: Methodists, 198,900; Baptists, 109,972; Presbyterians, 123,698; Protestant Episcopalians, 78,515; Congregationalists, 30,922; Reformed Dutch, 35,897; Lutherans, 34,489.

EARLY RISING.—A German physician has demonstrated that early rising is a very bad habit. He has taken the trouble to collect information as to the habits in this respect of several persons who have lived to an advanced age, and he finds that in the majority of the cases the long livers have indulged in late hours. At least eight of ten persons who attained the age of eighty years and upward were in the habit of not retiring until the early hours of the morning, and of remaining in bed until the day was far advanced. On the other hand, he has failed to discover, after careful observation of the health of several early risers, that it was in any degree better than that of a similar number of late risers. He thinks that so far from any decided benefit being gained by getting up early in the morning, it rather tends to exhaust physical power and to shorten life.

IMPROVEMENT IN JAPAN.—No country on the globe, unless it be our own, improves so rapidly and steadily as Japan. Within a very short time it has had a new birth; has revolutionized itself in nearly every department of commerce and trade. Its postal business, which is usually reckoned as a mark of growing civilization, has vastly increased within a few years. The system was established only in April, 1871, and yet it embraces all four facilities except the assortment of letters in cars in transition, which is impossible from the absence of railways. To compensate for this lack, postal savings banks were established in 1875, and they have been received with great favor. During the last six months of that year only 19 banks were founded, and the amount deposited, counting the yen as equivalent to the dollar, was \$6,108. For the fiscal year ending last June, there were 292 such banks, with \$208,944 deposits. In 1878, the letters, postal-cards, newspapers, books, etc., transmitted through the mails, numbered some 10,300,000; during last year they numbered nearly 36,000,000. Postal-cards, first used in 1875, increased from 2,000,000 that year, to over 10,000,000 last year. The foreign mail matter augmented in the same years from 44,185 to 153,203, which is very remarkable considering Japanese exclusiveness. The Japanese income last year was 59 per cent in excess of the outlay, thus paying \$45,283 into the national treasury. The Government generally is administered with an honesty which we enlightened Republicans can hardly realize. Last year, only 62 letters were absolutely lost by theft, and but 19 of these contained money—\$132—which was made good by the steamer carrying the mails. Japan is, indeed, an extraordinary land.

NEW YORK ELEVATED RAILROAD.—The daily receipts of the New York Elevated Railroad are \$7000, and its running expenses are said to be forty-one per cent of its gross receipts. Its total capital is now \$15,000,000, which includes all its bonds, but even on this large amount it can pay good dividends, so successful has the road become.

AUTUMNAL TINTS.—The rich golden brown, dark red, maroon, and orange color of Leamon's Dyes, made by WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt., enable a lady at small expenditure to manage for her autumnal dress. Get them at your druggist's.

RAPID BOOK-MAKING.—The Edinburgh Publishing Company succeeded on Saturday in accomplishing, in connection with the Bank trial, what, we believe, has never before been done in the history of book production. They had announced in anticipation of the trial concluding on Friday afternoon, that their complete report would be published on the following day. This in itself was smart work, but all their calculations were supposed to be upset when it became known that sentence was deferred till Saturday morning. Their resources and ingenuity, however, proved equal to the occasion; for by two o'clock the same day their well got-up volume of 270 pages, complete in all its parts, and containing several illustrations, was in the hands of the Edinburgh booksellers. The same express train that conveyed five of the bank directors to their new quarters carried a supply of the publications to the west, and by four o'clock the report was distributed all over Glasgow. —*Exchange.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

Gleanings of Past Years. By the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. Vol. III., Historical and Speculative. Vol. IV., Foreign Topics. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Square 16mo, cloth, pp. 273, 385. Price, \$1 each.

Falconberg. A Novel. By HJALMAR H. BOYESEN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 16mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 287. Price, \$1.50.

Practical Instruction in Animal Magnetism. By J. P. F. DELBÈZE. Translated by THOMAS C. HARTSHORN. New edition, revised and augmented. New York: S. R. Wells & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 524. Price, \$2.

Twelve Lectures to Young Men, on Various Important Subjects. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. Revised Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 368. Price, \$1.50.

Primer of the Natural Resources of the United States. By J. HARRIS PATTON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, cloth, pp. 115. Price, 45 cents.

Renaissance in Italy. The Fine Arts. By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONES. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 8vo, cloth, pp. 550. Price, \$3.50.

